Christmas Literature

* Through the Centuries *

Walter W. Schmauch

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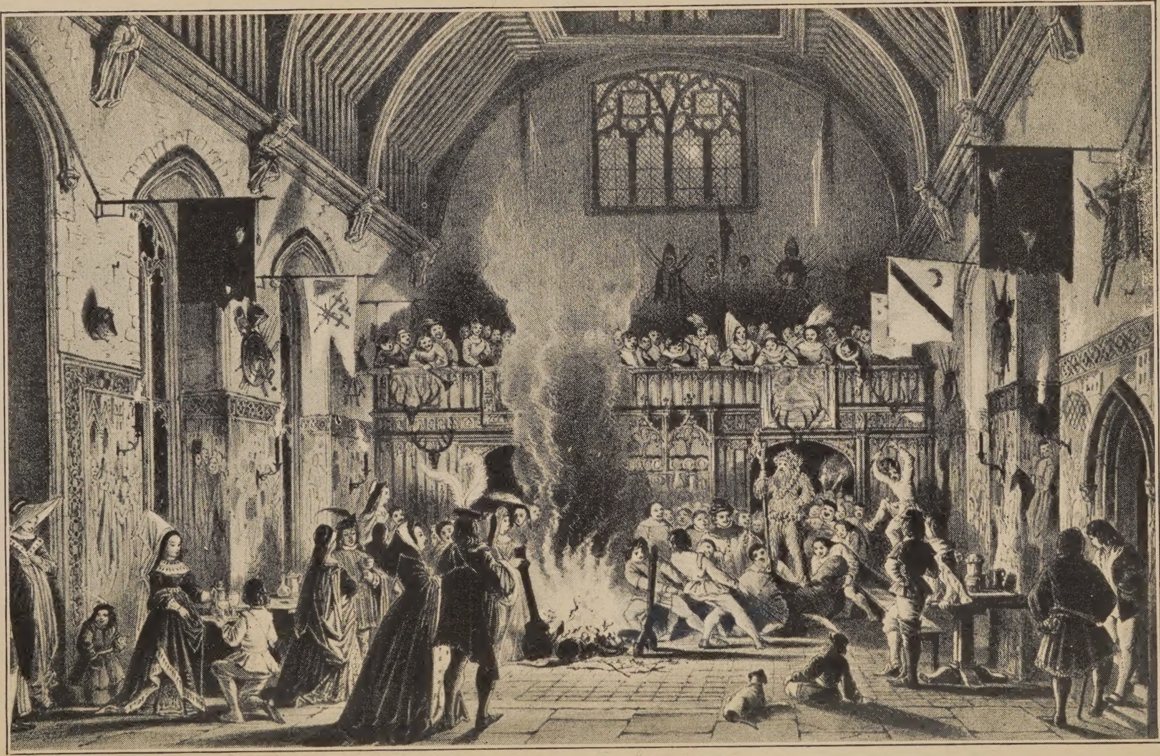

BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG, PENSHURST HALL, KENT.
Mansions of England in the Olden Time, by Joseph Nash.

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Christmas Literature

THROUGH THE CENTURIES

BY
WALTER W. SCHMAUCH
author of
"The Tryal of Old Father Christmas"

May joy come from God above
To all those who Christmas love.
—*Thirteenth Century Carol*

WALTER M. HILL, *Publisher,*
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TO ALL
YULE-LOVING SOULS
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
ON THE
EVE OF CHRISTMAS
ANNO DOMINI,
1938.

PROLOGUE

The reception given a year ago to *The Tryal of Old Father Christmas,* and the approach of another Yuletide, have prompted me to bring another Christmas log to the firing. And so, as ancient custom ordains, I light the new block with last year's brand, and 'for good success in its spending, on my psaltery I'll play, that sweet luck may come while the log is a'kindling.'

The present work is a bibliographical study of Christmas literature, together with an incidental biographical consideration of some of the contributors. This second endeavor, like the first, was born of a simple and ardent love of the Great Holiday and the pleasure which I have found in reading some of the numerous books which it has inspired.

Our vocations involve us in long hours of daily toil, relegating our avocations to the few hours of relaxation which may be spared from the stern business of life. It is in these scant hours that our hobbies assert themselves,—the things we do for the sheer joy of doing them; and of these hobbies, in turn, are born the sports, amusements and pastimes of men and of nations. Active men, when they may, seek refuge in athletics or the chase; the more sedentary become bibliophiles or collectors of postage and poster stamps, letters and autographs, etchings and prints, coins and gems, pewter and silver, old china and glass, or What have you?

One of my hobbies is Christmas, and I am fascinated by everything pertaining to it. Having completely surrendered to this happy indulgence in my hours of leisure, I have come into the possession of a fair store of books treating of the origin and history of the Great Festival; its lore and associations; its dual significance and its symbolisms; its hymns and carols; the essays and sermons by which its spirit has been interpreted; the verse and prose through which it runs like a vein of fine gold; and finally the great treasuries of all these, and which the Greeks have taught us to call anthologies. What happiness I have derived from the pursuit of my quarry the book-lover and the collector can best appreciate, be they gatherers of cookery books, of tobacco jars, or of books eulogizing the noble weed itself. For all collectors are kindred spirits, each in pursuit of his own fetish.

It has often been said that the pleasures of the chase are not in the quarry, but in the zest of the pursuit; that when the goal has been reached, the interest lags or ceases altogether. This may be true but I doubt the application of this generality to the case of the book-hunter; for his quarry has not been consumed, with nothing but antlers and memories for his pains. And so my trophies are not anatomical fragments, but rank upon rank of the friends I have rescued from dusty bins. And now that I have them, what pleasure are they to me? Well, there is pride of possession! And at this idea some will scoff as though it were a vice; but they should not. Are we not happy in the friends we make? Do we not point to them with pride and speak of them as "my friends"? And do not these friendly tomes open their hearts to us if we but deign to take them in hand as we take a friend by the hand?

The present purpose is to introduce these unassuming friends to you and to give you the benefit of the thought and experience which they reflect. Some are serious and devout, others playful and jovial; but all are members of the same clan, which I shall call *Christmas Literature.* Some no doubt you have met before, while others may be strangers; but all being of a congenial stamp, I am sure you will be pleased with their company.

To include all the contributors and their libations to the Great Spirit of Christmas is beyond the scope of this humble effort. I hold with Edward L. Stone, who in making up A Book-Lover's Bouquet, very aptly observed, "When one gathers a bouquet, it is quite impossible to include all the flowers that come under observation in all the gardens of the world." If this little nosegay pleases I hope to gather another for you in good season.

And so, in the words of Robert Herrick, I say,

Go thou forth, my book, though late,
Yet be timely fortunate.
It may chance good luck may send
Thee a kinsman or a friend
That may harbour thee, when I
With my fates neglected lie.
If thou know'st not where to dwell,
See, the fire's by. Farewell.

THRICE WELCOME

Now thrice welcome, Christmas
Which brings us good cheer,
Minced pies and plum porridge,
Good ale and strong beer;
With pig, goose and capon,
The best that may be,
So well doth the weather
And our stomachs agree.

Observe how the chimneys
Do smoke all about;
The cooks are providing
For dinner, no doubt;
But those on whose tables
No victuals appear,
O may they keep Lent
All the rest of the year.

With holly and ivy
So green and so gay,
We deck up our houses
As fresh as the day;
With bay and rosemary
And laurel complete;
And every one now
Is a king in conceit.

—Poor Robin's Almanack.

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I. Christmas History.

You cannot cut Christmas out of the
Calendar, nor out of the hearts of men.
—*Anon.*

CHRISTMAS, being the day of Christ's Nativity, is the inception of Christianity itself. It is the greatest holiday in the Christian Year. On this day, and no other, the whole world stands still to celebrate the advent of a life. Christmas is the most wholesome of all festivals, at one and the same time the occasion for worship and conviviality. It is the symbol of peace and good will. No other holiday so effectually stops the hum of industry and the roar and strife for things material. It is as great a day for age as it is for youth. Whether times be good or times be bad, Christmas is Christmas.

It is quite natural that an event of such dual significance, festive as well as profoundly religious, should inspire literature in every known form. And so we find the Great Holiday treated historically; sung in carols and hymns; eulogized in poetry; enacted in plays; discussed in essays and preached in sermons; woven into stories, long and short; cried out in broadsides and pamphlets; and the gleanings of all these, in prose and poetry, gathered together by the anthologists.

There is a dearth of books which treat Christmas and its associations from a purely historical standpoint. Most of these were written in England and Germany in fairly recent times, and none lays claim to any great antiquity.

In 1734, forty-two years before the War of Independence, there appeared in the mother country an amusing and quaint little book entitled *Round about our Coal Fire,* wherein is set forth at length the manner in which Christmas was observed in the time of George II, and to that extent, at least, we may regard the work as historical. According to Aubrey, the English antiquarian, the title may be explained from the circumstance that when coals were first introduced the hearth was commonly in the middle of the hall, and it was here that the festivities took place. According to its more comprehensive subtitle this booklet is one of "CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS: Wherein is described Abundance of Fiddle-Faddle-Stuff, Raw-heads, Bloody-bones, Buggybows, and such like horrible bodies; Eating, Drinking, Kissing, & other Diversions; Witches, Wizards, Conjurers, and their merry Pranks; Fairies, Spectres, Ghosts & Apparitions; A Right Merry Tale:— The Story of Jack Spriggins and the Enchanted Bean; together with Curious Memoirs of Old Father Christmas; showing what Hospitality was in Former Times, and how little there remains of it at present."

In our own day we may wonder what all these superstitions have to do with Christmas; but we are reminded that in former times these tales of ghosts, hobgoblins, bull-beggars, ragged colts, witches and fairies, and their strange pranks, were told during the holidays and furnished a considerable part of the evening's entertainment for young and old as they gathered about the blazing yule log. The sports, pastimes and customs of the period are explained by our anonymous author in chatty and simple style, and many of the old tales are cleverly retold.

The first essential of a good Christmas book is that it be imbued with the spirit of the holiday, not as expressed in the title alone, but in its subject matter as well. It is to be lamented that for mercenary reasons some books have been offered to the trusting public, garbed in festive dress which conceals foreign matter. Many a book of "Christmas Stories" has issued from the press flying a false flag. But not so *Round about our Coal Fire.* Note the Prologue:

O You merry, merry Souls,
  Christmas is a coming
We shall have flowing bowls,
  Dancing, piping, drumming.

Delicate Minced Pies,
  To feast every Virgin
Capon and Goose likewise,
  Brawn and a Dish of Sturgeon.

Then for your Christmas Box,
  Sweet Plumb Cakes and Money,
Delicate Holland Smocks,
  Kisses sweet as Honey.

Hey for the Christmas Ball,
  Where we shall be jolly,
Jigging short and tall,
  Kate, Dick, Ralph, and Molly.

Then to the Hop we'll go,
  Where we'll jig and caper,
Maidens all-a-row,
  Will shall pay the Scraper.

Hodge shall dance with Prue,
  Keeping Time with Kisses
We'll have a jovial Crew,
  Of sweet smirking Misses.

The author, like many other writers since his day, laments the passing of the old time hospitality,—when Christmas was kept with much freedom and openness of heart; when the tenants and neighbors of a country gentleman gathered in his hall at daybreak, and the strong ale was broached, and the black-jacks went plentifully about with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese; when the rooms were embowered with holly, bay and laurel, and a bouncing Christmas log glowed on the hearth like the cheeks of a country milkmaid; when everyone was busy welcoming guests, and "looked as smug as newlick'd puppies;" when tables were spread with roast beef, fowl, minced pies and plum puddings, and those who had sharp stomachs and sharp knives were welcome and ate heartily; when the company danced to the music of "drowsy gut-scrapers," and the evening was concluded with the old-fashioned games, and with stories of hobgoblins, ghosts, witches, conjurers and apparitions, and "such like common disturbers." A final chapter is added on the "Use and Dignity of Fairies," who in turn contribute this sprightly Epilogue:

COME, follow, follow me,
Ye Fairy Elves that be;
Come follow me your Queen,
And trip it o'er the Green;
Hand in Hand we'll dance around,
For this Place is Fairy Ground.

When Mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their Nest,
Unseen and unespy'd,
Through Key-holes we do glide;
Over Tables, Stools, and Shelves,
We trip it with our Fairy-Elves.

But if the House be foul
With Platter, Dish, or Bowl,

Up Stairs we lightly creep,
And find the Sluts asleep;
There we pinch their Arms and Thighs,
None us hear, nor none espies.

But if the House be swept,
And from Uncleanness kept,
We praise the Household-Maid
And surely she is paid;
For each Morn before we go,
We drop a Tester in her Shoe.

Upon a Mushroom-Head
Our Table-Cloth is spread,
A Grain of Rye or Wheat
Is the Diet that we eat,
Pearly Drops of Dew we drink
In Acorn Cups up to the Brink.

But if our Diet fails,
The luscious Fat of Snails
Between two Nut-shells stew'd,
Makes Meat that's easy chew'd,
Brains of Worms, and Marrow of Mice,
Make a Dish that's wondrous nice.

The Grasshopper, Gnat and Fly,
Serve for our Minstrels high;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so our Time beguile;
And when the Moon does hide her Head
The Glow-worm lights us home to Bed.

O'er Tops of dewy Grass
So lightly we do pass,
That the Young and tender Stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk,
Yet in the Morning may be seen
Where we the Night before have been.

And so endeth the good book *Round about our Coal Fire,* printed by F. Roberts in Warwick Lane, London, and "sold by the Booksellers in Town and Country," at a very nominal price. Though easily obtainable when first published, it proved a popular seller. Having been worn and thumbed almost out of existence, it now commands a price quoted in pounds. Thanks, however, to the enterprise of Messrs. Field & Tuer, Ye Leadenhall Presse has published a reprint of the scarce 1740 edition, as No. IV of "The Vellum-Parchment Shilling Series of Miscellaneous Literature." The book is illustrated with many "diverting" woodcuts, which appear at the head of each chapter and as tailpieces. Though crude and quaint in execution, they possess the virtue of being related to the text.

I have classified this booklet as history, and to this some may take exception. True, the recreation whereof it speaks may appear commonplace and trivial in the light of more spectacular considerations which we have become accustomed to regard as "history." However, the domestic character and life of a people are better reflected in their pastimes and amusements than in the political affairs and military gyrations to which histories are generally limited. Empires, their laws and ordinances, rulers and political institutions, come and go and are forgotten; but the life of the people remains unchanged.

As Horatio Smith in *Festivals, Games and Amusements* observes:

> "Although toil and sorrow, the penalties of the Fall, seem to have been entailed upon the bulk of mankind as their sole and melancholy inheritance, we read not of any canon that prohibits a temporary alleviation of their doom by means of sports, pastimes, and amusements. These indeed may be said to form a portion of our very nature, the con-

> stitution both of the human mind and body, unfitting them for incessant occupation, and imperatively dictating occasional diversion as an indispensable condition of their healthy exercise. To trace the variation in the nature of these respites from anxiety and drudgery, had we sufficient materials for closely following up the inquiry, would be to record the progress of the human mind, deriving our data from the pleasant fields of public sport and private recreation, instead of exploring those revolting fields of battle, and not less repugnant scenes of crime, violence, and misery, which offer such abundant resources to the historian. Happiness and amusement, however, are deemed unworthy of notice by the annalist, who seems to imagine that the reader, while he finds delight in the carnage, revolution, and angry passions that have harassed his fellow-creatures, can have little pleasure in conveying the few and fleeting enjoyments that may have soothed their turbulent career."

A century passes. In the year 1836, Thomas Kibble Hervey, a native of Manchester, England, and for many years editor of the *Athenaeum,* a literary journal, entered the lists as the champion of yuletide. He had scanned the field of Christmas literature, noting with disappointment that among the number of elegant publications issued at this season of the year, not one was devoted to an account of the festival itself. Surely the number of popular observances which mark the time, the peculiar character of the revels which enliven it, and their full meaning and origin, should form an agreeable literary gift for this epoch of gifts, and have a permanent and useful interest at all seasons of the year.

It was with this idea in mind that Hervey wrote *The Book of Christmas,* "descriptive of the customs, ceremonies, traditions, fun, feeling, and festivities of the Christmas

Season," and that William Spooner of London published it in the year 1836. It was illustrated by Robert Seymour and appeared as a small but stout octavo. It is regarded as a classic upon the subject, and has been eulogized as "the finest possible iconography of Christmas doings." For a century it has held its own, and it is generally found in fine bindings, full leather and gilt edges; for the best binders never tire of expending their art upon this plump little tome.

Thomas K. Hervey was born in 1804 and died in 1859. He was educated at Oxford and Cambridge and devoted some time to legal study, which, however, he soon abandoned for the more congenial pursuit of letters. In addition to his journalistic experience, and as a contributor to various other periodicals, he wrote and published *Australia, and other Poems* in 1824; *The Poetical Sketch Book* in 1829; and *Illustrations of Modern Sculpture* in 1832. His *English Helicon* appeared in 1841, five years after his book on Christmas. He was well qualified to write the history of the Great Festival. His style is excellent and he wrote with taste and elaboration, availing himself of many sources of information in order to make the work complete. He sacrificed nothing that was essential to the elucidation of his subject, but was cautious enough not to burden the reader with dry and uninteresting details. The theme being a very extensive one, he has limited himself to the festival and its observances in his own country, only occasionally adverting to the practices of other lands. The author has divided the book into two parts, The Christmas Season, and The Christmas Days. Under the first of these are comprehended the origin of the festival; the good cheer of its ancient celebration; its observances at court and at the Inns of Court;

its participants, Old Father Christmas, the Lord of Misrule, the Christmas Prince, and the Abbot of Unreason; Ben Jonson's Masque; the decline, abolition, and final revival of Christmas; the religious influences and natural aspects of the season; the signs of its approach; waits, carol-singers, bellmen, and watchmen; the use and symbolism of evergreens. Part two, devoted to the special days of the season, includes St. Thomas Day and its customs; Christmas Eve and its candles, yule logs, wassail bowls, omens and superstitions, and midnight vigil and mass; Christmas Day, and its religious services, charities and dinners; St. Stephen's day and its Christmas boxes and other customs; New Year's Eve and Day; Twelfth Day and Night; St. Distaff's Day and its rustic sports; and last but not least, Black Monday, which the revelers face when Yule has ended.

The book differs from other works in many respects, but the points that stand out prominently are these:

Firstly, the author's philosophy of time and its shadow, and the effect of both on the recurrence of festivals and celebrations. As Hervey observes:

> "The kalendar of every country is thus covered over with a series of events, whose recollection is recalled, and influence kept alive, by the return of the cycles, in their ceaseless revolution, to those spots at which the record of each has been written;—and acts of fasting or of festival, of social obligation or of moral observance,—many of which would be surely lost or overlooked, amidst the inextricable confusion in which, without this systematic arrangement they must be mingled,—are severally pointed out by the moving finger of Time, as he periodically reaches the place of each on his concentric dials."

Secondly, the author's formula of devotion to anniversaries of this character, calling to mind the articles of Christian faith as comprehended in the Apostles' Creed, the only formal difference being the substitution of the words "We love" in lieu of the Credo,— "I believe:"

> "We love all commemorations. We love these anniversaries, for their own sakes, and for their uses. We love those Lethes of an hour, which have a virtue beyond their gift of oblivion; and, while they furnish a temporary forgetfulness of many of the ills of life, revive the memory of many a past enjoyment, and re-awaken many a slumbering affection. We love those milestones on the journey of life, beside which man is called upon to pause, and take a reckoning of the distance he has passed, and of that which he may have yet to go. We love to reach those free open spaces at which the cross roads of the world converge; and where we are sure to meet, as at a common rendezvous, with travellers from its many paths. We love to enter those houses of refreshment, by the way-side of existence, where we know we shall encounter with other wayfarers like ourselves—perchance with friends long separated, and whom the chances of the world keep far apart—and from whence after a sweet communion, and lusty festival, and needful rest, we may go forth upon our journey new fortified against its accidents, and strengthened for its toils. We love those festivals which have been made, as Washington Irving says, 'the season for gathering together of family connexions, and drawing closer, again, those bonds of kindred hearts, which the cares, and pleasures, and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again, among the endearing mementos of childhood.' Above all, we love those seasons which call for the exercise of a general hospitality, and give the poor man his few and precious glimpses of a plenty, which, as the

> world is managed, his toil cannot buy;—which shelter the houseless wanderer, and feed the starving child, and clothe the naked mother, and spread a festival for all; those seasons which, in their observance by our ancestors, kept alive, by periodical re-awakenings, that flame of charity which, thus, had scarcely time wholly to expire, during all the year. We love all which tends to call man from the solitary and chilling pursuit of his own separate and selfish views, into the warmth of a common sympathy, and within the bands of a common brotherhood."

Thirdly, the wealth of information which has been crowded into such small compass, and the numerous authorities consulted. It is to be regretted that a bibliography was not added to this scholarly work. "Round about our Coal Fire" is frequently quoted. The "Hue and Cry after Christmas" and "Canterbury Christmas," (reproduced in full in the writer's "Tryal of Old Father Christmas" published in 1937) are laid under heavy contribution. References to Hone's Every Day Books and Year Book, and to Brand's Popular Antiquities are recurrent; while Old Ben Jonson, George Wither, Robert Herrick, William Sandys, Leigh Hunt, Washington Irving, Walter Scott, and Isaac Disraeli are favorite authorities.

Seymour, the illustrator, was a graphic humorist of the highest order. Although painting in oil was his early inclination, his talents were in greatest demand for drawings on wood, a mode of book illustration then in vogue. For a period of ten or twelve years the periodicals attest his popularity and industry. His commissions were numerous and he was paid for them on his own terms. With a view to greater independence, and in order to communicate the full force of his drawings, he seized the opportunity of etching or engraving his own designs on copper or steel. When his friend William Spooner decided upon the publication of Hervey's book, Seymour contributed all the etchings, thirty-six in number, as tabulated below. In a biographical notice to *Seymour's Humorous Sketches,* Mr. Henry G. Bohn, writing in 1866, observes: "This well executed, and now rare volume, failed to meet with the success it deserved in consequence of not being ready till the day after Christmas, instead of a full month before as is usual with such publications. The copyright and copper plates were purchased from Mr. Spooner by Mr. Henry G. Bohn and are now in his possession." With all his relish for fun and quick perception of the humorous, Seymour was subject to crushing fits of melancholy and despondency, and he died by his own hand on April 20, 1836.

To the book collector a word of caution is necessary in view of the fact that the *Book of Christmas* is neither provided with an index nor a table of illustrations. The drawings of Mr. Seymour are very quaint and attractive. Most of these being full page plates and unnumbered, may be easily removed without detection. A complete Hervey should contain the following: Frontispiece entitled *Christmas and his Children*; title page, with the vignette of a cock and the quotation from Shakespeare that "this bird of dawning singeth all night long" at the season of the Saviour's birth; another title page with vignette entitled *Galantee Show.* The work should also contain thirty-four full page text illustrations: *Heads of the Family; "Merry Christmas to you!"; Old Christmas; Baronial Hall; Mummers; Enjoying Christmas; Gate of the "Old English Gentleman;" Snap Dragon; Wassail Bowl; Country Church—Christmas Morning; Family Congratulation;*

Coming home from School; Norfolk Coach at Christmas; Bringing home Christmas; The Mistletoe Bough; Waits; Country Carol-Singers; London Carol-Singers; The Lord of Misrule; St. Thomas's Day; Story Telling; Christmas Pantomime; Market—Christmas Eve; Christmas Pudding; Bringing in the Boar's Head; Christmas Dinner; Boxing Day; Seeing in the New Year; "Happy New Year!" Twelfth Night King; Twelfth Night in London Streets; Twelfth Night; St. Distaff's Day; and *Returning to School.*

It was Hervey's ambition to write a series of books entitled the "Festivals of England," hoping to meet his fellowmen "in the fields and upon the hills,—amongst the flowers of spring and the fruits of autumn; to dance with them beneath the May-pole, and join them in the merry revels of the Harvest-home." He who has read *The Book of Christmas* will regret that this plan was never carried out.

Hervey was but thirty-two years of age when, in 1836, his *Book of Christmas* was first published. The 1837 edition is a reprint, and apparently the last issue although the author outlived it by twenty-two years. How many copies were printed at either time I do not know, but the work has become very scarce and deserves reprinting.

After the lapse of fifteen years John Russell Smith of London published *Christmastide, Its History, Festivities and Carols,* by William Sandys. The first edition appeared in 1852 but was not dated; a second in 1856, and a third in 1860.

William Sandys was born in London October 29, 1792. He was educated at Westminster School, and was admitted a solicitor in 1814 at the age of twenty-two years. He was a member of the firm of Sandys & Knott. He retired in

1873 and died the following year at the age of eighty-two. From early youth he was an enthusiastic musical amateur. He was an antiquarian of a high order and a member of the Royal Society of Antiquarians. In 1833 he published *A Selection of Christmas Carols,* and in 1848 edited a volume of *Festival Songs* for the Percy Society.

When Sandys published his *Christmastide,* he had reached the sixtieth year of his age, and it is quite natural that the work should be imbued with the earnestness and deep thought of a man of mature judgment. Although Thomas K. Hervey did not write his *Book of Christmas* in an over-convivial vein, a comparison of his work with that of Sandys plainly shows the difference in spirit between a man of thirty-two and one of sixty. Sandys's ambition was to produce a popular and interesting history of the mode of keeping this Holy Feast, particularly in England in the olden times and in the middle ages. He approaches his subject with awe and reverence:

> "The Nativity is hailed by Christians of all denominations, as the dawn of our salvation; the harbinger of the day-spring on high; that promise of futurity, where care, sin, and sorrow enter not, where friends long severed shall meet to part no more; no pride, no jealousy, no self (that besetting sin of the world) intruding. Well, then, may we observe it with gratitude for the unbounded mercy vouchsafed to us; for the fulfillment of the promise pronounced in the beginning of the world, releasing us from the dominion of Satan. A promise which even the Pagans did not lose sight of, although they confused its import, as a glimmering of it may be traced through their corrupted traditions and superstitious ceremonies."

And although Mr. Sandys believed that a cheerful and hospitable observance of the festival is quite consistent with the reverence due it, we can see him between the lines, frowning down upon profane observances and the wild revelry and "high-jinks" which later became concomitants of the celebration of Christmas. After a few preliminary observations, the author attacks his subject directly and with precision. He speaks with the confidence of authority, and some of his citations are unusual. The book contains 214 pages of historical text, the remaining 113 pages being devoted to carols, some of which are set to music. The historical account is short and crisp, and is based upon a decidedly independent line of research, as may be gathered from the index to the references, which are tucked away at pages 306-310. "Round about our Coal Fire" is drawn upon at length, and although the author acknowledges that in 1836 Thomas K. Hervey wrote a Book of Christmas "containing a good deal of information, in a pleasing style," that work is not quoted. What we have said as to the scope of the younger man's work applies with equal force to that of the older. As we pass from page to page, we see and hear in panorama and pageant before us, the disputes as to the correct date of the Nativity; we attend the Roman Saturnalia, and see the houses and churches of later days decorated in evergreens as they were in the ancient day; and these decorations torn down, and again restored, according to the spirit of the times. We make acquaintance with the "baleful mistletoe," its virtues and its vices. We attend the Feast of Feasts, the Feast of Asses, the Feast of Fools. We encounter the Lord of Misrule, the Boy Bishop, and other potentates of the season. We attend the courts of a long line of kings, celebrating Christmastide with all splendor and extravagance. We see the tallest man of the guard at the head of a culinary procession bringing in the boar's head, "the chief service of the land," and the festive board groaning under the load of brawn, turkeys, geese, capon, minced pies and plum puddings. We see the wassail bowl raised on high and hear the hearty cheers of Wassail! Wassail! We hear the waits and carol-singers, and are accosted by apprentices with their Christmas boxes. We attend plays, moralities and masques. We hear the crackle and see the blaze of the yule log on the hearth, as the Christmas tree stands by in all its splendor. And so to Twelfth Night and the end of Christmastide!

It is unfortunate that this able work has been left without an index. The Table of Contents is merely an index to the illustrations. The designs, including a number of full page lithographs, and head and tail pieces, are the work of James Stephanoff, whose skill and spirit the author acknowledges; and all must admit they are a decided asset to the book. The volume is bound in green cloth, and is decorated in gold with mistletoe, ivy and holly according to the design of the author's brother, Sampson Sandys.

Just when John Ashton, the noted antiquarian, greeted the world with *A Righte Merrie Christmasse!!!* does not appear. The book was probably published in the late nineteenth century. It was issued by Leadenhall Press, Simkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Company, and Scribner's Sons as a formidable quarto in brown half leather with red cloth sides, and artistically decorated in gold. Mr. Ashton has here given us an excellent "Story of Christ-tide," including its history, legends, customs and carols. The frontispiece is a copper plate etching by A. C. Behrend, entitled *The Wassail Song.* In the main all Christmas histories are alike, but each will be found to contain something that has been overlooked in the rest. Here the various theories as to the date of the Nativity are set forth, as given by a number of celebrated churchmen. Our own Christmas is brought into relation with the Roman Saturnalia and the old Anglo-Saxon Yule. The rather uninteresting record of how the English kings from time to time spent Christmas is repeated. The contest between the Puritans and Old Father Christmas is gone into in greater detail than elsewhere. The bellmen, lamplighters and watchmen, the waits and the carol singers are given special attention. We learn of quaint customs, such as hodening, hunting the wren, and the wassailing of the fruit tree; the legend of the Glastonbury Thorn; divinations by onions and sage; curious gambling customs in the church; the King of the Bean; Christmas cards and pieces; and the customs peculiar to the days of St. Thomas, St. Stephen, St. John, St. Distaff, New Year's Day and Twelfth Night.

John Ashton was an industrious antiquarian and writer. His are the *History of the Chap Books of the Eighteenth Century; Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne; Humour, Wit and Satire of the Seventeenth Century; English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon the First; Hyde Park (London) from Domesday-Book to Date (1896); The Dawn of the XIXth Century in England; The Fleet, Its River, Prison and Marriages; History of the English Lotteries,* and the Introduction to *Legendary History of the Cross,* a series of 64 woodcuts from a Dutch book published by Veldner in 1483.

One of the earliest books treating Christmas historically, published in this country, was written by Nathan B. Warren, and issued as a royal octavo of 214 pages by Hurd & Houghton, New York (Riverside Press, Cambridge), in 1868. It is entitled "*The Holidays*: Christmas, Easter, and

Whitsuntide, their Social Festivities, Customs and Carols," and is ably illustrated by F. O. C. Darley, an American artist to whom the works of Irving and Cooper are indebted pictorially. The major portion of the work is devoted to Christmas holidays, ending with Twelfth Night. The remainder is devoted to Shrove-Tide, Rogation Week, Whitsuntide, May Day, St. John's or Midsummer Eve, and Harvest Home. The first chapter is of particular interest as a refutation of the Puritan claim of a pagan origin for Christmas. A second edition was published in 1869, with a substantial appendix, adding new material by way of Christmas carols and plays, the Feast of Fools and of the Ass, Midsummer Holidays, and the European Kermse or Kirch Messe. In thoroughness Warren's work is on a par with Hervey and Sandys. Much care was bestowed upon the text as well as the illustrations and format, resulting in a book pleasing to handle, agreeable to look upon, and interesting to read.

In 1902 Elliot Stock, London, published William Francis Dawson's *Christmas: Its Origin and Associations.* The author was born in 1849, educated at Coventry, and trained in printing and journalism. After an apprenticeship of eight years he became the chief reporter and business manager of a newspaper. Being ambitious and industrious, he and a partner later acquired several papers.

Dawson's love of Christian work finally drew him away to active service in the church, and he became an ordained Congregational minister. However, he continued to contribute to periodicals, and on one occasion he was called upon to write an article on Christmas. The research involved aroused his interest in the theme, and he resolved to collect material for a substantial work. "I became a snapper-up of everything about Christmastide, utilized every opportunity of searching libraries, book stalls, catalogues, etc., and subsequently as a Reader of the British Museum Library, had access to that vast storehouse of literary and historical treasures."

And so he labored for a number of years, finally producing a work of great historical interest and profusely pictorial. Without sermonizing and without injecting himself into his theme, he has covered a chronology of almost 2000 years of history, customs and usages. Although much of what he has said concerns the great festival as celebrated in his native land, he has searched all the continents for material, reaching out as far as the icebound coasts of the Arctic. The result is neither a compilation, nor an anthology, but the biography of Christmas itself. It is exceedingly informative and can be read by churchman and layman, believer and non-believer. It is well indexed and provided with notes, and the references, largely of a general nature, indicate an independent line of research. "Round about our Coal Fire," so often drawn upon by writers in this field, is not neglected here; and Hervey is referred to in several instances. Otherwise, however, there is no reference to any specific treatise on the same subject.

Mr. Dawson's aim is neither critical nor apologetic, but historical and pictorial; not to say what might or ought to have been, but to set forth from existing records what has taken place respecting the origin and hallowed associations of Christmas. Descriptions of the festivities and customs of different periods are given, as far as possible, on the authority of contemporary authors, or writers possessing special knowledge, and the most reliable authorities have been consulted for facts and dates. I quote from the Preface:

> "In looking at the celebrations of Christmas, at different periods and in different places, I have observed that whatever views men hold respecting Christ, they all agree that His Advent is to be hailed with joy, and the nearer the forms of festivity have approximated to the teaching of Him who is celebrated the more real has been the joy of those who have taken part in the celebration."

Christmas, In Ritual and Tradition, by Clement A. Miles, was published by T. Fisher Unwin, London, in 1912. The work is broader in scope than most English publications on the subject, for it shows how Christmas has been kept in various lands and ages.

The book is divided into two parts,—The Christian Feast, and Pagan Survivals. The first considers the festival in its distinctly Christian aspect and is devoted to Christmas in poetry, liturgy, popular devotion and the drama. The second is largely historical. References to authorities are collected at the end of the volume. Annotations to be read in close conjunction with the text are printed at the foot of the pages to which they relate. Of all the books thus far considered, this is the first to contain a bibliography. Mr. Miles has the distinction of being one of a very few modern authors cited by the Encyclopaedia Britannica in support of the article on Christmas.

In 1923 Blackie & Son, London, published T. G. Crippen's *Christmas and Christmas Lore,* which, as the author explains, is the result of forty years' collecting of history, tradition, legends, customs, and folklore relating to the festival of the Nativity. Crippen drew on Brand, Hone, Chambers, Miles, and on Kirchmeyer, author of the "The

Popish Kingdom," translated by Barnaby Googe; also various publications of the Percy, Shakespeare and Surtees Societies, scarce pamphlets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, old chap books, newspapers and magazines, old and new. He speaks of many things not contained in other histories, such as a curious domestic custom of Old Mexico, the *Posada,* or the Inn, based on a tradition that Joseph and Mary made a nine days' journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem; the object lesson of the *Praesepio,* popularly "The Christmas Crib;" Christmas ghosts and spirits; and the French Noel and German Weihnacht.

The illustrations are interesting, unusual and applicable, particularly "Cutting the Mistletoe in Druidical Days," by Henri Motte; "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen," by J. Seymour Lucas; "After Midnight Mass, Fifteenth Century," by G. H. Boughton; "Bringing in the Yule Log," and "Christmas Revels at Haddon Hall," after Joseph Nash, and a reproduction of the first Christmas card designed by J. C. Horsley in 1846.

In 1931 Dr. William Muir Auld wrote *Christmas Traditions,* an able work based on sound and independent research, published by The Macmillan Company. It is a treatise on the origin of Christmas as a Christian and Western institution, and abounds in tradition, fable and history, presented in a pleasing and interesting manner. Dr. Auld approaches the Great Holiday as essentially the festival of childhood, and his book contains a wealth of information. It has a well selected frontispiece. This is reproduced from a curious old print in the collection of the Society of Antiquaries (Broadside 305), done in 1701 by J. Bradford in Little Britain, and sold for a penny. It portrays the Virgin with the Child in the manger, and Joseph standing near.

Four shepherds are adoring the Infant. Three angels are on their knees and several are hovering about. To indicate that Christ was born, not for the salvation of man alone, but for the benefit of the entire animal kingdom, there are also present sundry beasts and birds, whose utterances are indicated by Latin inscriptions. The cock crows "Christus natus est"—Christ is born; the raven croaks "Quando?"—When?; the crow caws "Hac nocte" this night; the ox lows "Ubi?"—Where?; the sheep bleats "Bethlehem;" and the angels sing "Gloria in excelsis." The oval in which the picture is enclosed is inscribed thus: "Here's a Wonder never knowne, A King a Manger makes his Throne. And for Debts which Men should Pay, Downe his Life at Stake did lay." The entire print being square in form, the corners about the oval are filled in with the instruments of the Passion.

Dr. Auld was born in Falkirk June 20, 1884, and received his preliminary education in Scotland. He graduated from Didsbury College, Manchester, England, in 1908, and later received his degree of B. D. from Auburn Seminary. He was ordained in the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn, while assistant to Dr. Cadman, whose associate he afterward became. He then moved to Philadelphia and was pastor of Calvary Presbyterian—now First Presbyterian—Church. Toward the close of 1919 he became pastor of Old St. Andrews Presbyterian Church in Toronto, and in 1924 assumed the ministry of the First Congregational Church of Elyria, Ohio.

The following remarks of the author should be an encouragement to every Christmas enthusiast:

> "Happy, indeed, are they through whose souls course the genial currents of ancient tradition, who with natural and

> non-rational joy can stoop to drink of the springs of wonder, under the tree and beside the Manger; for they are precisely those who enter abundantly into the kingdom of Christmas and come to know and love the human beauties and the holy mysteries thereof."

An entire chapter of the book is devoted to the various theories as to the time of the Saviour's birth; a second chapter is given over to the evolution of the Great Festival, at first purely spiritual, but gradually taking on the gay and colorful concomitants which it now possesses. Considerable space is devoted to the history of the carol; to Christmas greens, including the holly, ivy, rosemary, mistletoe, and the Christmas tree; and in the cheerfulness of his heart the author has not forgotten the friendly delights of the season, the generosity shown to the poor, and kindness toward animals. The final chapter is devoted to the bells.

Dr. Auld also wrote *Christmas Tidings,* published by The Macmillan Company, New York, in 1933. It is a companion to *Christmas Traditions,* and is written in a spirit of deep reverence. Like its predecessor, it is nonsectarian. Side by side are found selections from the Breviary, the Missal, Dante, Browning, and Robert Bridges, whose *Testament of Beauty* the author regards as the greatest "Christmas Carol" the Christian ages have produced. It also contains an interesting analysis of Browning's *Christmas Eve.* The general scope of *Christmas Tidings,* being the faith of which Christmas is the festival, the book considers the mystical charm and beauty of the Nativity as reflected in poetry, ritual, tradition and art through the ages. It abounds in rare and beautiful passages illustrating the varied aspects of the subject. The frontispiece is from a medieval Book of Hours.

The Story of Christmas, by R. J. Campbell, Chancellor and Canon Residentiary of Chichester Cathedral, was published by the Macmillan Company, New York, in 1934. It is illustrated from the old masters. And here the story of Christmas is retold according to gleanings from various sources. The first chapter is devoted to the journey of Joseph and Mary from Nazareth to Bethlehem; the second deals with the night of the Nativity according to various magazine stories; the succeeding four chapters are historical, dealing with tributary festivals and quaint survivals, non-Christian customs, the later English usages, and Christmas as the festival of childhood. Under this latter division consideration is given to the Christmas Tree, St. Nicholas, the Boy Bishop, and the Christmas Crib. The remaining chapters are anthologies of Christmas stories, Nativity plays, and carols and verse. The selections, being largely modern, give the reader the feeling that his knowledge of Christmas literature is being brought down to our own times.

Although George H. McKnight's *St. Nicholas, His Legend and His Role in the Christmas Celebration* is limited to one of the popular characters of the Christmas festivities, it is historical to that extent at least. It is the story of the old man's life and of the mist of legends in which he is obscured. We meet him in the role of boy bishop, patron saint, defender of the faith, benefactor of the three dowerless maidens in particular, and of the public in general; and a special chapter is devoted to his pagan heritage. It was not the author's purpose to make a study of all the difficult questions connected with the name of St. Nicholas, but to bring together the elements of his scattered biography which bear upon his unique and amiable personality.

Mr. McKnight has given us a good beginning in Christmas biography, and we hope that some day the remaining actors in the drama of Christmastide will receive like treatment at his hands or on the part of one equally qualified. The present work was published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, in 1917.

The Christmas festival has always had a firm and affectionate hold upon the German people, and a number of important works have been published in their language: *Das germanische Julfest,* G. Bilfinger, Stuttgart, 1901; *Die Geschichte der deutschen Weihnacht,* A. Tille, Leipzig, 1893; *Das Weihnachtsfest,* H. Usener, Bonn, 2nd ed., 1911; *Weihnachten in Kirche Kunst und Volksleben,* G. Rietschel, Leipzig, 1902; *Der Weihnachtsbaum,* E. M. Kronfeld, Oldenburg, 1906; *Das festliche Jahr der germanischen Voelker,* Reinsberg-Dueringsfeld, Leipzig, 1863.

Alexander Tille, historian of the German Christmas, and lecturer in German language and literature at the University of Glasgow, also wrote a book in the English language, *Yule and Christmas,* published by David Nutt, London, in 1899. It was put out in a limited edition of only one hundred copies. In very scholarly fashion Tille treats of the problems connected with the Germanic year—"the three-score day" tide of Yule, extending over the months of December and January; how there were but two seasons originally, summer and winter; then three, spring, summer and winter, each of four months duration; how these three were divided into two tides each, making six in all, and how each tide in turn was finally split into two divisions, laying the foundation for our present year of twelve months.

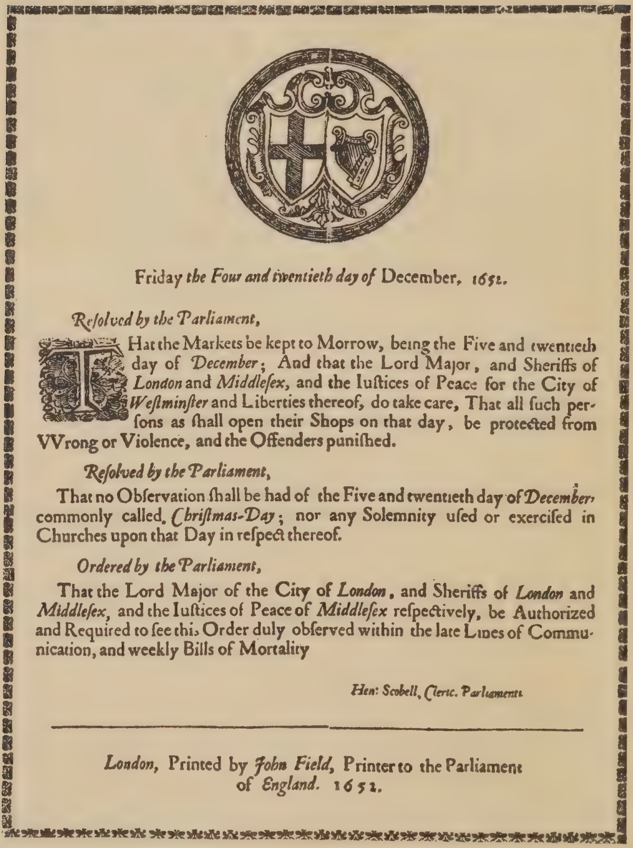
Tille also treats of the Germanic adoption of the Roman calendar, and the introduction of the festival of Christ's Nativity into the German year, which until then apparently had been without a festivity. He traces the revolution brought about by these events in customs and usages, beliefs and legends up to the fourteenth century. By that time, he believes, most of the fundamental features which go toward the making of the modern Christmas had already come to have their center on the 25th day of December. The book also treats of the pagan festivals,—the *Saturnalia, Brumalia,* the *Kalendae Januariae,* the *Matronalia,* etc.; the custom of New Year's gifts or *strenae,* and the superstitious use of the *Tabula Fortunae,* or table of offering to the Goddesses of Fate. The work is based entirely on original research, amply supported by references, and is unlike any other book on the same subject.

Of the foreign publications, *Les Noels de France,* by Maurice Vloberg, deserves special mention. It was published by B. Arthaud, Grenoble, in 1934, and like many other fine books produced in France, was issued in wrappers in order that the purchaser might suit his own taste in the matter of binding. The text comprehends Christmas in the History of France; Christmas and the Cycle of Its Festivities; the Liturgical Plays; Mysteries, Pastorales, and Marionettes; Christmas Stories of the Middle Ages; Christmas Carols; Christmas Customs and the Kings; and Creches, Santouns and Cradles. It is profusely and exquisitely illustrated with three fine color plates and 164 heliogravures. The text is supported by a formidable bibliography.

The mention of France brings to mind Thomas A. Janvier's *The Christmas Kalends of Provence,* published by Harper & Brothers, New York and London, in 1902. The author invites us to

> Fancy the peal of Christmas chimes,
>   Fancy that some long-buried year
> Is born again of ancient times—
>   And in Provence take Christmas cheer!

Although the book is in the form of a historical novel, it is alive with the Christmas customs and usages of Provence, ancient and modern.



Friday *the Four and twentieth day of* December, *1652.*

Reſolved by the Parliament,

THat the Markets be kept to Morrow, being the Five and twentieth day of *December*; And that the Lord Major, and Sheriffs of *London* and *Middleſex*, and the Iuſtices of Peace for the City of *Weſtminſter* and Liberties thereof, do take care, That all ſuch perſons as ſhall open their Shops on that day, be protected from VVrong or Violence, and the Offenders puniſhed.

Reſolved by the Parliament,

That no Obſervation ſhall be had of the Five and twentieth day of *December*, commonly called *Chriſtmas-Day*; nor any Solemnity uſed or exerciſed in Churches upon that Day in reſpect thereof.

Ordered by the Parliament,

That the Lord Major of the City of *London*, and Sheriffs of *London* and *Middleſex*, and the Iuſtices of Peace of *Middleſex* reſpectively, be Authorized and Required to ſee this Order duly obſerved within the late Lines of Communication, and weekly Bills of Mortality

Hen: Scobell, Cleric. Parliamenti.

London, Printed by *John Field,* Printer to the Parliament
of *England.* 1652.

PARLIAMENTARY RESOLUTION
PROHIBITING THE CELEBRATION OF CHRISTMAS
ON DECEMBER 25, 1652

II. Old Broadsides and Pamphlets.

Ye maidens and men, come for what you lack,
And buy the fair Ballads I have in my pack.
—*Pedlar's Lamentation.*

A broadside, or broadsheet, has been defined as a large sheet of paper, having a ballad, squib, personal statement, or other matter printed on one side. A *ballad* is a popular kind of short narrative poem, characterized by simplicity of structure and impersonality of authorship. A *squib* is a short speech or writing in a satirical vein,—a petty lampoon, or a pithy paragraph commenting upon some person or thing. A *pamphlet* is a book of a few sheets of printed matter, or formerly of manuscript, commonly with a paper cover.

The broadside was employed from the beginning of printing for royal proclamations, papal indulgences and similar documents. In England, where it appears to have been most common, it was used principally for ballads and as a means of political agitation. It was also employed for the broadcasting of the dying statements and confessions of criminals. Broadsides attained prominence in literature, as many traditional ballads were purveyed in this form and because important poems, such as those of Dryden, Butler and others, were originally printed and published on the "broad side" of a sheet. In view of the fact that so many old ballads were put forth in single sheets, the ballad and the broadside became closely associated.

The pamphlet, somewhat more pretentious than the broadside, also attained to popularity, and in England there was a period known as the age of the pamphleteers and essayists.

In this period we come upon John Taylor, "the King's Majesties Water Poet and the Queen's Waterman." He was born at Gloucester on August 24, 1580, and what scant information is at hand touching his parentage, education, and inner life, has been gleaned from his numerous and miscellaneous works extending from 1612 to 1653. According to these he was

> "A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

He was a sailor, waterman, poet, essayist, composer—on short notice and most reasonable terms—of biting satires, epigrams, anagrams, odes, elegies and sonnets. He was an adventurer by land and sea, and a licensed victualler. For a period of upwards of forty years he wrote and published short pieces in prose and verse. He was a peripatetic bookseller, a tuft hunter, a great schemer, and a firm Royalist with a lame leg! Of his printed works "many were of that faculty that made great sport in their time, and most of them esteemed worthy to be remitted into a large folio. Had he had learning bestowed on him according to his natural parts, which were excellent, he might have equalled, if not excelled, many who claim a great share in the temple of the muses."*

Taylor's calling as a caterer to the English appetite must have given him ample opportunity for observing the gastronomic inclinations of the people, particularly at Christmas time. At the age of fifty he brought forth "*The Great Eater of Kent,* or Part of the Admirable Teeth and Stomach

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* Wood's *Athenae Oxoniensis,* Vol. III.

Exploits of Nicholas Wood, of Harrisom, in the County of Kent,"—a pamphlet of about twenty pages, printed at London in 1630.

By way of introduction the author reminds us that histories make memorable mention of divers qualities of sundry famous persons, some for their piety and justice; some for their severity and cruelty; some for their learning and wisdom; some for their temperance and patience; while others have purchased a memory by the tallness or the dwarfishness of their bodies. He cites Nero for his cruelties and murders, Heliogabulus for his lechery, Tiberius for his drunkenness, and Sardanapalus for his effeminacy.

In all ages and countries time has produced particular persons, either for their vices or their virtues, and Taylor assures us that his present subject, Nicholas Wood of the County of Kent, Yeoman, is not inferior to any of these. For though he was chaste of body, his mind was on flesh alone. He ate a whole sheep raw at one meal, leaving only the skin, wool, horns and bones. He made an end of a hog all at once, and presently after, for fruit to recreate his palate, he swallowed three pecks of damsons. Two loins of mutton and one of veal were but as three sprats to him. On one occasion he proved his valor by eating as much as would have served thirty men, so that "his belly was like to have turned bankrupt and break, but that the serving man turned him to the fire," and annointed his paunch with grease and butter, to make it stretch and hold. And for such feats the author thinks his subject entitled to the appellation of "the Great."

But even here the voracious prowess of friend Nicholas has not yet reached its full proportions, for at one meal he made an assault upon seven dozen rabbits, which would have sufficed one hundred sixty-eight hungry soldiers, allowing each man half a rabbit. To him a quarter of a fat lamb and three-score eggs were an easy collation. A raw duck, with guts, feathers and all (except the bill and the long feathers of the wings) swam in the whirlpool of his maw. His paunch was either a coop or a roost for all manner of feathered creatures,—a stall for an ox, a room for a cow, a sty for a hog, a park for a deer, a warren for conies, a storehouse for fruit, a dairy for milk, cream, curds, whey, buttermilk and cheese.

You cry enough! But not so Nicholas Wood! His mouth was a mill of perpetual motion and his teeth were ever grinding. Anything in the form of fodder was welcome to him, whether sausage, custard, pie, cheese-cake, fritter, or flap-jack. His appetite was no straggler and he needed nothing to spur it, such as sour verjuice or acute vinegar. In the absence of better meat, he ate ox-livers, or a mess of warm ale grains from the brew house. He held fasting to be a most superstitious branch of Popery, and he hated Lent. The name of Good Friday greatly affrighted him, and he wished that Christmas would dwell with us all year round.

Although no gamester, there was no man within forty miles that could play with Nicholas at Maw. Though his pasture was ever so good, he was always like one of Pharaoh's lean kine. His belly (like a mainsail in calm) hung ruffled and wrinkled flat to the mast of his empty carcass, till the storm of abundance filled it and violently drove it into the full sea of satisfaction.

And such was Nicholas Wood, the Great Eater of Kent, according to the reputation and capacity given him by his creator, John Taylor the Water Poet, in the year of our

Lord 1630. And that reputation apparently endured for almost half a century. For when Old Father Christmas was placed on trial forty-eight years later, one of the witnesses compared the prisoner with the Great Eater of Kent.

> "Know him (the defendant) yes my Lord, his name is Christmas, a great waster and spendthrift . . . this old fellow devours all, and produces nothing, he passes the Great Eater of Kent, his mind is wholly on his belly."*

A reprint of this piece of Gargantuan literature is to be found as Item 6, Volume III of *The Old Book Collector's Miscellany,* a collection of readable reprints or literary rarities etc. of the English nation during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, edited by Charles Hindley and published by Reeves and Turner, London, 1873.

Broadsides and pamphlets, often issued anonymously, or under assumed names, were common means of attack against unpopular persons, officials and rulers, and against unpopular measures. Thus many were directed against the "blue laws" passed by the British Parliament during the Interregnum. The ban pronounced by the Puritans during the Commonwealth against stage plays was unpopular, and the ordinance of June 3, 1647, which finally forbade the celebration of Christmas as a pagan or Roman holiday, was even more obnoxious. Such ordinances were renewed annually. The Parliamentary Resolution prohibiting the celebration of Christmas in 1652 is reproduced in this book.

Perhaps at this time was written *A Songe in defence of Christmass,* preserved in the "Rump" (1662) I, 142. It is a sarcastic ballad on the Commons, who "are so pure, that they cannot endure to see a Nativity Pye."

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* *Tryal of Old Father Christmas,* Walter W. Schmauch, Chicago, 1937, p. 61.

Hyder E. Rollins, in his book of *Cavalier and Puritan Ballads and Broadsides,* illustrating the period of the Great Rebellion (1640-1660), published by The New York University Press in 1923, has assembled a collection of seventy-five ballads and broadsides. The Introduction is a very scholarly historical sketch of the broadside ballad of the period, and in addition, every ballad is preceded with a note of explanation. We are here concerned with only two of these ballads, Nos. 15 and 47. The first, *The World is Turned Upside Down,* was written by a Royalist who lamented the passing of the Christmas festivities and the decay of charity, both of which, in his opinion, were slain at Naseby in 1645:

THE WORLD IS TURNED UPSIDE DOWN

To the Tune of,
When the King enjoys his own again.

1 Listen to me and you shall hear,
News hath not been this thousand year:
Since Herod, Caesar, and many more,
You never heard the like before.
Holy-dayes are despis'd
New fashions are devis'd.
Old Christmas is kickt out of Town.
Yet let's be content, and the times lament,
You see the world turn'd upside down.

2 The wise men did rejoyce to see
Our Saviour Christ's Nativity:
The Angels did good tidings bring,
The Sheepheards did rejoyce and sing.
Let all honest men
Take example by them.
Why should we from good Laws be bound?
Yet let's be content, etc.

3 Command is given, we must obey,
And quite forget old Christmas day:
Kill a thousand men, or a Town regain,
We will give thanks and praise amain.
The wine pot shall clinke,
We will feast and drinke.
And then strange motions will abound.
Yet let's be content, etc.

4 Our Lords and Knights, and Gentry too,
Doe mean old fashions to forgoe:
They set a porter at the gate,
That none must enter in thereat.
They count it a sin,
When poor people come in.
Hospitality it selfe is drown'd.
Yet let's be content, etc.

5 The serving men doe sit and whine,
And thinke it long ere dinner time:
The Butler's still out of the way,
Or else my Lady keeps the key,
The poor old cook,
In the larder doth look,
Where is no goodnesse to be found,
Yet let's be content, etc.

6 To conclude, I'le tell you news that's right,
Christmas was kil'd at *Nasbie* fight:
Charity was slain at that same time,
Jack Tell troth too, a friend of mine,
Likewise then did die,
Rost beef and shred pie,
Pig, Goose and Capon no quarter found.
Yet let's be content, and the times lament,
You see the world is quite turn'd round.

It was at Naseby that the Royalists under Charles I were defeated by the forces of Oliver Cromwell. These poetical effusions on hospitality, as Rollins observes, were anticipated in *A Songe bewailinge the tyme of Christmas, So much decayed in Englande,* written much earlier in the century. The ballad is expressive of the unrest felt throughout the land because of the prohibition of Christmas.

The riots of protest which ensued everywhere are referred to in Gardiner's History of the Great Rebellion, IV, 45-46. Especially severe were the riots at Canterbury during the Christmas of 1647, three thousand of the trained bands being required to suppress them. Printed satires appeared in great number. One pamphlet (Harleian Miscellany, 1812, IX, 412) inquires "whether the Parliament had not cause to forbid Christmas when they find their printed Acts under so many Christmas Pies?"

And so appeared in 1647, printed under date of 1648, a four-page pamphlet entitled "*Canterbury Christmas*: A True Relation of the Insurrection in Canterbury on Christmas Day last, with the great hurt that befell divers persons thereby; Written by a Cittizen there to his friend in London." According to this account the Cryer of Canterbury, by the appointment of the Master Major, on Wednesday, December 22, 1647, publicly proclaimed that Christmas be put down and that a market should be kept on that day.

In disregard of the proclamation no market was kept, the town was left unprovisioned on Christmas day and trade was much hindered. Only a few tradesmen opened their shops, and these the multitude commanded to be closed. Those who refused to do so were maltreated and their wares scattered about until they too were forced to shut up. The Major and his assistants tried to quell the tumult, but failed. At last the matter was compromised. The people gave up their arms upon engagement of the best of the City that no man should be further questioned or troubled.

In the year 1645, under date of 1646, there was published a six-page pamphlet entitled "*The Arraignment, Conviction and Imprisoning of Christmas*: On St. Thomas Day last, and How he broke out of Prison in the Holidays and got away, only left his hoary hair, and gray beard, sticking between two Iron Bars of a Window, with *An Hue and Cry after Christmas,* and a letter from Mr. Woodcock, a fellow in Oxford, to a Malignant Lady in London; and divers passages between the Lady and the Cryer, about Old Christmas; and what shift he was fain to make to save his life, and great stir to fetch him back again." A wordy subtitle follows, to which is subjoined Woodcock's letter to his fair Lady, beseeching her to hire a cryer to cry Old Father Christmas, and if found, to keep him with her "till we come to London, for we expect to be there shortly, and then we will have all things as they were wont."

At this time Oxford, which was favorable to King Charles, was under siege by the forces of Cromwell. The King was in the field making desperate efforts to relieve it. The pamphleteer gives the scholar and lady a royalist role, and not being of her faction, he dubs her a "malignant,"—a term applied to each side by the other in the controversies then raging. As already stated, the King was decisively defeated at Naseby, and therefore the scholar's prediction that "we expect to be there (in London) shortly, and then we will have things as they were wont," did not come to pass.

But we are getting ahead of our subject. Complying with the letter the lady engaged the crier, who, in accordance with the custom, set up the hue and cry about the streets of London. In giving the people the marks by which the fugitive might be recognized, the crier, gives the old man such a character and in such gross language as one might expect at the hands of a partisan in these tense times.

It was the custom to offer a reward for information as to the whereabouts of the persons sought; and so the crier promised that any person giving tidings of the old man and information as to where he might be found, and bringing him back again, "shall have a benediction from the Pope, a hundred oaths from the Cavaliers, forty kisses from the wanton wenches, and be made a pursevant to the next Arch Bishop."

However, the reward was not earned, and the crier returned empty-handed. But he had learned that on St. Thomas Day, Old Man Christmas had been arraigned, condemned and imprisoned. Fearing to be hanged or subjected to some other form of execution, he broke prison, leaving nothing behind but his gray beard and the hoary hair of his head, sticking to the bars of his cell. And so the lady makes the lament often quoted in Christmas literature:

> "But is old, old, good old Christmas gone?
> Nothing but the hair of his good, grave old
> head and beard left? Well, I will have that,
> seeing that I cannot have more of him."

In the following year, 1646, after the overthrow of the monarchy, John Taylor, the Water Poet, published his *Complaint of Christmas,* as a protest against the abolition of the old holiday customs.

> "All the liberty and harmless sports, the merry gambols, dances and friscols, with which the toiling plowmen and labourers once a year were wont to be recreated, and their spirits and hopes revived for a twelvemonth, are now extinct and put out of use, in such a fashion as if they had never been. Thus are the merry lords of bad rule at Westminster; nay, more, their madness hath extended itself to the very vegetables; senseless trees, herbs and weeds are in profane estimation among them,—holly, ivy, mistletoe, rosemary, bays, are accounted ungodly branches of superstition for your entertainment. And to roast a sirloin of beef, to touch a collar of brawne, to make a pie, to put a plum in the pottage pot, to burn a great candle, or lay one block the more in the fire for your sake, Master Christmas, is enough to make a man to be suspected and taken for a Christian, for which he shall be apprehended for committing high Parliament Treason and mighty malignancy against the General Council of the Directorian private Presbyterian Conventicle."

John Taylor also wrote *A Ha Christmas,* "a sound and good perswasion for Gentlemen, and all wealthy men, to keep a good Christmas." This was published by Gilbert Mabbott in 1647.

In the year 1663, at York, there appeared from the press of Stephen Bulkley, and to be sold by Francis Mawburn, "*An Apology for Christ-mas,* shewing that the Day of Christ's Nativity ought to be observed as a Day of publick thanksgiving in all the Churches of Christians, written by Francis Edgar." This pamphlet was published after the author's death by Chr. Hildiard, a relative, who wrote the preface.

Francis Edgar, the author, was a native of York and a preacher of forty years standing. "Though he fought not the Beasts of Ephesus, yet he encountered with Committees and Sequestrators for preaching at Pall-Leagnet." For twelve months he was a close prisoner in a ship, the Spanish Merchant, and as the preface puts it, "He was a Tree Planted by the Water Side, which brought forth fruit even in his Old Age, and that on the Turbulent and Salt Water."

The treatise is largely in the form of *objections* and *answers,* which may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. All deliverances from evil proceed from God, and draw an obligation of thankfulness. The greater the deliverance, the greater should be the acknowledgment. By gifts, feastings and rejoicing the Israelites celebrate their deliverance from Egyptian bondage. How much more should the Nativity of Christ be celebrated, for there never was a greater deliverance from evil. Others were but corporeal; Christ's was spiritual. If Christ had not been born, he would neither have suffered nor died for us.

2. It is objected that we do not know the exact date of Christ's birth; but the truth of the event should not be prejudiced because its exact time is unknown. The Gospels place it at the time of the great taxation under Augustus, when Herod was King of Jewry, and there must have been a certain day, month, and year.

3. True, Christmas has been much abused by revelry and drunkenness, but that cannot affect the lawfulness of the observance. The feast of Purim comprehends days of great gladness and mirthful rejoicing, the sending of portions, and gifts to the poor; and these things were accorded as lawful to the Jews upon the occasion of their deliverance. Shall they be unlawful to the Gentiles on the occasion of their great deliverance?

4. It is objected that Paul found fault with the Galatians for observing "days, months, and years," but that does not make the observance of this day unlawful. He does not

speak of natural days, nor of civil or ecclesiastical days. He refers to the superstitious days observed in imitation of the Jews and heathens. But the day of the Nativity being free of superstitions, may lawfully be kept.

5. True, God gave liberty to the people to labor six days of the week. Yet if the Nativity falls on a week day, it is not against God's commandment to desist on that day. For what He has left free, is still subject to the positive laws of men, made for the common benefit and order of the Church and State.

6. It is further objected that there is no commandment for the observance of Christmas. But it is also true that there is no express command for the observance of the Lord's Day, nor for days of public fasting, humiliation, thanksgiving, victories, and deliverances; yet these are observed by the Church on good grounds. Duties are enjoined upon us in this respect, which not only imply the lawfulness of these observances, but that special days may be set aside therefor.

7. By general rule we are commanded to obey our superiors unless their commands are repugnant to those of God. The orders of the governors of the Church for the observance of the day of the Nativity are not contrary to the word of God, and should be obeyed. Constantine, the first Christian emperor, commanded his subjects to keep as holy the days which had their names from the Saviour, such as, his birth, passion, resurrection, and ascension. For thirteen hundred years the Church and its fathers and wise men have observed the twenty-fifth day of December.

In accordance with the practice of the times, the pamphleteer supports his contentions with many citations from the Old Testament and the New, as well as from the works of Chrysostom, Augustine, Ciprianus, Nazianzen, Zanchius, Calvin, Chrysolgus, Spanhemius, Casaubon, and Szegedinus. We may call it the author's posthumous child, for it did not see the light of day until after his death and three years after the Puritan frown disappeared from the horizon.

Apparently the legal prescriptions against the celebration of the great holiday had little or no effect on the carol writers, nor on the popularity of their efforts. *A Christmasse Carroll* was printed in the Mercurius Democritus December 8-16, 1652, pp. 286-8. W. C. Hazlitt published a version of it from an Ashmolean manuscript in his "Inedited Poetical Miscellanies." It also appears in Rollins' *Cavalier and Puritan Ballads and Broadsides* (1923) as Item 47:

CHRISTMASSE CARROLL

1 Beat up a Drum, For Winter reignes,
And from the Plaines
He drives the Swaines,
And still maintaines
The title of a King.

2 Christmas is come a Champion bold,
Though very cold,
He vowes to hold,
His Honour old,
In spight of youthfull Spring.

3 Fire your Beacons,
Whet your Weapons,
Kill your Capons,
and fall on;
As it fitts,
Use your Spitts,
Winter lyes a bleeding,
When he findes you feeding,
all his force is gone.

4 Christmas early,
Sounds a Parley,
Juice of Barley,
  Crownes the Bowle:
Make him cough,
Cut him off,
That derides a Drinker,
When so brave a Skinker,
  trouls without controwl.

5 Arme, Arm, Arme,
Behold thy foe,
From top to toe,
In Ice and Snow,
Doth puff and blow,
  his fury to provoke:
Dreadless of harme,
Draw Hogsheads dry,
Let Flagons fly,
Make fires nose-hye,
Aloud cry,
  and let the Chimney smoak.

6 Soundly warne him,
That will charme him;
Then disarme him,
  he obeyes;
Now he flyes,
Now he dyes,
The Retreat is sounded,
Winter is confounded,
  Christmas hath the day:

7 All renown him,
That have known him,
Conquest crowne him,
  'tis his due:
  Make your Chear,
Once a year;

For his sake amend it,
And now this old year's ended,
 frolick for a New.

The Christmas holiday was not restored to the English people until 1660, when the Commonwealth came to an end and Charles II took the throne. Yet it seems that for years thereafter the Christmas controversy was still aglow in the minds of the pamphleteers. On August 10, 1677, there was licensed at London and printed the following year, a substantial pamphlet of sixty-three pages, "written according to legal proceedings" by Josiah King, and entitled *The Examination and Tryal of Old Father Christmas.*

In accordance with the custom of the times this pamphlet is dedicated to the pampleteer's patron "the Worshipful John Hodge, Doctor of Physick at Mudbury in Devon." This is followed by a communication "To Captain Thomas Prynne of Wembury," tendering him the service of an old man, not to be "turned away because old." This is followed by an amusing challenge to "Momus or the Critick."

> *Self-conceited Sir,*
>
> I know thou wilt brag, thy very breath is enough to poison the Muses: how many pots of oyntment hast thou spoiled? I know thou wilt be choping upon my broken stile; but tell me, canst thou expect flowers from him, that never walkt in *Apollo's Garden?* If thou sayst, here is something stoln, I say, thou lyest; it is but borrowed, and that is the Method. The Author of the Isle of Man,* and I, had it from the

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* In 1627 Richard Bernard, Rector of Batcomb, in the County of Somerset, wrote a pamphlet of seventy-six pages entitled "*The Isle of Man, or The Legal Proceedings in Man-Shire against Sin,* Wherein by way of Allegory, the principal Malefactors, both in the Heart and Practice are

> Assizes; now be advised by me, put thy ears in under they cap, and shut thy black mouth, and then no body will know thee; Thus saith
>
> J. K.

Briefly the trial proceedings were these: The Assizes held at the Town of Difference, in the County of Discontent, open with Old Father Christmas in the dock. He stands charged with enticing the good people to drunkenness, gluttony, gaming, and frivolity, and encouraging them to idleness. A jury for life and death is impaneled. The defendant pleads not guilty. Witnesses are heard for and against him, and their varying views are most amusing. Much of the material is allegorical. After a session lasting throughout the morning and afternoon, the jury returned a verdict of acquittal; whereupon Old Father Christmas was released with a great deal of triumph and exaltation. And

> "As he walked they strewed all his wayes
> With Holly, Ivy, Rosemary and Bayes."

The importance of old broadsides and pamphlets cannot be over-estimated. They are not only vehicles of thought and opinion, but storehouses of history, throwing light on obscure questions upon which books are silent. They reflect the social, political, and religious spirit of the time. Multitudes of them are preserved in great libraries and they cover the remote periods when no newspapers existed for the expression of public opinion.

Detected and Attached, with their Arraignment and Trial," etc. This antedates *The Examination and Tryal of Old Father Christmas* by fifty years, and one hundred fifty years elapsed before another edition of *The Isle of Man* appeared, printed by George Woods, Liverpool, in 1778.

Due to the fact that the celebration of Christmas was in controversy during the whole period of the Commonwealth, it is natural to turn to this period for broadside and pamphlet literature upon the subject. Ainsworth Rand Spofford in *A Book for All Readers,* published by Putnam's Sons in 1900, writes,

> "When Thomas Carlyle undertook to write the life of Oliver Cromwell, and to resurrect from the dust-bins of two centuries, the letters and speeches of the great Protector, he found his richest quarry in a collection of pamphlets in the British Museum Library. An indefatigable patriot and book seller, named Thomason, had carefully gathered and kept every pamphlet, book, periodical, or broadside that appeared from the British Press, during the whole time from 1649 to 1660, the period of the interregnum in the English monarchy, represented by Cromwell and the Commonwealth. This vast collection, numbering over 20,000 pamphlets bound in 2,000 volumes, after escaping the perils of fire and of both hostile armies, was finally purchased by the King and afterward presented to the British Museum Library. Its completeness is one great source of its value, furnishing, as it does, to the historical student of that exceedingly interesting revolution, the most precious memorials of the spirit of the times, many of which have been utterly lost, except the single copy preserved in this collection."

Three of the old pamphlets referred to in this chapter, namely, The Arraignment, Conviction, and Imprisonment of Christmas, with An Hue and Cry after Christmas (1645), Canterbury Christmas, or A True Relation of the Insurrection in Canterbury (1647), and The Examination and Tryal of Old Father Christmas (1678), will be found reproduced in full in the author's book *The Tryal of Old Father Christmas,* published in 1937 by Walter M. Hill, Chicago.

III. Books of Carols and Hymns.

The minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.
—*William Wordsworth.*

CAROLS AND HYMNS are the audible manifestation of the spirit of Christmas, although not specially reserved for that occasion. In general parlance the distinction between a hymn and a carol is often lost; but there are fundamental differences. A *hymn* is an ode or poem of a lyrical and devotional character, expressive of praise, adoration or elevated emotion, and intended to be sung in religious service. It is not a narrative. Although the word *carol* is also applied to festal hymns, as is true of Easter carols, it usually refers to a song of joy, exultation, or mirth, expressive, more often, of the secular emotions of a healthy people, and couched in the popular language of the times, genial and simple. The carol is more festive and playful than the hymn, and it usually tells a story. Its correct derivation is helpful in making these distinctions. According to some the word is born of *cantare,* to sing; and of *rola,* an interjection of joy. But this is doubtful. The better theory assigns a "dancing origin" to the word, and this is in strict accord with its spirit. We are on safer ground in assuming that it is derived from the Old French *carole,* meaning a dance in a ring and enlivened by song. This in turn was probably derived from the Latin *choraula,* or the Greek *choraules*—a flute player; or *chorea,* a dance performed in a circle—as a choral dance. Our modern dictionaries and lexicons still retain this as one of the secondary meanings of the word *carol.* And so we speak, on the one hand, of Milton's Hymn on the Morning of the Nativity, but on the other, of the Boar's Head Carol,—the one sacred, the other profane.

Frigidly religious carols were written not only by the clergy, but by laymen averse to gaiety. In a rare tract entitled *Vindication of the Solemnity of the Nativity of Christ,* Thomas Warmstry, writing in 1648, states:

> "*Christmas Kariles,* if they be such as are fit for the time, and of holy and sober composures, and used with Christian sobriety and piety, they are not unlawfull, and may be profitable if they be sung with grace in the heart."

And so it would appear that our ancestors did not all believe in the dual significance of Christmas, religious on one side and festive on the other. Some regarded it as a fast of the senses and a feast of the soul. This was the Puritan conception of Christmas and of the Christmas carol.

The *hymn* is older than the carol. It was a spiritual call at a time when the Day of the Nativity was regarded with awe and reverence. The carol was born later and not until the humanistic spirit had sent its rays to dispel the gloom of the middle ages. The carol did not see the light until the fifteenth century, and the early "ballad," another word of "dancing origin," is its twin brother. This Old French word also signified a dancing song, and from it we have our own word *ball,* and by adoption the word *ballet.* The ballad is also a narrative poem, often traditional, originating in communal singing. The traditional carols are in ballad form, and of this the narrative *Cherry Tree Carol* is an example.

Man is the only member of the animal kingdom endowed with the ability to laugh; and as we compare the austere carols of the middle ages with those of later days, we must observe that man insisted upon exercising that exclusive faculty in spite of the deep damnations with which he was threatened by the Church. Our nature is not to sit forever and aye with wry faces under the pall of serious meditation. As the sun shines upon us, so it shines within us when all is well. And of this sunshine the secular carol was born, and by this same token it has survived. Man may look to hymns to express his spiritual devotions, but he insists upon the carol to enhance his joys.

The earliest known printed collection of Christmas carols in English is dated 1521 and quaintly entitled "*Christmasse Carolles newely enprinted at London, in the fletestrete at the sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde.*" Jan van Wynkyn, of Worth, was Caxton's apprentice and successor. In all probability this entire booklet consisted of but six or eight pages, and of these only the last leaf has come down to us. This leaf contains two complete carols,—on one side a hunting song (with which we are not concerned); on the other a boar's-head carol. Because of its rarity, the last page is here reproduced in full:

A Caroll Bringyng in the Bores Heed
Caput apri differo
Reddens laudens domino.
The bores heed in hande bring I
With garlans gay and rosemary
I pray you all synge merely
Qui estis in conuiuio.

The bores heed I understande
Is the thefe*seruyce in this lande
Loke where euer it be fande
Seruite cum cantico.
Be gladde lordes bothe more & lasse
For this hath ordeyned our stewarde
To chere you all this christmasse
The bores heed with mustarde.
Finis.

Thus endeth the Christmasse carolles/
newely enprinted at London/in the
fletestrete at the sygne of the sonne by
Wynkyn de Worde. The yere of our
lorde. M.D. xxi.

It will be noted that the colophon contains the words "newely enprinted," an expression which would seem to imply that this was not the first edition. It was the custom of the times to print carols in single or double sheets at a penny or two. De Worde himself, or some other enterprising printer, may have undertaken to collect and print these carols at a date earlier than 1521.

The bringing in of the boar's head is the subject of six or seven carols. There are three principal versions, however,—the first, according to the collection made by de Worde in 1521; the second, as sung at Queen's College at Oxford, which is a modern version of the first; and the third, as sung at St. John's College, Oxford, during the Christmas of 1607. All three versions are to be found in *A Christmas Garland, Carols and Poems,* etc., edited by A. H. Bullen, 1885.

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* Chefe (chief)

With obsolete and defective spelling eliminated, and the Latin translated, the version of Wynkyn de Worde reads as follows:

A CAROL

BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD

The boar's head I bring,
Giving praises to God.

The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garland's gay and rosemary;
I pray you all sing merrily
So many as are in the feast.

The boar's head, I understand,
Is the chief service in this land;
Look, wherever it be found
Let us serve with a song.

Be glad, lords, both more and less,
For this hath ordained our steward
To cheer you all this Christmas,
The boar's head with mustard.

As has been observed by Ames and Herbert in "Typographical Antiquities," Vol. II, at pp. 250-1, it is probable that the fragment of this very curious and uncommon book, which Warton saw, was the identical one inspected and described by Hearne:

> "I shall not give other instances of alterations in old English pieces, only I will beg leave here to give an exact copy of the CHRISTMAS CAROL *upon the Boar's Head,* (which is an ancient dish, and was brought up by K. Henry I. with

> trumpets before his son, when his said son was crowned) as I have it in an old fragment (for I usually preserve even fragments of old books) of the Christmas Carols printed by Wynkyn de Worde (who as well as Richard Pynson, was servant to William Caxton, who was the first that printed English books, though not the first printer in England (as is commonly said), printing being exercised at Oxford in 1468 if not sooner, which was several years before he printed any thing at Westminster, by which it will be perceived how much the same carol is altered, as it is sung in some places even now, from what it was at first. It is the last thing, it seems, of the book (which I never yet saw intire)," etc.

As Warton observes, "These carols were festal chansons for enlivening the merriments of the Christmas celebrity: and not such religious songs as are current at this day, with the common people under the same title, and which are substituted by those enemies of innocent and useful mirth, the Puritans. The boar's head, soused, was anciently the first dish on Christmas day, and was carried up to the principal table in the hall, with great state and solemnity."

The version as sung at Queen's College Oxford follows:

THE BOAR'S HEAD CAROL

Sung at Queen's College, Oxford

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot estis in convivo.
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes domino.

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,
Which thus bedeck'd with a gay garland
    Let us servire cantico.
        Caput apri defero
        Reddens laudes domino.

Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of bliss;
Which on this day to be served is
    In Reginensi Atrio.*
        Caput apri defero
        Reddens laudes domino.

From this version it appears that the carol is intended for a solo voice, and that the refrain "*Caput apri defero Reddens laudes domino*" is to be sung by a chorus of voices. This is borne out by the musical score as given in the *Oxford Book of Carols,* by Dearmer, Williams and Shaw, at page 37.

The third version as sung at St. John's College, Oxford, at Christmas time in the year 1607, is entirely different in form and thought:

BOAR'S HEAD CAROL

Sung at St. John's College, Oxford, Christmas, 1607

1. The Boar is dead,
        Lo, here his head;
      What man could have done more
   Than his head off to strike,
   Meleager-like,
      And bring it as I do before.

---

* In the Queen's hall.

2. He living spoiled
Where good men toiled,
Which made kind Ceres sorry;
But now dead and drawn
Is very good brawn,
And we have brought it for ye.

3. Then set down the swineyard,
The foe to the Vineyard,
Let Bacchus crown his fall;
Let this boar's head and mustard
Stand for pig, goose, and custard,
And so ye are welcome all.

For many years Queen's College, Oxford, served up the boar's head as the first course at Christmas. Tradition represents this usage as a commemoration of an act of valor by a student of the college, who while walking in the neighboring forest of Shotover and reading his Aristotle, was suddenly attacked by a wild boar. The furious beast rushed at him with open mouth as though to devour him; but undaunted, and with great presence of mind, the youth fairly "rammed in the volume," and cried "*Graecum est,*" choking the savage with the sage. But the tale was carried further, for the poor student could not afford to lose his Aristotle; so the head was cut off and the book recovered. But as the boar's head also could not be spared, it was taken to the college, roasted and eaten.

The precious sheet of the collection of Christmas carols printed by Wynkyn de Worde was picked up by Thomas Hearne and remained in his possession until the time of his death. After his demise Dr. Rawlinson purchased it in a volume of tracts and bequeathed it to the Bodleian Library, where it is now lodged.

In the Bodleian Library are also four leaves of another sixteenth century book of carols, entitled *Christmas Carolles newely Imprinted*. The title page bears a woodcut of Mary and Joseph adoring the Infant. The ox is also present, but not the ass. The background is made up of medieval buildings with turrets and towers. Printer's borders of birds and flowers are loosely arranged about it in the form of a frame. The lone letter "C" appears above the woodcut. This may stand for Copland (W.) to whom the Bodleian catalogue attributes the book. However, it may be merely a serial designation to indicate that this is the third of a number of like pamphlets issued at about this time. Unfortunately the title page bears neither date nor printer's imprint, although the catalogue gives it a dating of *circa* 1550. The first page of text begins with "A caroll to the byrth of Christ," with the subtitle "Come to Bethleem and ye shal se;" and for further identification I note the opening line, "A woman a mayd in thought & deede," etc. Although this carol is not completed on this page, the succeeding page is fragmentary and on another subject, namely, "To euery man that is vnkynde," etc. Pages 3, 4 and a portion of 5, contain a carol "Blow ye winde styl & blow not so shyl," etc. This is followed by a "Farewell aduent & haue good days." The fragment concludes with "In this tyme of Chrystmas."

According to Edward Bliss Reed, editor of *Christmas Carols Printed in the Sixteenth Century,* published by Harvard University Press in 1932, the single leaf of Wynkyn de Worde's *Christmasse carrolles,* together with the four leaves of *Christmas carolles newely Imprinted,* and the twenty-four leaves in Kele's *Christmas carolles* (presently to be considered),—twenty-nine leaves in all—are the only known English collections of Christmas carols printed in the sixteenth century. The last of these, a small volume, is entitled *Christmas carolles newely Inprynted,* and bears on its title page this imprint: "Inprynted at London in the Powltry by Richard Kele, dwelling at the longe shop under saynt Myldredes chyrche." It is said to be the most important printed collection of English sixteenth-century carols that have escaped destruction. As Mr. Reed observes:

> "Students of English Christmas songs have for years tried to find Kele's *Christmas carolles newely Inprynted,* especially since Chambers and Sidgwick in their Early English Lyrics (1907) called attention to its disappearance. Having searched in public and private libraries, both in America and abroad, for early carol collections, it was the writer's good fortune to come upon Kele's little book in the Huntington Library."

It is our good fortune that Mr. Reed has incorporated all three of these items in his valuable work, reproduced in collotype.

At page 17 begins a second set of carols, extending over seven folios and ending at page 30. Unfortunately the title page of this collection is missing, although the printer has brought up the rear with a fairly ornamental tail-piece representing an angel with wings outspread and playing on a tabor. The verso of this folio being blank, has been filled in with a woodcut, better suited to a book of Easter carols and hymns. It represents the Saviour in a sitting posture, but suspended in the heavens, his feet resting on an orb, symbolical of Mother Earth. From behind his nimbus, at the left, is extended horizontally the flower of the resurrection, to the right the sword of judgment. Two saints, one a man, the other a woman, stand to the right and left in adoration. Below, the dead are rising from their graves.

In the main, the carols in this second collection are of a less serious vein, in fact some are quite facetious, as may be gathered from their titles and from their first lines (in parenthesis): "As I went this enders day," *(Alone, alone, alone, alone)*, the subject of which is Mary mourning over the crucifixion of her Son; "It was a mayde of brentenars" *(Synge Dyllum, dyllum, dyllum, dyllum)*, an insinuating ditty upon "my layde" who made clandestine visits to the miller; "The nunne walked on her prayer" *(Inducas, Inducas, In temptationibus)*, the story of a friar tempted by a nun; "My lady went to Canterbury" *(My harte of golde as true as stele)*; "Ipse mocat me, An apple is no pere tree" *(Gebit, gebit, gebit, gebit)*; "Make we mery in hall and boure" *(To encrease our ioy and blysse)*; "In Bethlehem that noble place" *(Be we mery in this feste)*; "Lordes and laydes all by dene" *(Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell)*; and "Welcome be this blessed feste" (*O blessyd & maruelous natyute)*.

The carol "Be we mery in this feste," opening with the line "In Bethlehem that noble place," appears in Sandys, Wright, Husk, Bullen and Rickert, and it is here given in its original quaint form:

BE WE MERY IN THIS FESTE

IN QUO SALUATOR NATUS EST

IN Betheleem that noble place
As by prophesy sayd it was
Of the vyrgyn mary full of grace
Saluator mundi natus est
Be we mery. &c.
¶On chrystmas nyght an angel it tolde
To the shephardes kepyng theyr folde

That in Betheleem with bestes wolde
Saluator mundi natus est
Be we mery. &c.

¶The shephardes were compassed ryght
About them was a great lyght
Drede ye nought sayd the aungell bryght
Saluator mundi natus est
Be we mery. &c.

¶Beholde to you we brynge great ioy
For why Jesus is borne this day
(To vs) of mary that mylde may
Saluator mundi natus est
Be we mery. &c.

¶And thus in fayth fynde it ye shall
Lyenge porely in an oxe stall
The shephardes than lauded god all
Quia saluator mundi natus est
Be we mery. &c.

It will be noted that in the old versions of these carols the refrain is given first, no doubt because the selections were better known thereby than by their real titles.

Some of the other carols in this second collection seem to have enjoyed equal popularity. "My harte of golde as true as stele," opening with the line "My lady went to Canterbury," is given in Husk, Chambers and Sidgwick, and Rickert.

A third collection of five leaves (pp. 31-40), bound in with Kele's *Christmas Carols,* is complete in itself, except that it lacks a title page. There are four carols in this group: "Mary moder come and se" *(Gaudeamus synge we in hoc sacro tempore);* "O saynt Steuen goddes knyght" *(To saynt Steuen wyll we pray);* "O blessyd Johan the euangelyst" *(Pray for us to god on hye);* and "In olde tyme straing thynges cam to pas" *(Marke this songe for it is trewe).*

As we look back over all three groups of carols thus far considered we note the importance attached to the Crucifixion carol by printers and editors. The first collection opened and closed with such a carol, and the keynote of the second group was of the same nature. So in this third collection we are met with another Crucifixion carol at the threshold,—"Mary moder come and se." Although we are not concerned with this subject in Christmas literature, it is here reproduced as a specimen of what was considered good Christmas fare for Londoners in *circa* 1550.

GAUDEAMUS SYNGE WE IN HOC SACRO TEMPORE
PUER NOBIS NATUS ET EX MARIA VIRGINE

¶Mary moder come and se
Thy sone is nayled on a tre
Hande and fote he may not go
His body is wrapped all in wo

¶Upon a tre nayled he is
To brynge vs all to heuen blyss
For Adam that dyde amysse
For an aple that was so fre

¶From his heed vnto his too
His skynne is torne and flesche also
His body is bothe wanne and blo
And nayled he is on a tre

¶Thy louely sone that thou hast borne
Is crowned with a crowne of thorne
To saue mankynde that was but lorne
And brynge man but to his liberte

¶When Johan this tale began to tell
Mary wolde no lenger dwell
But went amonge the Jewes fell
Where she myght her sone se

¶My swete sone that arte me dere
Why hangest thou on rode here
Thy hede is wrythen all in a brere
Louely sone what may this be.

¶Moder to Johan I the betake
Johan kepe this woman for my sake
On rode I am emendes to make
For synfull man as we may se.

¶This game of loue I must play
For mannes soule it is no nay
There is no man that goth by the way
But on my body he may haue pyte.

¶This payne ye men haue me wrought
For synfull soules I haue it bought
Of all this smerte yet rewe I nought
If man wolde be kynde to me.

¶My blode coleth my flesche doth fall
I am athryst after drynke I call
They gyue me eylyll menged with gall
A wors drinke may there be none

¶Fader my soule to the I betake.
My body dyth for mannes sake
To hell I must withouten make
Mankynde for to make fre

¶God that deyed for us all
Borne of a mayde in an oxe stall
Graunt vs his realme celestyall
Amen/ amen/ for charyte.

In this third collection there is, however, one carol which proximates the birth of Christ. It is entitled "A caroll of the Innocentes," and begins with the line "In olde tyme straing thynges cam to pas." The subject is not the Nativity itself, but the story of how "Herode myssed his cruell pray."

Pages 41-48, four leaves, (Kele's *Christmas Carols)* were taken from at least two other collections. The first two leaves, being pages 41-44, are printed in the same type, and may have come from the same booklet. They contain four carols: "This was the tenour of her talkynge" *(Timor mortis cortubat me);* "I shall you tell this ylke nyght" *(Blessyd Stephan we the praye);* "When the aungell aue began;" and "O very lyfe of swetnes and hope" (*Salue regina mater miseridordie*).

Not one of these carols is complete. Those on pages 41 and 43 lack opening stanzas; those on 42 and 44 lack closing ones.

The last two leaves, pages 45-48, do not come from the volume that contained the two preceding ones (pp. 41-44), being printed in another type, although in the same type as the first collection. These last two leaves, being pp. 45-48, contain two carols: "This voyce both sharp and also" *(A voyce from heaven to earth shall come),* and "Most soueryn lorde Chryste" *(Jesu Christie file dei viui, etc.).* The refrain of the first appears as the last two lines at page 48, and the woodcut on this latter page, which seems to mark the end of another collection, is almost identical in subject and execution with the woodcut of the Resurrection at page 30 at the end of the second collection.

The subject matter of most of the carols published by Kele is the dead Christ, worshipped and adored to the exclusion of the living one. The first collection, pp. 1-16, does not contain a single Christmas carol in the general sense of the word; and surely this collection would have passed the censorship of Warmstry. It is a book of *Christmas carolles* in name only. Its theme song is Death and the Last Judgment. It is witness to the fact that the morbid theology of the middle ages held "Merrie England" in "mortmain still." Yet, now and again, some wag eluded the grasp of the "dead hand," and in consequence some of these very religious carols find themselves in bad company. Note the carol which follows the Crucifixion carol in the second collection:

SYNGE Dyllum dyllum dyllum dyllum
I can tell you and I wyll
Of my ladyes water myll
It was a mayde of brentenars
She rode to myll upon a horse
Yet was the mayden neuer the worse
Synge dyllum. &c.
¶Layde she was upon a sacke
Stryke softe she said hurt not my backe
And spare not let the myll clacke
Synge dyllum. &c.
I wys the myller was full nyce
His mylstones hanged bothe by a vyce
And wolde the walkynge at a tryce
Synge dyllum. &c.
¶This mayd to myll ofte dyd resorte
And of her game made no reporte
But to her it was full great comforte
Synge dyllum. &c.

In these remote times the miller was a favorite subject for this type of ditty.

It is not probable that Richard Kele wrote any of these carols, but merely collected them from various sources. He appears merely as the printer, or as the person for whom they were printed. He showed a preference for moral and religious works.

Those who wish to study these old English carols through fac-similes of the quaint originals, should consult *Christmas Carols of the Sixteenth Century,* edited by Edward Bliss Reed and published by Harvard University Press in 1932. It not only contains these reproductions, but also a very fine historical and analytical introduction by the editor. The carols themselves are followed by voluminous explanatory notes and an excellent Bibliography of Collections of English Christmas Carols in manuscript and print.

Christmas hymns date back to St. Ambrose in the fourth century and to St. Augustine in the fifth. Many books have been written on this subject, which are readily accessible. Apropos of the period at which we have arrived, attention is called to *Hymnes and Songs of the Church* published in 1623 by "the assignes of George Wither," London. It is divided into two parts. The first treats of the Canonical Hymns and "such parcels of Holy Scripture as may properly be sung: with some other ancient Songs and Creeds." Part two consists of "Spiritual Songs, appropriated to the severall Times and Occasions observeth in the Church of England,"—the whole "Translated and Composed by G. W." The book was reprinted by Reeves & Turner, London, in 1895, with a frontispiece engraving of the author and an interesting biographical Introduction by Edward Farr. Text for "Christmas Day" is found on page 177, and two hymns for the occasion follow.

Hymns Historically Famous, written by Nicholas Smith, author of "Stories of Great National Songs," was published by Advance Publishing Company of Chicago in 1901, and is of special interest in this connection. It begins with the "Te Deum Laudamus" which has come down to us from antiquity, and carries the subject to a recent date. Many interesting facts are given as to how the most famous hymns came to be written, and the book is illustrated by portraits of the hymn-writers themselves.

Most of the old English carols originated in the period of approximately two hundred fifty years following the death of Chaucer in 1400. They continued to flourish throughout the sixteenth century and well into the seventeenth. But something was about to happen to the Great Festival of which many of them were born. The Puritan frown had appeared on the horizon for some time and was becoming more and more forbidding. The Long Parliament had been in session since 1640,—the "Parliament of the Puritan Rebellion," which blazed forth in 1642, to the undoing of Charles I and the loss of his head a few years later. But Old Father Christmas was the first to suffer. The Long Parliament had already made an order for a monthly Fast of Humiliation to be observed by the English people on the last Wednesday of each month. In December 1644 this fast fell on Christmas Day, and there was some doubt as to whether the day should be observed as a feast or as a fast. The Parliament being overwhelmingly Puritan, would not relent, and by its special ordinance this 25th day of December was confirmed as a fast and ordered to be observed as such. From time to time these ordinances were renewed, until at last Christmas and other festivals were abolished altogether. And so ended, for the time being at least, the day which the Puritans characterized as "The old Heathen's Feasting Day, the Papist's Massing Day, the Profane Man's Ranting Day, the Superstitious Man's Idol Day, the Multitude's Idle Day, Satan's Working Day;" and this was the day which royalty and common folk had for centuries celebrated as "Christmas." But it had been discovered, to use the words of Hezekiah Woodward, that "no one thing more hindereth the Gospel work all the year long, than doth the observation of that Idol Day once in a year, having so many days of cursed observation with it."

The pendulum had swung to the extreme limit of its range. Every dog has his day, and, we may add, every cat her night. With the Restoration of the old order in 1660, the Puritan influence vanished, and the carols were released from captivity. New ones were born but they were not of the ancestral timber. They continued to be printed for the remainder of the seventeenth century and throughout the eighteenth. A number appeared in *Poor Robin's Almanack;* but they were in the main secular, concerning themselves with Christmas fare and worldly pastimes. Beyond Nahum Tate's "While Shepherds Watched," (c. 1698) and Charles Wesley's "Hark! the herald angels sing" (1739) there were almost no consequential contributions of religious carols.

As the *Oxford Book of Carols observes,* "Meanwhile the old carols traveled underground and were preserved in folk songs, the people's memory of the texts being kept alive by humble broadsheets of indifferent exactitude which appeared annually in different parts of the country. The carol was ignored by the formal and prosaic world of the eighteenth century, and was slowly losing ground among the poor, though there is evidence of its continuance in many parts of England."

The nineteenth century dawns upon us. The old traditional Christmas carols are still losing ground, and it is anticipated that in a few years they will be extinct. They are already being spoken of as a thing of the past,—as not belonging to this century. The "collecting" rage has seized upon many, but in the gathering up of what-nots, the carol has been overlooked. But a dim light appears through the darkness. It is in the hand of the distinguished antiquarian, Davies Gilbert, a man of sundry accomplishments. The year is 1822, and he has just published the first modern collection of traditional carols. The work must have been well received, for a second edition followed in the next year. Yet even he spoke of carols as a thing of the past: "On Christmas day these carols took the place of Psalms in all the churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining; and at the end it was usual for the parish clerk, to declare in a loud voice, his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year."

Gilbert was born in 1767 and lived to be seventy-two years of age. He was originally named "Giddy" (not Gilbert), and he was anything but that. Sometimes a man is justified in throwing off his ancestral cognomen. He was a member of Parliament and president of the Royal Society, and wrote on various subjects. The London Gentleman's Magazine for February 1840, the year following his death, contains an interesting memoir and an account of his literary labors.

Gilbert's *Collection of Christmas Carols* contained twelve Cornish examples, sung, as he said, "in Churches on Christmas Day and in private houses on Christmas Eve throughout the West of England up to the latter part of the late century."

A decade passed before William Sandys, another carol collector of consequence, appeared to regale the public with the result of his labors. His *Christmas Carols Ancient and Modern* appeared in 1833. The book contains eighty carols, old and new, with seventeen tunes; also a copy of the Christmas play of St. George and the Dragon, with an introduction relating to Christmas customs. We have already spoken of his historical work, *Christmastide*.

When Sandys published his collection, Thomas Wright, destined to become the most eminent antiquarian of his time, was a young man of twenty-three; but it was not until eight years later that Wright edited a collection of forty-nine *Specimens of Old Christmas Carols,* chiefly taken from manuscript sources, for the Percy Society of London (1841). Of this Society, as well as The Camden Society, Wright was one of the founders. He was also a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, to whose *Archaeologia* he was a frequent contributor. He was also a member of many learned societies at home and abroad. His labors covered other subjects. In 1847 he edited for the Percy Society *Songs and Carols, now first Printed from a Manuscript of the 15th Century,* and in 1856 published *Songs and Carols from a Manuscript of the 15th Century, in the British Museum.* The publication of 1847 contains seventy-six numbers, of which about half may be considered carols.

In 1846 E. F. Rimbault published his *Little Book of Carols;* but his more important collections appeared in 1863 and 1865. Six years later Sandys added new material on carols to his historical work on *Christmastide*. In 1847 *A*

Good Christmas Box, a valuable book of folk carols, appeared anonymously.

In 1853 two clergymen, J. M. Neale and T. Helmore, gave a very unexpected impulse to Christmas carols. A very rare Swedish book, *Piae Cantiones,* had come to the possession of Neale. It contained a number of fine sixteenth century airs, and Neale made some translations from the old book. These he incorporated into *Carols for Christmastide,* which was published in the same year. In view of a current penchant for things ancient and foreign, Neale and Helmore had hit upon an opportune measure for the revival of the carol. They further popularized their endeavor by printing their collection in cheap form for use in church.

Under the assumed name of "Joshua Sylvester," John Camden Hotten, of London, published *A Garland of Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern.* The work first appeared in 1861, and subsequent editions were published by A. Wessels Company of New York, in 1902 and 1905. The book contains seventy-four carols, well selected and classified,—carols legendary and narrative, religious and festive, and special groups paying tribute to the boar's head, the wassail bowl, the holly and the ivy, and other secular incidents of the season. Each carol is preceded by an instructive and interesting introductory note, and there are occasional foot-notes.

The introduction to this book is of considerable interest. After a brief holiday reminiscence the editor enters upon his theme. He speaks of carols derived from the old miracle plays, and the issue of carols by the early printers, and their distribution. It would appear that pamphlets and broadsheets of carols were cried about the streets of Paris as early as the thirteenth century. Many of the editor's selections are taken from these old broadsides gathered up from many places, and this is one of the novel features of the work. He has not confined himself to specimens of poetic excellence. Some are indifferent, but have been added because of their "earnest simplicity, the old religious stories they frequently contain, together with a considerable respect for their general favor which for many generations has been accorded to them by all classes."

Over seventy-five years have fled since this *Garland of Christmas Carols* first appeared. Long before the editor's time, in the remote days of simple manners, it was the custom to hail the season with a smiling face; and such is the spirit which pervades this little book.

> "Man, be merie as bryd on berie, and al thi care, let away!"

In 1860, Edmund Sedding published nine *Antient Christmas Carols,* to which seven were added in 1863. Five years later, in 1868, appeared W. H. Husk's *Songs of the Nativity,* and we note the editor's observation that the broadsheets printed at London at this time indicated that the public taste inclined to hyms rather than genuine Christmas carols.

But a second revival occurred in the nineteenth century with the publication, in 1871, of forty-two *Christmas Carols Old and New,* by Rev. H. R. Bramley, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Dr. John Stainer, then organist of the school. Their book exerted considerable influence. It came into general use among the clergy, and after the lapse of over half a century it is still in use. By it thirteen traditional carols, set to proper music, were revived, and this number was increased later to twenty-seven.

In 1885 A. H. Bullen edited *A Christmas Garland, Carols and Poems from the Fifteenth Century to the Present Time,* which appeared from the press of John C. Nimmo, London. The carols are grouped in three divisions, —Christmas Chants and Carols,—Carmina Sacra,—Christmas Customs and Christmas Cheer. The preface is interesting and the carols are annotated. The format and the typography are excellent, and each page has a decorative border in red. The book is illustrated by Henry G. Wells. The selection of carols is not always an easy task and Mr. Bullen is to be commended for his collection and for his observations thereon in the notes.

Thus far all the books of carols and hyms which we have considered, have been collections of that type of literature. But the carol also has a history which extends back into antiquity, as appears by *The Story of the Carol* written by Edmondstoune Duncan, and published by The Walter Scott Publishing Company, Ltd., of London, and Charles Scribner's Sons in 1911. In scope the work includes the progress of the carol down the ages, early ecclesiastical music, church and secular uses, mediaeval carolry, fifteenth and sixteenth century carols, the decline of carolry, secular uses of the carol, and its relation to Christmas and the old mysteries and plays. The book contains not only the words but also the music in many cases, as well as a number of illustrations. It is provided with four appendices,—biographical, bibliographical, chronological, and a glossary of words. The volume is one of "The Music Story Series," edited by Frederick J. Crowest.

A Book of Christmas Verse selected by H. C. Beeching, illustrated by Walter Crane and published in 1895 by Methuen & Company, London, is primarily an anthology of Latin hyms, early carols, and later poems and carols. The author acknowledges himself largely indebted to H. Vizetelly, the author of "Christmas with the Poets," published by Bell & Dalby, 1862, and to A. H. Bullen, author of "Carols and Poems." Unlike Mr. Bullen, however, the author makes no appeal to antiquarian interest. Poems and carols are accepted or rejected upon their poetical merit, according to the author's best judgment. Such popular carols as "The First Nowell," "I saw three ships come sailing in," "God rest you merry, gentlemen," are not to be found here. Poor Robin's Almanacks are deliberately ignored, not that Beeching begrudges Poor Robin his tankard, but because he fails to see that anyone, except perhaps Herrick, has been 'bemused with beer' to much poetical purpose. However, there are some religious poems common to both Bullen and Beeching. We do not mean to give the impression, however, that the book is too puritanical, for the last thirty pages are devoted to Christmas Merrymaking.

Edith Rickert's *Ancient English Christmas Carols, MCCCC-MDCC,* was published in New York in 1910.

Just when George Routledge & Sons, London, and E. P. Dutton & Company of New York, published *The Christmas Book of Carols and Songs,* edited by W. S. W. Anson, does not appear. The book contains twelve color plates, some of which cover incidents of Christmastide not depicted elsewhere. The illustrations are by Alan Wright and Vernon Stokes. Some are religious, the majority secular; all are strictly pertinent to the text. The majority of the carols and songs chosen are also secular. Robert Herrick is represented in great force by seventeen selections: *Ceremonies for Christmas; Christmas Eve; To Maids; Wassail the Trees; The Wassail; The Ceremonies of Candlemas*

Day; Ceremony upon Candlemas Eve; Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve; Twelfth Night; St. Distaff's Day; Upon Candlemas Day; Ode on the Birth of our Saviour; The Star Song; A Christmas Carol Sung to the King; and three poems dedicated to *The New Year's Gift.*

Poor Robin's Almanack has been drawn upon for two selections: *Now Enter Christmas Like a Man* (1701) and *Provide for Christmas* (1664). And here we also find a selection from George Wither's *Juvenilia*: *So now is come our joyful'st Feast.* Jeremy Taylor contributes two festival hymns: *A Hymn for Christmas Day;* another *In Honor of St. John. The Boar's Head Carol,* as found in the lone leaf of Wynkyn de Worde's publication, is not forgotten; nor are Ben Johnson's *Hymn on the Nativity of my Saviour,* and William Morris's *Masters, in this Hall.* Sandys's Book of Carols, Thomas Wright's Book of Carols, the *Bishoprick Garland, Notes and Queries,* and other sources also supplied material, and the traditional carols are fairly well represented. A cheerful vein of good humor and happiness runs throughout the collection, to which "Mark Well my Heavy Doleful Tale," dating back to the early seventeenth century, is no exception:

MARK WELL MY HEAVY DOLEFUL TALE

Mark well my heavy doleful tale,
   For Twelfth-day now is come,
And now I must no longer sing,
   And say no words but mum;
For I perforce must take my leave
   Of all my dainty cheer,
Plum-porridge, roast beef, and minced pies,
   My strong ale and my beer.

Kind-hearted Christmas, now adieu,
For I with thee must part,
And for to take my leave of thee
Doth grieve me at the heart;
Thou wert an ancient housekeeper,
And mirth with meat didst keep,
But thou art going out of town,
Which makes me for to weep.

God knoweth whether I again
Thy merry face shall see,
Which to good-fellows and the poor
That was so frank and free.
Thou lovedst pastime with thy heart,
And eke good company;
Pray hold me up for fear I swoon,
For I am like to die.

Come, butler, fill a brimmer up
To cheer my fainting heart,
That to old Christmas I may drink
Before he doth depart;
And let each one that's in this room
With me likewise condole,
And for to cheer their spirits sad
Let each one drink a bowl.

And when the same it hath gone round
Then fall unto your cheer,
For you do know that Christmas time
It comes but once a year.
But this good draught which I have drunk
Hath comforted my heart,
For I was very fearful that
My stomach would depart.

Thanks to my master and my dame
That doth such cheer afford;
God bless them, that each Christmas they
May furnish thus their board.
My stomach having come to me,
I mean to have a bout,
Intending to eat most heartily;
Good friends, I do not flout.

The Oxford Book of Carols by Percy Dearmer, R. Vaughan Williams and Martin Shaw, published by Oxford University Press in 1928, is one of the most interesting, inclusive, and useful collections of carols that has yet appeared. The tunes are given in every case and there are carols for other days than Christmas, for the authors believe that carols should be heard, not only during Christmas week, but throughout the year, as in the olden days. The book contains seventy-two English and forty-one Continental songs of early date, followed by a number of beautiful modern carols. The preface is a scholarly history and bibliography, and the book is supplemented with a tabulation of the carols according to the events of the Christian year. It is also provided with notes, an index of composers and sources, and a first-line index.

In 1929 Washburn & Thomas, Cambridge, Massachusetts, published a song book, *Old English Carols for Christmas,* in the old format. It contains words and music of twelve traditional carols. The musical arrangement is by Catherine Bailey. The entire book is in calligraphy by David Pottinger, the illustrations by Gordon Hansen.

Noels: A Collection of Christmas Carols, by Marx and Anne Oberndorfer, published in 1932 by Fitz-Simmons Co., Chicago, is another work of real merit. Preface, Introduction, and descriptive and historical notes are provided and constitute an education in themselves. All the carols are given with their tunes.

In conclusion I would refer to *Silent Night, Holy Night, The Story of a Lovely Christmas Song,* originally published as a small brochure by Frederick H. Jaenicken, Chicago, in 1933. The book was subsequently issued in larger form with marginal page decorations depicting the snow-clad Alpine heights of the secluded little village in Upper Austria where the hymn was written. The book gives the original score of the great hymn as composed by Franz Gruber, the village organist-teacher, and as given to Joseph Mohr in the late afternoon, four hours before the actual Christmas festival of 1818 began. There are a number of illustrations, reproductions from the great masters, a picture of the village of Oberndorf, its church, and the schoolhouse where the music was written. The remaining pages are devoted to the lives of the writer and composer, and the story of the hymn itself.

I know of no other work which tells this story. Mr. Jaenicken has shown a deep devotion to his theme, and has gone to great pains to secure the facts. By this unpretentious little book he has rendered a real service to Christmas literature and the music loving world.

IV. Thomas Tusser.

All you that to feasting and mirth are inclined,
Come here is good news for to pleasure your mind.
Old Christmas is come for to keep open house,
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse.
—*Old Carol.*

Some writers have done much to perpetuate the great Christmas festival; others have done less. Of the effusions of many of the most prolific writers little or nothing has survived, while the meager efforts of obscurer men have suffered little by the tooth of time. As we meditate this truth we recall the name of Dr. Clement C. Moore, who, in a moment of inspiration, produced the immortal "Night Before Christmas." And what a hold these fifty-six lines of simple verse have had and still have upon the American people! How often this poem has been reproduced, alone and in conjunction with the works of great literary lights! Year after year, on Christmas day, the memory of Dr. Moore is honored by pilgrimages to his grave and by services in the Chapel of the Intercession, Trinity Church, New York, attended by an overflow of sincere admirers.

Josef Mohr and Franz Gruber also come to mind,—respectively the writers of the words and music of "Silent Night, Holy Night,"—their first and only contribution to the realm of music in general and of Christmas in particular. For long this great hymn remained a mere folk song, but by its simplicity, sincerity, and beauty of sentiment it has endeared itself to the entire Christian world.

Why is it, for instance, that after the lovers and connoisseurs of art have run the gamut of the great masterpieces, historical and classical, stately and formal, they come to rest with what lies closest to the soil,—'The Gleaners,' 'The Angelus,' 'The Man with the Hoe,' and 'The Sheepshearers,' of Millet, and similar works of landscape and peasant life, unappreciated and neglected in the days of the classic and romantic schools? Men like Millet, Rousseau, Corot and Diaz went directly to the fields and woods for inspiration, and by their earthbound masterpieces ultimately triumphed over the classical school and the traditions of David.

As we emerge from childhood into youth, and pass from youth into manhood, the artificial and spectacular too often attract us by their incandescent glow, and we soar into a rarefied atmosphere far from the wholesome sod of old Mother Earth; but as we ripen and mellow with age, and are homeward bound in the cycle of life, we return to nature, and we love the warm earth even ere we die and are returned to it forever. After all, Mother Earth is our only material home.

The love of nature and of the husbandry by which man simply and honestly wrings his subsistence from the soil, are the preferences of a matured judgment, the expression of which, whether by brush, pencil, or pen, will always be of human interest. The artificial and effervescent things of life do not matter.

And so we return to Nature, and to the husbandman, her nearest and most devoted son. Let us step back to the year 1500, when books on husbandry began to appear in England. The first was a translation by Bishop Grosthead. But another twenty-one years passed ere Arnold's *Chron-*

icle was published; and it contained a mere chapter on "the crafte of graftynge, and plantynge, and alterynge of fruits, as well in colours as in taste."

But two years later, c. 1523, at a village called Rivenhall, in Essex, a child was born "of lineage good, of gentle blood," who was to become one of the earliest English didactic poets, and who is sometimes called the British Varro. And the child's name was *Thomas Tusser*. In later years he wrote a quaint metrical autobiography and thereby saved posterity time and trouble. From it we summarize his career.

Thomas spent his infancy at Rivenhall, and there his "name in honest fame, remained in sight." He was blessed with a fine voice; so, contrary to his own wishes, and over the tears of his kind mother, his father, William, enrolled him at an early age to study music at the collegiate chapel of Wallingford.

"But out I must, to song be thrust,
Say what I would, do what I could,
his mind was so.

O painfull time, for everie crime,
What toesed eares, like baited beares!
What bobbed lips, what jerks, what nips!
what hellish toies!

What robes how bare; what colledge fare!
What bread, how stale! what pennie Ale!
When Wallingford, how wert thou abhord
of sillie boies!"

In the days of Tusser's early youth, superintendents used impress warrants, under the authority of which they transferred boys with a musical education 'like posting horses' from place to place, "to serve the Queen, now there, now heere." However, through friendly influence Thomas secured an assignment to St. Paul's, where, under the able instruction of John Redford, he attained to considerable proficiency in "some part of Musicke art."

From St. Paul's he went to Eton, which left no pleasant memories.

"To learn streight waies, the Latin phrais
Where fiftie three stripes given to mee,
at once I had:

For fault but small, or none at all
It came to pass, thus beat I was,
See Udall see, the mercie of thee
to me poor lad."

But, as Sir Walter Scott observes, it is apparent from the few scattered scraps of Latin and classical allusions appearing here and there in Tusser's poems, that the severe rod of Nicholas Udal was not applied entirely in vain.

From Eton Tusser went to Cambridge, where he was first entered at King's College and later removed to Trinity Hall. Here he fared better.

"There joy I felt, there trim I dwelt,
There heaven from hell, I shifted well,
With learned men, a number then,
the time I passed."

As Thomas Fuller remarks, Tusser "spread his bread with all sorts of butter, yet none would stick thereon." Long illness compelled him to discontinue his studies at Cambridge, and thereafter he took employment at court in the service of William, First Baron Paget of Beaudesert, probably in his musical capacity. With this generous patron he remained for ten years, extending over the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII and the first years of Edward VI. Disgusted with the vices of court life, and alarmed by the discord among the nobility, which began to arise during the latter reign, Tusser, being a man of quiet and pacific habits, retired into the country.

> "When court gan frowne and strife in towne,
> And lords and knights saw heavy sights
> Then tooke I wife and led my life
> in Suffolke soile.
>
> Then was I faine my selfe to traine
> To learn too long the fermer's song
> For hope of pelfe, like worldly elfe
> to moile and toile."

And so having taken wife, and settled down at Cattiwade, in Suffolk, near the river Stour, as a farmer, Tusser wrote "A Hundreth good pointes of Husbandrie," the original of which is now in the British Museum,—a frail little volume, the paper soft and thin, the dark ink of the black-letter slightly permeating the pages. According to the colophon it was "INPRINTED AT LONDON in flete strete within Temple barre, at the sygne of the hand and starre, by Richard Tottel the third day of February, An. 1557." The first edition is reproduced in facsimile in *Thomas Tusser: His Good Points of Husbandry,* collated and edited by Dorothy Hartley, an authority on medieval England, and published by Country Life Ltd., London in 1931.

Each 'poynte' is a stanza of four lines, and of the entire number of one hundred, four stanzas (42-45) are devoted to

CHRISTMAS.

Get Ivye and hull,* woman deck up thyne house:
and take this same brawne, for to seeth and to souse.
Provide us good chere, for thou knowst the old guise:
old customes, that good be, let no man dispise.

At Christmas be mery, and thanke god of all:
and feast thy pore neighbors, the great with the small.
yea al the yere long, have an eie to the poore:
and god shall sende luck, to kepe open thy doore.

Good fruite and good plenty, doth well in thy loft:
then lay for an orcharde, and cherishe it oft.
The profet is mickell, the pleasure is mutch:
at pleasure with profet, few wise men will grutch.

For plantes and for stockes, lay afore hand to cast:
But set or remove them, while twelve-tide do last.
Set one from another, full twenty fote square:
the better and greater, they yerely will bare.

True, Thomas Tusser was not a 'Christmas poet,' but after the lapse of almost four centuries these few wholesome lines of rugged Christmas verse are still quoted. The book itself, which according to Dorothy Hartley, "gives the impression that it could live happily in the kitchen drawer or behind the clock," received a hearty welcome, running into a number of editions. Encouraged by its reception, the author enlarged his work, and in 1570 there appeared "A hundrethe good pointes of husbandry, lately maried unto a hundrethe good poyntes of huswifery, newly corrected and amplified with dyvers proper lessons of housholders."

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* Holly.

Tusser's first farm was located on the sea, but the air did not agree with his wife's frail constitution. He removed to Ipswich

"When wife could not, through sickness got,
More toile abide, so nigh Sea side."

And there the good wife died. Tusser is next found at Ratwood, in Suffolk, where he planned the larger work by which he is known. At about this time, according to his metrical biography, he

"chanced soone to fine a Moone,
of cheerful hew;

Which well a fine me thought did shine,
Did never change, a thing most strange
Yet kept in sight, hir course aright
and compas trew."

However, Mistress Amy Moone, who became his second wife, did not seem to promote his happiness. Yet, in all his disappointments, he found comfort elsewhere. Encouraged by the success of his "One Hundreth Poyntes," he enlarged them to five hundred. The "Five hundreth pointes of good husbandry united to as many of good huswiferie" appeared for the first time in 1573 with the imprint of Tusser's original publisher, R. Tottell. It is by this work that the author is chiefly known. Its numerous editions attest the public appreciation of Tusser's homely and practical wisdom. It is a sort of farmer's calendar, giving directions of what is to be done in every month of the year, and minute instructions for the regulation of domestic affairs in general. These five hundred points comprehend the whole range of country life in Tusser's time, and, as has been observed, "are so well informed upon all the essential activities, rules, and warnings of husbandry that they can be read now, nearly four hundred years later, not only with interest but with profit." Although his advice was good, he was too credulous of others to follow it himself. Whether he bought or whether he sold, he appears to have lost; and as a renter he impoverished himself and never enriched his landlord. William Mavor in his biographical sketch in the 1812 edition remarks:

> "The precepts of Tusser, indeed, are so excellent, that few can read them without profit and improvement; but between the cool, collected good sense that sometimes appears in an author's works, and his conduct as influenced by the temptations and perplexities of life, the discordance is often extreme. Some men are the shuttle cocks of fortune, and with the best intentions are always wrong; with the most serious private resolutions of consistency and propriety, are easily driven from their course when they come in contact with the world. That prudence which yields to no temptation, and never deviates from the proper path, is seldom to be found among men of cultivated minds and lively imaginations. Between a courtier and a practical farmer, the contrast is so great, and especially between a poet and a plodding man of business, that we need not be surprised our author was unsuccessful in the management of rural affairs. Yet he appears to have possessed such a degree of pious resignation to the will of the Supreme, of Christian charity, and of good humor, under all his miscarriages, that his character rises high in our esteem, independent of his merits as a writer."

Tusser tried farming in a number of places with more or less success, generally less. His checkered agricultural career shows that he was no match for the artifices of his less learned brethren. Although literary men affect to be fond of the country, they are really more at home in the cities where their tastes may be gratified and accommodations are better. After all, a cultivated mind longs for enlightened society and congenial companionships, and these are more often to be found in a metropolis. And so our poet-farmer retired to London and was happier there.

During the plague which raged in London in the years 1574 and 1575, Tusser took refuge at Cambridge, where he obtained a position in his college. Moved, doubtless by the classic atmosphere, he resumed his literary efforts, revising and publishing his Georgics, or as he humbly calls them, "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry."

The popularity of this endeavor is attested by the fact that, during the forty years from the appearance of the first edition of the "One Hundreth Poyntes" in 1557 to the end of the sixteenth century, no less than thirteen editions were published. Being intended for practical use,—an agricultural hornbook, so to speak,—all these editions have become scarce, and few of the survivors are in perfect condition.

In 1878 Trubner & Co., London, published for the English Dialect Society, in connection with its Fifth Report for the year 1877, a reprint entitled *Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie, by Thomas Tusser.* Here the edition of 1580 is collated with those of 1573 and 1577, and the original "Hundreth Good Pointes of Husbandrie," first published in 1577, are reprinted from the unique copy in the British Museum. This work was edited by W. Payne and Sidney J. Herrtage, and is provided with valuable annotations and a very complete scholarly glossary of rare, obsolete, and unusual words and allusions. Up to the time of its publication it was the most complete storehouse of Tusser's works. The author's observations on the Christmas season are to be found at pages 67-71, and 225. This publication is prefaced with an interesting biographical sketch of the author, written in a pleasing and interesting vein. Note this tribute:

> "Tusser was as may be seen from his writings, a man of high religious principles, good-natured and cheerful, of a kindly and generous disposition, and hospitable to a fault. Although he constantly inculcates economy, he was entirely free from the meanness and pitiful spirit, which, according to Stillingfleet, made farmers of his time starve their cattle, their land, and everything belonging to them; choosing rather to lose a pound than spend a shilling. 'Mirth and good cheer,' seems to have been his motto, and although he may have been imprudent in allowing his love of hospitality to be carried to such an excess as to keep him from independence, yet we cannot help loving the man, and admiring the justness of his sentiments on every subject connected with life and morals. Strict as he appears to have been in all matters connected with religion, he was far from being what he terms 'fantastically scrupulous,' or, as we should now say, of a puritanical disposition."

The last and most pretentious edition which has appeared up to the present time was published by James Tregaskis and Son of London, in 1931, and is entitled *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry by Thomas Tusser*. The text is taken from the edition of 1580. The Introduction is by Sir Walter Scott, and a Benediction by Rudyard Kipling is incorporated in a Foreword by E. V. Lucas. It was printed on hand-made paper. The book is a royal octavo and very appropriately bound in Hermitage calf "about the tint of a ripe chestnut." The edition is due to the enthusiasm of Kipling, who in a conversation on neglected works which ought to be re-issued, gave priority to Tusser. It contains all he wrote, supplemented by a complete glossary of archaic, technical and dialectic words, in addition to copious notes on the text.

Independent of his agricultural precepts, the value of Tusser's book lies in the faithful picture which it gives of English domestic farm life, and in the morality, piety and benevolent simplicity which pervade it. What could be simpler than his "Description of the feast of the birth of Christ, commonly called Christmas:"

"Of Christ commeth Christmas, the name with the feast,
a time full of joie to the greatest and least:
At Christmas was Christ (our Saviour) borne,
the world through sinne altogether forlorne.

At Christmas the daies doo begin to take length,
of Christ doth religion cheefly take strength.
As Christmas is onely a figure or trope,
so onely in Christ is the strength of our hope.

At Christmas we banket, the rich with the poore,
who then (but the miser) but openeth (h)is doore?
At Christmas of Christ many Carols we sing,
and give many gifts in the joy of that King.

At Christmas in Christ we rejoice and be glad,
as onely of whom our comfort is had;
At Christmas we joy altogether with mirth,
for his sake that joyed us all with his birth."*

Some years ago Mr. Chester H. Thordarson, of Chicago, a great admirer of Thomas Tusser, and a noted collector of the rare editions of his works, conceived the happy idea of using this poem as a Christmas greeting to his friends. It was printed in black-letter on a white card, and on the reverse side appeared a quaint drawing by Darley, entitled *Christmas in the Sixteenth Century.* We are in a church, which is being invaded by the Boy Bishop with his long train of mummers, over the protests of the officiating preacher. The fat and mitred Boy holds up his ponderous crozier in challenge to the lawful incumbent of the pulpit; a clown offers the astounded cleric the wassail bowl; and a black demon is drinking from the baptismal font. Torches blaze in the motley procession, and an armored knight on a hobby horse prances about and adds to the general confusion. The scene reminds one of "The Lord of Misrule," a poem by Alfred Noyes, depicting a similar invasion on a fresh May morning.* Below Darley's drawing are these words of Sir Walter Scott:

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* Chapter 26 (p. 62), *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry by Thomas Tusser*, Tregaskis & Son, 1931.

"Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year."

But let us return to the "Five Hundred Points," where we find another rustic poem in a more practical vein:

A DESCRIPTION OF APT TIME TO SPEND

Let such (so fantasticall) liking not this,
nor any thing honest that ancient is,
Give place to the time that so meete we doo see
appointed of God as it seemeth to bee.

At Christmas good husbands have corne on the ground,
in barne, and in soller, woorth many a pound,
With plentie of other things, cattle and sheepe,
all sent them (no doubt on) good houses to keepe.

---

* *The Lord of Misrule and Other Poems,* by Alfred Noyes; F. A. Stokes Co., New York, 1915.

At Christmas the hardnes of Winter doth rage,
a griper of all things and specially age:
Then lightly poore people, the yoong with the old,
be sorest oppressed with hunger and cold.

At Christmas by labour is little to get,
that wanting, the poorest in danger are set.
What season then better, of all the whole yeere,
thy needie poore neighbor to comfort and cheere?[1]

The same sentiments are repeated in a seasonal protest

AGAINST FANTASTICALL SCRUPLENES.

At this time and that time some make a great matter,
som help not but hinder the poore with their clatter.
Take custome from feasting, what commeth then last,
where one hath a dinner, a hundred shall fast.

To dog in the manger some liken I could,
that hay will eate none, nor let other that would;
Some scarce in a yeere give a dinner or twoo,
nor well can abide any other to doo.

Play thou the good fellow, seeke none to misdeeme,
disdaine not the honest, though merie they seeme:
For oftentimes seene, no more verie a knave
than he that doth counterfait most to be grave.[2]

And now to the Christmas dinner! And let the board groan with abundance!

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[1] Chapter 27 (p. 63), *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry by Thomas Tusser,* Tregaskis & Son, 1931.

[2] Chapter 28 (p. 64), do.

CHRISTMAS HUSBANDLIE FARE

Good husband and huswife now cheefly be glad,
things handsom to have, as they ought to be had;
They both doo provide against Christmas doo come,
to welcome good neighbor, good cheere to have some.

Good bread and good drinke, a good fier in the hall,
brawne, pudding and souse, and good mustard withall.
Beefe, mutton, and porke, shred pies of the best,
pig, veale, goose and capon, and turkey well drest;
Cheese, apples and nuts, joly Carols to heare,
as then in the countrie is counted good cheare.

What cost to good husband is any of this?
good houshold provision onely it is.
Of other the like, I doo leave out a menie,
that costeth the husbandman never a penie.*

In conclusion of the December Calendar Thomas Tusser offers us his one and only Christmas carol:

A CHRISTMAS CAROLL

of the birth of Christ
upon the tune of King Salomon

Was not Christ our Saviour
sent to us fro God above?
not for our good behaviour,
but onely of his mercie and love.
If this be true, as true it is,
truely in deede,
great thanks to God to yeeld for this,
then had we neede.

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* Chapter 29 (p. 65), *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry by Thomas Tusser,* Tregaskis & Son, 1931.

This did our God for very troth,
to traine to him the soule of man,
and justly to performe his oth
to Sara and to Abram than,
That through his seed all nations should
most blessed bee:
As in due time performe he would
as now wee see.

Which woonderously is brought to pas,
and in our sight alredie donne,
by sending as his promise was
(to comfort us) his onely sonne,
Even Christ (I meane) that virgins child,
in Bethlem borne,
that Lambe of God, that Prophet mild,
with crowned thorne.

Such was his love to save us all,
from dangers of the curse of God,
that we stood in by Adams fall,
and by our owne deserved rod,
That through his blood and holie name
who so beleeves,
and flie from sinne and abhors the same,
free mercie he geeves.

For these glad newes this feast doth bring:
to God the Sonne and holy Ghost
let man give thanks, rejoice and sing,
from world to world, from cost to cost:
for all good gifts so many waies
that God doth send,
let us in Christ give God the praies,
till life shall end.

—*T. Tusser.*

At Christmas be merie and thankfull withall,
And feast thy poore neighbors, the great with the small,
Yea, all the yeere long, to the poore let us give,
*Gods blessing to folow us while wee doo live.**

But let us return to the poet himself. When the plague had subsided, he quit his haven at Cambridge and returned to London. There he died in the year 1580 and was buried in St. Mildred's Church, in the Poultry, and his gravestone bore the following epitaph, which he himself probably wrote:

Here Thomas Tusser,
Clad in earth, doth lie,
That sometime made
The Points of good Husbandrie.
By him then learn thou mayest,
Here learn thou must,
When all is done we sleep,
And turn to dust.
And yet, through Christ,
To heaven we hope to go:
Who reades his bookes,
Shall find his faith was so.

Yes, the musician, the schoolmaster, the serving man, the husbandman, the grazier, the poet, has turned to dust; but not so his works. Thomas Tusser is dead! Long live Thomas Tusser!

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* Chapter 30 (pp. 66-7), *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry by Thomas Tusser,* Tregaskis & Son, 1931.

V. ROBERT HERRICK.

Come guard this night the Christmas-Pie,
That the Thiefe, though ne'r so slie,
With his Flesh-hooks, don't come nie
To catch it

From him, who all alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his eare,
And a deale of nightly feare
To watch it.

—*Christmas Eve.*

ROBERT HERRICK, the English lyric poet and divine, was born at Cheapside in London and baptized August 14, 1591, the seventh child of Nicholas Herrick, a London goldsmith, and his wife Julian. The father died by accident or suicide about a year after the poet's birth, leaving a considerable estate. William Herrick, wealthy brother of the deceased, became Robert's guardian.

Robert Herrick started his college career rather late. At twenty-three he was still an under-graduate. He studied at Cambridge, and all we know of his early life is through a series of letters written to his rich uncle requesting funds to buy books. Fourteen of these appeals exist and all are written in a flowery style and tempo of excitement. In 1616, at the age of twenty-five, Herrick removed from St. John's College, Cambridge, to Trinity Hall, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In another four years, at twenty-nine, he received his master's degree. Although it seems he was constantly in need of money, and that his uncle was not very liberal in the matter of advancements, the greater part, if not all, of Herrick's patrimony was consumed during this period of scholastic preparation.

Upon completion of his courses, at the age of twenty-nine, Herrick went to London and became acquainted with Ben Jonson, and in the course of time became that great man's adopted poetical "son." Here and there in his poetical works he speaks with ardor of Jonson's plays at the London theaters, and we may assume he attended the performances. It is conjectured that Herrick must have become acquainted with the poet of the "mountain belly and the rocky face" as early as 1610, in which year Jonson produced *Oberon, the Fairy Prince,* an exquisite masque wherein may be found the germs of Herrick's own fairy conceptions. Undoubtedly Jonson's productions had a great influence on his pupil. However, nothing is definitely known about Herrick until the year 1629, when his mother died, and the poet took orders. In her will she remembered him to the extent of a "ringe of twenty shillings." Of all the epitaphs and memorial verses he wrote, none is dedicated to his mother's memory, nor does it appear that her death had any relation to his taking orders. The Crown presented him to the vicarage of Dean Prior, a little hamlet in Devonshire.

For eighteen years Herrick lived at Dean Prior and officiated as its vicar. It was the period of great lyric poetry for England, the drama having declined. But it was also a period of great national disturbance and political crises which finally culminated in the Civil War. Some writers threw themselves into the contest; others, less aggressive, were eliminated from the life of the nation, socially as well as politically. But as Gosse observes,—"Herrick alone, with imperturbable serenity, continued to pipe out his pastoral ditties, and crown his head with daffodils, when England was torn to pieces with the most momentous struggle for liberty in her annals. To the poetic student, he is, therefore, of especial interest, as a genuine specimen of an artist, pure and simple. Herrick brought out his *Hesperides* a few months before the King was beheaded; and people were invited to listen to little madrigals upon Julia's stomacher at the singularly inopportune moment when the eyes of the whole nation were bent on the unprecedented phenomenon of the proclamation of an English republic. To find a parallel to such unconsciousness we must come down to our own time, and recollect that Théophile Gautier took occasion of the siege of Paris to revise and republish his Emaux et Camées."

Of Herrick's life as a clergyman we know practically nothing, except his epitaphs, marriage lines and stinging epigrams on the pattern of Jonson and Martial at their worst. Of his personality we may form a judgment from the copious autobiographical material found in his own poems, wherein he stands out in relief.

According to his portrait Herrick looked anything but a clergyman. He was a gross person, with curly black hair, a slight black mustache, arched eyebrows, short upper lip, Roman nose, and a square massive jaw. His bust portraits remind one of the worst of the voluptuous Roman emperors. His philosophy would appear to be written on his forehead:

"I fear no earthly powers,
But care for crowns of flowers;
And love to have my beard
With wine and oil besmeared.
This day I'll drown all sorrow;
Who knows to live tomorrow?"

Herrick led a dual existence; he pursued a vocation by necessity, an avocation by choice. His adorations are as inconsistent as his life. "It matters little to him what divinity he worships, if he may wind daffodils into the god's bright hair. In one hand he brings a garland of yellow flowers for the amorous head of Bacchus, with the other he decks the osier-cradle of Jesus with roses and Lent-lilies. He has no sense of irreverence in this rococo devotion. It is the attribute and not the deity he worships. There is an airy frivolity, an easy-going callousness of soul, that makes it impossible for him to feel very deeply."

Herrick did not marry. He valued his liberty far too much to submit to the limitations of matrimony. Yet that buxom Julia,—the lovely maiden with black eyes, strawberry complexion and double chin, whom he poetically celebrates to the point of boredom and distraction, bore him a daughter to whom he addressed one of his latest poems. The ditties to Julia were probably written in his student days. It must be remembered that he did not quit Cambridge until he was twenty-nine, and did not enter holy orders until nine years later.

Our poet enjoyed life to the full as though it were meant to last forever, and his tastes were far from puritan. The sermons of the Roundheads did not appeal to him and he was neither interested in *Holy Living* nor *Holy Dying*. His only wish about the inevitable was that when the time comes, he be wound up in a white robe and carried to a quiet garden spot where the roses may shower their petals on his head, and where, when the first primrose blossoms, Perilla may remember him and come to weep over his dust.

"Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep."

Although Herrick gave little thought to the affairs of his troubled country, the Roundheads did not forget him, nor the fact that he was a Royalist. In 1648 he was ousted of his living by Cromwell. Except for the fact that he returned to London, we are still in the dark as to the course of his life. He appears to have been acquainted with literary men from Jonson to Cotton, but we know nothing as to the nature of these acquaintanceships.

In 1647-8 Herrick published his "Works both Humane and Divine,"—the only volume to his credit. It comprised his *Hesperides* and *Noble Numbers,* really two separate works. When the book appeared it gained a favorable reception with his party, the Royalists, but it attained to no great general popularity. The poet had already outlived his own generation and his style was on the wane. He was almost completely forgotten until the nineteenth century, when he was revived by Nott, Drake, Ellis and Hazlitt. Yet another hundred years were to elapse after his "discovery" without his place becoming fixed. In our own time his poetry has found a prominent place in almost every Christmas anthology. His short poems sparkle like precious gems in these treasure chests of Christmas literature.

But let us return to the living poet. We do not hear of him again until 1662, two years after the Restoration, when he was reinstated at Dean Prior at the age of seventy-one. And now more darkness, except for a tradition in Devonshire, which gives Herrick credit as the originator of Poor Robin's Almanack. This was first published in 1661. Grosart credits the tradition as true. The Restoration came about so suddenly in 1660 that such a literary undertaking might be timely to Herrick. He may have been ready for it but simply postponed publication. It was not until 1662 that Herrick's successor was actually ousted, so Herrick might still have been occupied in such a venture. And why should his parishioners give him credit for the Almanack if he had no part in it? It is also to be recalled that "Robin" was the accepted name for a simple rustic, and that in his poems and in at least one of his letters, the poet described himself as "Robin" and as "Robin Herrick."

In October 1674 "Robert Herrick Vicker" was laid to rest at Dean Prior. He had led the life of a "common enjoyer" and a manifold observer. He was unique and original, individual and vigorous in his style. Whatever his theme, he presented it with relish and gusto:

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMAS

  Come, bring with a noise,
  My merrie, merrie boys,
The Christmas Log to the firing;
  While my good Dame, she
  Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts' desiring.

  With the last yeeres brand
  Light the new block, And
For good success in his spending,
  On your Psaltries play,
  That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-teending.*

  Drink now the strong Beere,
  Cut the white loafe here,
The while the meat is a-shredding;
  For the rare mince-pie,
  And the plums stand by,
To fill the Paste that's a-kneading.

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* Kindling.

It is verse like this that made Herrick one of the most popular poets in the realm of Christmas literature, not because he has written much upon the subject, but because he has written with spirit and animation upon the sentiments, customs and usages of the season. His presentation to the vicarage of an isolated little country hamlet, in surroundings dull and remote and at first irksome, had its advantages. In the eighteen years he spent there before his ouster, he gradually became reconciled to his quiet situation. The rural and semi-pagan customs of the country folk pleased him, and here he wrote some of his best verses immortalizing the morris dance, the Christmas mummers and the Twelfth Night revelings which at least once a year reinvigorated the rather monotonous life of every English village. In forceful verse he followed the wassailers from door to door, singing,

THE WASSAILE.

Give way, give way ye Gates, and win
An easie blessing to your Bin,
And Basket, by our entring in.

May both with manchet* stand repleat;
Your Larders too so hung with meat,
That though a thousand, thousand eat;

Yet, ere twelve *Moons* shall whirl about
Their silv'rie Spheres, ther's none may doubt,
But more's sent in, than was serv'd out.

Next, may your Dairies Prosper so,
As that your Pans no Ebbe may know;
But if they do, the more to flow,

---

* Fine bread.

Like to a solemne sober Stream
Bankt all with Lillies and the Cream
Of sweetest *Cow-slips* filling Them.

Then, may your Plants be prest with Fruit,
Nor Bee, or Hive you have be mute;
But sweetly sounding like a Lute.

Next may your Duck and teeming Hen
Both to the Cocks-tread, say *Amen;*
And for their two egs render ten.

Last, may your Harrows, Shares and Ploughes,
Your Stacks, your Stocks,[1] your sweetest Mowes,[2]
All prosper by our Virgin-vowes.

Alas! we blesse, but see none here,
That brings us either Ale or Beere;
In a drie-house all things are neere.[3]

Lets leave a longer Time to wait,
Where Rust and Cobwebs, bind the gate;
And all live here with *needy Fate.*

Where chimneys do for ever weepe,
For want of warmth, and stomachs keepe
With noise, the servants eyes from sleep.

It is in vain to sing, or stay
Our free-feet here; but we'l away:
Yet to the Lares this we'l say.

The time will come, when you'l be sad
And reckon this for fortune bad,
T'ave lost the good ye might have had.

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[1] Shocks of corn.

[2] Laid up hay.

[3] Dry-house,—figuratively, a miserly house which gives neither food nor drink.

Herrick was a keen observer of the customs and manners, and likes and dislikes of his ancestors, and as loyal to Old Father Christmas as he was to his King. It is upon a half dozen such short poems and even shorter ones that Herrick's reputation as a Christmas poet rests. Here is one of but a single stanza:

WASSAIL THE TREES

Wassail the trees that they may bear
You many a plum and many a pear;
For more or less fruits they will bring,
As you do give them wassailing.

And thereby is preserved the memory of a quaint old usage of the people of Devonshire, whom Herrick served as vicar at Dean Prior. It was their custom on the eve of Twelfth Day to go after supper into the orchard with a large milk-pan full of cider with roasted apples in it. Each person took an earthenware cup filled with cider, and standing under each of the more fruitful trees, sang out the following toast:

"Health to thee, good apple tree,
Well to bear, pocket-fulls, hat-fulls,
Peck-fulls, bushel-bag-fulls."

After draining part of the contents of the cup, he threw the rest, with the fragments of the roasted apples, at the trees, amid the shouting of the company. It is supposed that this old custom was a relic of the sacrifice to Pomona, the goddess of fruit trees, who is generally represented in art with fruits in her bosom and a pruning knife in her hand.

By the following lone stanza Herrick has preserved the memory of another superstition of his time:

To Maids

Wash your hands or else the fire
Will not teend to your desire;
Unwash'd hands, ye maidens, know,
Dead the fire, though ye blow.

At the vicarage Herrick lived the simple life, surrounded by a happy family of pets and attended by an excellent old servant, Prudence Baldwin. We have it on vague authority that he kept a pet pig which he taught to drink out of a tankard. What kind of sermons he preached we do not know, but they were probably not as amusing as his poetry; for it is said that on one occasion he threw his sermon at his congregation because of inattention. But no matter what his shortcomings as a churchman, he stands in the first rank of England's pastoral lyric poets. It is to be regretted that he frequently delighted in the wanderings of a licentious muse. His work is a confusion of the moral, the pathetic, and the obscene, and no attempt was made either by himself or by his publishers to separate the sheep from the goats. His rotten apples are profusely scattered about in the beautiful garden of the "Hesperides." His epigrams are as indelicate as those of Martial, and upon the unsympathetic reader of his book our priest pronounces a rather unpriestly curse.

"Who with thy leaves shall wipe (at need)
The place where swelling piles do bleed:
May every ill that bites or smarts
Perplex him in his hinder parts."

In later years Herrick greatly lamented these pungent sallies.

"For those my unbaptized Rhimes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed Times;
For every sentence, clause and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee (my Lord!)
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my Book, that is not Thine."

When Herrick wrote his *Noble Numbers* he set up a house of repentance for himself, next to the Garden of Forbidden Fruit. What a strange arrangement! *Noble Numbers* is a small volume of poems on sacred subjects, and as Gosse observes, "here our pagan priest is seen, despoiled of his vine-wreath and his thyrsus, doing penance in a white sheet, and with a candle in his hand. That rubicund visage, with its sly eye and prodigious jowl looks ludicrously out of place in the penitential surplice: but he is evidently sincere, though not very deep in his repentance, and sings hymns of faultless orthodoxy, with a loud and lusty voice, to the old pagan airs. Yet they are not inspiriting reading, save where they are least Christian. . . . One sees the same spirit here as throughout the worldly poems; in a charming little 'Ode to Jesus' he wishes the Saviour to be crowned with roses and daffodils, and laid in a neat white osier cradle; in 'The Present' he would take a rose to Christ and, sticking it in His stomacher, beg for one 'mellifluous kiss.' The epigrams of the earlier volume are replaced in *Noble Numbers* by a series of couplets, attempting to define the nature of God. . . . As might be expected, his religion is as grossly anthropomorphic as it is possible to be. He almost surpasses in indiscretion those mediaeval priests of Picardy who brought such waxen images to the Madonna's shrine as no altar has seen since pagan days; and certain verses on the circumcision are more revolting in grossness than any of those erotic poems—'unbaptized rhymes writ in my unhallowed times'—for which he so ostentatiously demands absolution."

But no such criticism can be offered against Herrick's Christmas pieces,—pure to the last drop.

Ceremonies for Christmas

Down with the rosemary and bays,
  Down with the mistletoe;
Instead of holly, now up-raise
  The green box, for show.

The holly hitherto did sway;
  Let box now domineer
Until the dancing Easter day,
  Or Easter's eve appear.

Then youthful box which now hath grace
  Your houses to renew;
Grown old, surrender must his place
  Unto the crisped yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
  And many flowers beside;
Both of a fresh and fragrant kin
  To honour Whitsuntide.

Green rushes, then, and sweetest bents,
  With cooler oaken boughs,
Come in for comely ornaments
  To re-adorn the house.

Thus times do shift: each thing his turn does hold:
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

One of the best publications of the *Complete Poems of Robert Herrick* was issued by Chatto & Windus in 1876, in three volumes, with a lengthy Memorial-Introduction and Notes by Alexander B. Grosart. Up to that date there had been eight complete and distinct editions of the poems since Herrick himself published his works in 1647-8. In this edition of 1876 the text is for the first time reproduced in integrity from the original issue; and the notes are more complete, and a glossarial index and an index to first lines has been added.

In 1874, two years before Dr. Grosart collected and edited Herrick's works, Edmund W. Gosse wrote a scholarly study, thorough, impartial, and fascinating. It was reprinted in *Seventeenth Century Studies, a Contribution to English Poetry,* by Edmund W. Gosse, published by Kegan Paul Trench & Co., London, in 1883.

VI. George Wither.

As on the night before the happy morn,
  A bless'd angel unto shepherds told
Where (in a stable) He was poorly born,
Whom nor the earth nor heaven of heavens
  can hold:
        Through Bethlehem rung
          This news at their return;
        Yea, angels sung
          That God with us was born;
And they made mirth because we should
  not mourn.

—*Hymns and Songs of the Church.*

George Wither was born at Brentworth, near Alton, in Hampshire, on June 11, 1588. He received his early education in the village of Colemore, under John Greaves, a schoolmaster of some celebrity, whom our poet has remembered in his epigrams. From this village school he went to Magdalen College, Oxford, and it was there that his poetical talents were first developed. His father appears to have enjoyed considerable wealth, and as long as his good fortune lasted, his son George was privileged to continue his college studies. But a change seems to have occurred in his father's circumstances, for George was suddenly removed from the University and called home "to hold the plow."

"But now ensues the worst—I setting foot
And thus digesting learning's bitter root,
Ready to taste the fruit; then when I thought
I should a calling in that place have sought,
I found that I for other ends ordain'd
Was from that course perforce to be constrain'd."

The young student found no contentment at home, and at the early age of eighteen he made his way to London to seek his fortune. He entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, where he made the acquaintance of William Brown, the pastoral poet, who belonged to the Inner Temple; and this seems to have been the turning point in his career. He wrote some pieces of poetry which at length gave him standing as an author.

Wither eventually obtained an introduction at court and a semblance of court favor; but his expectations of preferment not being realized, he applied himself to a study of the abundant vices of the times. They furnished him the material for his "Abuses Stript and Whipt," and the effect was thrilling. It contained twenty satires, each disclosing the evils lurking in such abstractions as Revenge, Ambition, Lust, Weakness, and the like. The work was published in 1613.

"Mounted aloft on contemplation's wings,
And noting with myself the state of things,
I plainly did perceive, as on a stage,
The confus'd actions of this present age;
I view'd the world, and viewing, saw my fill,
Because that all I saw therein was ill.
I weigh'd it well, and found it was the scene
Of villainy, of lust, of all unclean
And loath'd corruption. Seeing which, my mind
(That by some inspiration, 'gan to find
The place was not in fault for this) search'd on
To find the cause of this confusion.
And noting every creature there, I found
That only *man* was the chief spring and ground
Of all this uproar; yea, I soon did see
He there was all in all, and none but he."

Some of the anecdotal digressions may have had application to persons in authority, and the author soon found himself in the Marshalsea prison for its publication. The book, however, must have been popular. Four editions were published in 1613, and others in 1614, 1615, and 1617. The sufferings which the author endured are described in the "Scholar's Purgatory:"

> "All my apparent good intentions were so mistaken by the aggravation of some ill affected towards my endeavors, that I was shut up from the society of mankind, and as one unworthy the compassion vouchsafed to thieves and murderers, was neither permitted the use of my pen, the access or sight of acquaintance, the allowances usually afforded other close prisoners, nor means to send for necessaries befitting my present condition: By which means I was for many days compelled to feed on nothing but the coarsest bread, and sometimes locked up four-and-twenty hours together, without so much as a drop of water to cool my tongue: And being at the same time in one of the grossest extremities of dullness that was ever inflicted upon my body, the help both of physician and apothecary was uncivilly denied me . . . But of these usages I complain not; he that made me, made me strong enough to despise them."

And this was no idle boast, for it was while confined in the Marshalsea that Wither wrote his "Shepherd's Hunting,"—a fine poem of great beauty, although burning in spots with indignation against his persecutors. Wither's fame as a bard rests largely upon this and other early productions put forth before he became a gloomy Puritan sectarian and allowed himself to become involved in the Civil War. He was able to secure his release from the Marshalsea in a few months, either through the influence of Princess Elizabeth, or the friendly interposition of the Earl of Pembroke, seconded by his loyal "Satyre to the King."

In 1621, reverting to his satirical trend, the poet published *Wither's Motto*: *Nec habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo,*—Nor have I, nor want I, nor care I. It is a poem of almost one hundred pages, in elucidation of the Motto, it is said; for according to the introductory remarks, there had been many speculations among the poet's friends as to its real meaning. Some supposed, quite naturally, that it expressed "an unadvised, desperate *carelessness.*" But not so:

"Some things *I have,* which here I will not show;
Some things *I want,* which you shall never know;
And sometimes I, perchance, do *careful* grow;
But we with that will nothing have to do.
If good occasion be thereof to speak,
Another time we may the pleasure take.
That which to treat of, I now purpose, therefore,
Is what I neither *have,* nor *want,* nor *care* for."

In a short time over 30,000 copies were sold. But the work was said to be libelous, and no doubt because of its defiance of the nobility.

"I *none* of those great privileges *have*
Which make the minions of the time so brave.
I *have no* sumptuous palaces or bowers
That over-top my neighbors with their towers—
I *have no* large desmesnes, or princely rents,
Like those heroes, nor their discontents.
I *have no* glories from mine ancestors,
For want of real worth, to brag of their's;
Nor have I baseness in my pedigree,
For it is noble, though obscure it be.

. . . .

I *have no* mind to flatter, though I might
Be made some lord's companion, or a knight;
Nor shall my verse for me on begging go,
Though I might starve, unless it did do so."

In this vein he continues his Motto to the bitter end:

. . . .

> "And all the world can never raise a man
> To such brave heights as his own virtues can.
>
> I *care not* for that gentry, which doth lie
> In nothing but a coat of heraldry.
> One virtue more I rather wish I had,
> Than all the heralds to mine arms could add;
> Yea, I had rather that by my industry
> I could acquire some one good quality,
> Than through the families that noblest be,
> From fifty kings to draw my pedigree."

And for these sentiments the poet was again imprisoned; but the outcome was more favorable. He pleaded that the work had been duly licensed, and was shortly released without the formality of a trial.

In the following year, 1622, appeared Wither's *Juvenilia,* a collection of poems in two volumes, "Printed by T. S. for John Budge, dwelling in St. Paul's Churchyard, at the Sign of the Green Dragon," London. The collection includes Abuses Stript and Whipt, Prince Henry's Obsequies, A Satyre to the King, Epithalamia or Nuptial Poems, The Sheppard's Hunting, His Motto, Hymns and Songs of the Church, etc. Strangely enough Wither dedicated this work to himself, and in justification he assigned seven reasons:

> "The first is this: I could not amongst all men find any man, in my opinion, so fitting for this purpose, but either my work was unworthy or too worthy his patronage. Secondly, it is said, *obsequium amicos, veritas, odium parit:** And I doubting my free speech would hardly make a diapason pleas-

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* Flattery gains friends, but truth enemies.—Terence.

> ing to the ear of a common Maecenas,* thought it best to hold my tongue, or speak to myself, whose disposition I am better acquainted with. Thirdly, seeing I know but what men appear, and not what they are, I had rather endure the kite's tyranny, than with Aesop's doves make the sparrow-hawk my champion. Fourthly, if I have spoken truth, it is able to defend itself; if not, whoever be my patron, it is I must answer for it. Fifthly, forasmuch as I know mine own mind best, I purpose, if need be, to become mine own advocate. Sixthly, for my own sake I first made it, and therefore certain I am, myself have most right unto it. But seventhly, and lastly, (which is indeed the principal reason) I have made this dedication to my own self, even to put thee (George Wither) in mind, seeing thou hast here boldly bid defiance to the flesh, and upon just causes quarreled with the world, that thou take heed to thine own words," etc.

In 1622 also, Wither published his *Faire Virtve, the Mistresse of Philarete,* a collection of his own poems, and which Hallam considers his best. "Some of them are highly beautiful, and bespeak a mind above the grovelling Puritanism into which he afterwards fell. I think there is hardly anything in our lyric poetry of this period equal to Wither's lines on his muse, published by Ellis."

To *Hymnes and Songs of the Church,* published in 1623, reference has already been made in a previous chapter.

In 1625 Wither was in London during the plague. In *Britain's Remembrancer* he gives a vivid description of its ravages. He lived on the Thames when the plague broke out in the house of a Frenchman, and although the wealthy fled the city, Wither remained behind to give aid. He did not believe in contagion, and records the fact that but few sextons and surgeons died of the plague, and that he did not hear of a single death among the market people who brought provisions into the city. He adds that in his own parish where about five hundred died weekly not one of the corpse-bearers fell a victim. We must admire the conduct of the poet in these trying days. He placed his trust in the protecting care of the Almighty and was safe.

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* Maecenas, Roman statesman; friend and patron of Horace and Virgil.

His Remembrancer was published in 1627, and republished in 1628 and 1638. From the time of the plague we hear nothing of Wither until the year 1631 when he assisted in the publication of William Bedwell's *Tournament of Tottenham*. A year later Wither published the "*Psalms of David* translated into Lyric verse, according to the scope of the Original." Although he was favored with the King's Patent authorizing the translation to be printed "and bound to all Bibles that were sold," his old enemies, the Stationers, by their influence brought it to naught. In Wither's own estimation this version of the Psalms was his best work, and even Jonson praised him for it.

In 1634, while in the Netherlands, our poet promoted a *Collection of Emblems, Ancient and Moderne,* which was published in 1635. It is a work of sound morality, couched in a sensible style, and adorned with fresh and fragrant poetry. Lamb speaks of it as one of the most curious and interesting books in the language. In this work Wither spoke as a warm supporter of the Monarchy and the Church, but treated the Puritan spirit of the age with bitterness.

From poet to captain of the horse seems a far cry, but it was in this militant capacity that Wither served Charles I in his expedition against the Scottish Covenanters in 1639. Yet when the abuses which he himself had satirized had accumulated and brought on the Civil War, when he had tasted the fruits of disappointment, when his hope of patronage was shattered, and poverty stared him in the face, he lost heart and abandoned the cause of Royalty, which he had so long supported. He sold his paternal estate to raise troops of horse for the Parliament. He was promoted to the rank of major and later made governor of Farnham Castle, afterwards held by Sir John Denham. After a few days of occupancy, Wither left the castle undefended and marched to London. During the turmoil of this period he fell into the hands of the Royalists and faced capital punishment. But Denham interceded for his brother-bard, pleading that 'so long as Wither lived, he (Denham) would not be accounted the worst poet in England.' It is supposed that this jocular plea saved Wither's life.

But the perilous and uncertain course of the times did not cause George Wither's spirit to 'wither.' He remained on the firing line, and soon Dame Fortune smiled on him once more. The Puritan Parliament was victorious, and he secured an appointment as a justice of the peace for Hampshire, Surrey and Essex. This office he held for six years and later Cromwell made him a major-general of all the horse and foot in Surrey. From this high eminence he kept watch and ward over the Royalists of that country, and from their sequestered estates he enriched himself considerably.

But Wither had feathered his nest to no avail. With the Restoration of the Royal Family he was compelled to give up his spoils. His manuscripts and books were seized, while he himself was sent to Newgate. He was subsequently removed to the Tower, where he remained for over a year. His protests were loud and angry, but his remonstrances were regarded as scandalous and seditious libels. Although he was treated with great rigor, he published various treatises, satires, and poems during this period; and as Lamb says, "Whether encaged or roaming at liberty, Wither never seems to have abated a jot of that free spirit which sets its mark upon his writings. He is forever anticipating persecution and martyrdom; fingering, as it were, the flames, to try how he can bear them."

Imprisoned, and now advanced to the age of seventy-two, Wither expressed his cares and consolations in the poem *The Contented Man's Morice.** Therein he defies the false and malicious world to do its worst. Bereft of all his possessions, he recalls the Motto of his youth. He is content to be alone with his thoughts and his God:

> "Our sad complaints, our sighs and tears,
>   Make meat nor clothing cheaper;
> Vain are our earthly hopes and fears,
>   This life is but a vapor;
> And therefore, in despight of cares,
>   I'll sing, and dance, and caper."

In 1663 Wither was released on bond for his good behavior. Worn out by politics, war, fanaticism and petulant complaints, he lived but another four years, dying at London May 2, 1667, at the age of seventy-nine. His satirical and controversial sallies are now forgotten. But not so the poetry of his early youth, distinguished, as Ellis observes in his *Specimens of Early English Poets,* by "playful fancy, pure taste, and artless delicacy of sentiment." Southey in particular, has helped to popularize Wither. We have already mentioned Lamb, to whom "The prison notes of Wither are finer than the wood notes of his poetical brethren." Wither is one of the best of the old English poets resurrected by modern literary antiquaries.

* *Hone's Year Book,* p. 852.

There are two sides to Wither's life, as there are to the lives of most men. Of his public career we have heard more than enough. Let us glance at the domestic life of this 'stormy petrel.' He married Elizabeth Emerson of South Lambeth, who was a great wit and also wrote verse. He was tenderly attached to her, as certain passages in his works testify. She bore him six children, but only one, a daughter, survived her parents. It would appear that his wife preceded him in death. Wither's private life was one of great simplicity. He was austerely simple and unostentatious, and frowned down on the age in which he lived. His habits were temperate. He loved to smoke, and at Newgate his pipe was a great comfort to him. He gratefully acknowledged God's mercy in wrapping up "a blessing in a weed."

In his youth Wither was a great lover of nature, the happiness of rural life, and wholesome pastoral delights. It is such a man who comes to mind as we read his *Christmas Carol.* This poem affords a lively picture of the domestic manners of the times, and has a distinct place in this field of literature. It was evidently written before the Civil War had interfered with the festive season of Christmas. There is a genuineness of feeling in this song of festal joy:

A Christmas Carol

So, now is come our joyful'st feast;
  Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
  And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine;
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
  And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
And ever more be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labour;
Our lasses have provided them
A bag-pipe and a tabour;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys;
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun;
Their hall of music soundeth;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things there aboundeth.
The country folks themselves advance
With crowdy-muttons[1] out of France;
And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash hath fetched his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With droppings[2] of the barrel;
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

[1] *Crowdy-muttons;* fiddlers.

[2] *Droppings;* drippings.

Now poor men to the justices
  With capons make their errants;
And if they hap to fail of these,
  They plague them with their warrants;
But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want they take in beer;
For Christmas comes but once a year,
  And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse
  The poor that else were undone;
Some landlords spend their money worse,
  On lust and pride at London.
There the royst'rers they do play,
Drab[1] and dice their lands away,
Which may be ours another day;
  And therefore let's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,
  The prisoner's heart is eased;
The debtor drinks away his cares,
  And for the time is pleased.
Though other purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
  And therefore let's be merry.

Hark! how the wags abroad do call
  Each other forth to rambling;
Anon you'll see them in the hall
  For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound!
Anon they'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depth have found,
  And there they will be merry.

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[1] To wench or associate with strumpets.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
  About the streets are singing;
The boys are come to catch the owls,[1]
  The wild mare in is bringing.[2]
Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box,[3]
And to the dealing of the ox
Our honest neighbors come by flocks,
  And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheep cotes have,
  And mate with everybody;
The honest now may play the knave,
  And wise men play the noddy.[4]
Some youths will now a mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland-ho[5]
And twenty other gambols mo,
  Because they will be merry.

Then wherefore in these merry days
  Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelays,
  To make our mirth the fuller.
And, whilst thus inspired we sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring,
Woods and hills, and everything,
  Bear witness we are merry.

Plain and homely this old carol is, but sincere and wholesome. The rooms are dressed with Christmas greens. Smoking chimneys and turning spits betoken Christmas fare.

---

[1] Hunting owls and squirrels, rural custom observed by youths on Christmas Day.

[2] Shoeing the wild mare,—a game.

[3] Earthenware coin receptacle which had to be broken to release its contents.

[4] A dunce or fool; also an old card game, like cribbage.

[5] A youthful Christmas game.

Misers loosen their purse strings. The old games are played and the dance is on. The wassail bowl and the Christmas box pass from door to door. Care is drowned in a cup of wine, sorrow is buried in the Christmas pie. This lone carol has been sufficient to sustain the reputation of George Wither as a Christmas poet for over three hundred years.

In 1907 G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, published this old *Christmas Carol* for Frank T. Merrill, who illustrated it with a colored frontispiece and thirty decorative plates in black and white, any one of which would make a good Christmas card. The book was issued in a limited edition, a number of copies being done in vellum, and the remainder in blue cloth beautifully decorated in red and gold. The artist was in full accord with the carol and his illustrations are exceptionally fine. A short biography of the poet follows, and the book concludes with another text of the poem, unadorned, for plain reading. There is also a portrait of Wither.

An excellent edition of the *Poetry of George Wither*, edited by F. Sidgwick, was published in 1902; and in 1906, Tott published *The Puritan Poet*, by J. Fyvie, both of which works are of special interest in this connection.

VII. John Milton.

> On this night eighteen hundred years ago, Jove was discrowned, the Pagan heaven emptied of its divinities, and Olympus left to the solitude of its snows. On this night, so many hundred years bygone, the despairing voice was heard shrieking on the Aegean, "Pan is dead, great Pan is dead!"
>
> —*Dreamthorp,* Alexander Smith.

The transition from Paganism to Christianity is without doubt the greatest change the world of civilized man has ever undergone. We love to think of it as a great victory over heathenism, and we rejoice in it just as the pagans in their day rejoiced when the sun rose higher and higher in the heavens after the winter solstice, driving darkness before it, and bringing more light to the world.

After the Israelites had successfully accomplished the passage of the Red Sea and escaped from the pursuing hosts of Pharoah, Moses looked upon the deliverance of his people as a glorious triumph. He made it the occasion for a song of victory,—the first recorded in the Scriptures. "And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." But after all, the Israelites had not gained a victory; their deliverance was due to a successful flight, seconded by the rising waters of the Red Sea.

We love to think of any accomplishment as a victory, even where no one has been vanquished. There is a stimulus in triumph, and in symbolizing change as a victory. Triumphs, whether real or imaginary, have been made the subject of grand processions and pageants. They have been recorded in prose and sung in verse throughout the ages. Undoubtedly some religious wars might have been averted if the ascendency of one form of religion over another had been regarded as progress rather than as a victory. The effect on freedom of conscience and worship might then have been less disastrous. For after all, every form of religion, or mythology for that matter, is but a means of illustrating certain abstract principles. The vehicle matters little, and it is really immaterial whether we conceive of the Nativity as a victory, or as the dawn of a new truth.

One of the most majestic poems ever produced celebrates the Birth of Christ as a victory over the powers of paganism and superstition. It was begun on Christmas Day in the year 1629 by a student at Christ's College, Cambridge, England, who but a few weeks before had just attained his majority. Let us consider this extraordinary youth.

John Milton was born in London on December 9, 1608, in the reign of the indiscreet and pedantic James I. His grandfather, a rigid Papist, was a ranger of Shotover Forest, in Oxfordshire; and although he educated his son, who was our poet's father, at Christ's Church, Oxford, he later disinherited him for embracing the Protestant faith. Undaunted by his disinheritance, and driven to the extremity of earning a living as a scrivener, he managed not only to make a living, but to give his children a good education. He was advanced to more than middle age when the poet was born.

Little is known of John Milton's early life. He must have been educated in Puritan principles, for his earliest tutor was a rigid and zealous Puritan. Thereafter he attended St. Paul's School, making a splendid record and almost incredible progress. At sixteen he entered Christ's College, Cambridge, and his poetical career commenced at a very early date. His *Ode and Hymn*: *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity* are proof that John Milton the man, and John Milton, the poet, came of age at about the same time.

By the *Ode* the poet, on Christmas morning, invokes his Muse, urging her to out-distance the approaching "star-led wizards" and to be the first to lay an offering at the feet of the new born babe. It is difficult to realize that we have before us a mere college exercise. From the very inception of these lines we are awed by that same majesty and grandeur which characterizes *Paradise Lost,* written forty years later.

There is a reference to the *Ode* and *Hymn* in Milton's Sixth Elegy, addressed to Milton's close friend Charles Diodati, then residing in the country, in answer to a metrical epistle sent to Milton a fortnight before.

ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages[1] once did sing,
  That he our deadly forfeit[2] should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

---

[1] *Holy sages.* The prophets of the Old Testament.

[2] *Our deadly forfeit.* All we forfeited by Adam's fall.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
  Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now, while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
  Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

IV.

See, how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards[1] haste with odours sweet:
O, run, prevent[2] them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
  And join thy voice unto the angel quire,[3]
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.[4]

---

[1] *Star-led wizards.* The Wise Men of the East. Mat. 2:1-2.

[2] *Prevent.* Anticipate.

[3] *Angel quire.* The angels heard by the shepherds on the fields of Bethlehem.

[4] *From out his secret altar, etc.* In allusion to Isaiah 6:6-7: "Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar. And he touched my mouth with it, and said Lo, this hath touched thy lips: and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin forgiven."

And now for the "present" which the poet, through his heavenly Muse, offered to the Infant God!

HYMN ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
  All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
  With her great Master so to sympathise:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle air
  To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
  The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he, her fears to cease,[1]
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace:
  She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding[2]
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
  With turtle[3] wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.[4]

---

[1] *Cease.* To allay; used actively.
[2] *Sliding.* Gliding.
[3] *Turtle.* Turtle dove.
[4] *Strikes a universal peace.* Brings it about as with a single stroke.

IV.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
  The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot[1] stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
  The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful[2] eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.[3]

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
  His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,[4]
Smoothly the waters kist,
  Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm[5] sit brooding on the charmed wave.

---

[1] According to Quintius Curtius "the wheels were full of iron pikes right forth, and of great hooks both upward and downward, wherewith all thing was cut asunder that came in their way."

[2] *Awful.* Full of awe, awe-struck.

[3] According to ancient tradition, when Christ was born, the Temple, or more correctly the Gate of Janus at Rome, was shut in token of peace throughout the Roman dominions. This had occurred but twice before the reign of Augustus. It happened again in A. U. C. 724 and in A. U. C. 746, from which time the Gate remained closed for several years. This was not an ordinary city gate but, like the later *porta triumphalis,* was used only on certain occasions, namely, when armies marching out against an enemy, or returning from their campaigns, passed through it. Hence it was open in war, indicating that the god too had gone out to assist the Roman warriors, and shut in time of peace so that the god, the safeguard of the city, might not escape.

[4] *Whist.* Silenced; hushed.

[5] *Birds of calm.* The *halcyons,* or kingfishers. According to tradition the sea was calm at the time of their incubation, which was at about the time of the winter solstice.

VI.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
  Bending one way their precious influence;[1]
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
  Or Lucifer,[2] that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake,[3] and bid them go.

VII.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,[4]
  The sun himself withheld his wonted speed;
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame
  The new-enlighten'd world no more should need:
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,[5]
Or e'er the point of dawn,
  Sat simply chatting in a rustick row;
Full little thought they than,[6]
That the mighty Pan,[7]
  Was kindly come to live with them below:
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep:

---

[1] *Influence.* Astrological term; the influence of the heavenly bodies.

[2] *Lucifer.* Morning star. Also applied to Satan. Isa. 14:12. "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!"

[3] *Bespake.* Emphatically bade.

[4] *Room.* Place.

[5] *Lawn.* Wild bushy plain or clear space in a forest.

[6] *Than.* Then; old form, and used to rhyme with Pan.

[7] The real being so long dreamed of as Pan, the God of the shepherds. They believed he was about to come down to live with them.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook;[1]
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

X.

Nature, that heard such sound,[2]
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's[3] seat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won,
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling:
She knew such harmony alone[4]
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd;
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive[5] notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

---

1 *Strook.* Struck; apparently used for rhyme.

2 'Nature, on hearing such a sound piercing through the earth's atmosphere under the concave of the moon's orbit, was now,' etc.

3 *Cynthia.* Artemis (Diana); named after Mt. Cynthus, her birthplace. Poetically the moon, emblem of Artemis.

4 *Alone.* Of itself, without her aid.

5 *Unexpressive.* Inexpressible.

XII.

Such musick, as 'tis said,
Before was never made,
  But when of old the sons of morning sung,[1]
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
  And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering[2] waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres;[3]
Once bless our human ears,
  If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
  And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort[4] to the angelic symphony.

---

[1] *Sons of morning.* In allusion to Job 38:4-11.

[2] *Weltering.* Rolling.

[3] This refers to the "music of the spheres," or that made by the motion of the crystalline spheres of the Ptolemaic astronomy. The nine spheres of the system, as here referred to, were those of the seven planets, with that of the stars, and the *primum mobile,* which gave motion to the whole. A tenth sphere, "the crystalline heaven," was added as a later phase of the theory. In his poem "Arcades" Milton speaks of Fate or Necessity holding a spindle of adamant; and with her three daughters, who handle the vital web woven about the spindle, she conducts or turns the heavenly bodies. Nine Muses or Sirens sit on the summit of the spheres which in their revolutions produce a musical harmony. To this music the three daughters sing in correspondent tones. Meanwhile the adamantine spindle in the lap or on the knees of Necessity, and on which the fate of men and gods is wound, is also revolved. This *music of the spheres,* produced by the rapid motion of the heavens, is not heard by man because the human ear is not attuned thereto. Moreover, the spherical music consists of eight unisonous melodies. The ninth is a concentration of all the rest, or a diapason which the nine Sirens address to the Supreme Being.

[4] *Consort.* Literally, fellowship.

XIV.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
  Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity[1]
Will sicken soon and die,
  And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.[2]

XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,[3]
  Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,[4]
  With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;[5]
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so;
  The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
  So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep;

---

[1] *Speckled Vanity.* In gaudy colors; or spotted, as by disease and corruption and the symptoms of approaching death.

[2] *Peering day.* First dawn of the Gospel by Christ's birth.

[3] As Astraea was to return to earth according to ancient myth, when the Golden Age should come again.

[4] *Sheen.* Shine; brightness.

[5] *With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering.* "How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace," etc. *Isa.* 52:7.

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds out brake:
The aged earth aghast,
With terrour of that blast,
  Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
  But now begins; for, from this happy day,
The old dragon,[1] under ground
In straiter limits bound,
  Not half so far casts his usurped sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horrour of his folded tail.[2]

XIX.

The oracles are dumb;[3]
No voice or hideous hum
  Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
  With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetick cell.

---

[1] *Old dragon.* And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads. And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth. *Rev.* 12:3-4.

[2] As serpents are described in the old Romances and in Ariosto. It also recalls Reni's Archangel Michael, treading on Satan, who has such a lashing tail.

[3] According to the belief of the ancient Fathers, the oracles ceased on the coming of Christ; a sudden extinction and disappearance of the gods and ceremonies of the old polytheistic religions.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
  A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;[1]
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,[2]
  The parting Genius is with sighing sent:
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
  The Lars and Lemures[3] moan with midnight plaint:
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
  Affrights the Flamens[4] at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,[5]
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

---

[1] *Voice of weeping*. In allusion to Plutarch's story of the shipmaster who, as he was sailing on the Aegean Sea and passing the island of Paxa, heard a voice bidding him to tell the people of Palodas that the great Pan was dead. When he reached that port and delivered the message, loud shrieks and hideous outcries were heard. See also *Mat.* 2:18 and *Jer.* 31:15.

[2] *Poplar pale.* White poplar.

[3] *Lars and Lemures.* The first, ancestral spirits worshipped as household gods. The second, ghosts or night spirits in general that cannot find rest.

[4] *Flamens.* Priests devoted to the service of a particular deity. The most honored of these were those of Jupiter, Mars, and Quirinus called respectively flamen Dialis, flamen Martialis, and flamen Quirinalis.

[5] *Chill marble seems to sweat.* Weeping or sweating of the statues of their gods was not an uncommon prodigy among the ancients.

XXII.

Peor and Baalim[1]
Forsake their temples dim,
  With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;[2]
And mooned Ashtaroth,[3]
Heaven's queen and mother both,[4]
  Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine:
The Libyck Hammon[5] shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz[6] mourn.

[1] *Peor and Baalim.* Peor, or Baal Peor, a Moabite god, probably identical with Chemos, supposedly the obscene Priapus. Baalim, plural of Baal, a name applied to deities in general. Baal and Ashtaroth were the general gods and goddesses of Syria and Palestine.

[2] *Twice-batter'd god of Palestine.* Dagon, native Semitic deity adopted by the Philistines after their settlement in Canaan. "And the Philistines took the ark of God, and brought it from Eben-ezer unto Ashdod. When the Philistines took the ark of God, they brought it into the house of Dagon, and set it up by Dagon. And when they of Ashdod arose early in the morning, behold, Dagon was fallen upon his face to the earth before the ark of the Lord. And they took Dagon and set him in his place again. And when they arose early in the morning following, behold, Dagon was fallen upon his face to the ground before the ark of the Lord; and the head of Dagon and both the palms of his hands were cut off upon the threshold; only the stump of Dagon was left to him."—*I Sam.* 5:1-4. And thus was Dagon *twice-batter'd*.

[3] *Mooned Ashtaroth.* Taken for the moon.

[4] *Heaven's queen and mother both.* She was called *Regina Coeli* and *mater Deum,* names suggested by Selden's *de Diis Syris.*

[5] *Libyck Hammon.* According to Rolfe, the Egyptian god Hammon or Ammon, represented with the horns of a ram.

[6] *Thammuz* (Tammuz). Syrian love-god, killed by a wild boar in Lebanon, and yearly mourned by the women. The phenomenon of the reddening at a particular season every year of the waters of the Adonis, a stream which flows from Lebanon to the sea, near Byblos, was accounted for by supposing that the blood of Thammuz was then flowing afresh. There were annual festivals at Byblos in his honor at this season. Women were the chief performers at the festival, the first part of which consisted of lamentations for his death; the second, of rejoicings over his revival. In Greece he became Adonis, the beloved of Venus.

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch,[1] fled
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue:
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly[2] king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis,[3] haste:

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris[4] seen
In Memphian grove or green,[5]
Trampling the unshower'd grass[6] with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;[7]
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud:
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled[8] sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

---

[1] *Moloch.* A god of the Ammonites, worshipped at Rabba, their capital city (I Kings 11:7). The idol of this deity was of brass, the body representing a king, but the head being that of a calf, crowned. It was seated on a throne, with arms extended to receive victims for the sacrifice, who were burned to death in its embraces, the idol being hollow and filled with fire.

[2] *Grisly.* Grim, horrible.

[3] *Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis. Isis,* the principal Egyptian deity, was goddess of the earth, and later came to be associated with the moon. *Horus* (Orus), son of Osiris, was a hawk-headed divinity. *Anubis,* represented with the head of a dog or jackal, was the guardian of tombs and conductor of the dead.

[4] *Osiris.* Husband of Isis and father of Horus. Milton seems to confound him with Apis, the bull-god, for he has him "trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud."

[5] *Memphian grove.* Fields about Memphis, in Egypt.

[6] *Unshower'd grass,* there being no rainfall in Egypt.

[7] *Within his sacred chest.* Here Milton reverts to Osiris (not Apis); for in the myth of Osiris, conspirators induced him to lie down in a chest, which they immediately closed and threw into the Nile; whereupon strange adventures followed. The chest belonged to Osiris and not to the bull-god.

[8] *Sable-stoled.* Black-robed.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand;
  The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn:[1]
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide;
  Not Typhon[2] huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe,[3] to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So, when the sun in bed,[4]
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
  Pillows his chin upon an orient[5] wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail;[6]
  Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several[7] grave;
And the yellow-skirted Fayes
Fly after the night-steeds,[8] leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

[1] *Eyn.* Old plural for *eye,* used for rhyme.

[2] *Typhon* is here the Greek name of the Egyptian god Set, or Suti, one of the brothers of Osiris. After having been worshipped as an Egyptian god, he came to be regarded as a type of devil, and the enemy of Osiris. He headed the conspirators who shut Osiris up in his chest, and is represented in various beast-like forms, sometimes as a crocodile. The Greek Typhon is a huge dragon-headed monster, buried underground for opposing Zeus.

[3] *Our Babe, etc.* The "snaky twine" of the preceding line suggests the infant Hercules, who strangled serpents in his cradle.

[4] *So when the sun in bed.* This would seem to suggest sunset; but going on, we see sunrise was meant. 'So when the sun rises,' etc.

[5] *Orient.* Eastern.

[6] *The flocking shadows pale, etc.* The common superstition that on the approach of dawn the wandering hordes of ghosts vanish.

[7] *Several.* Separate.

[8] The fairies in the moonlit woods, haste away in the morning, following the night-mares or night-hags.

XXVII.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest:
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemed star[1]
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,[2]
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp[3] attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright harness'd angels[4] sit in order serviceable.

As the author of Dreamthorp observes, "The bass of heaven's deep organ seems to blow in the lines, and slowly and with many echoes the strain melts into silence. To my ear the lines sound like the full-voiced choir and the rolling organ of a cathedral, when the afternoon light streaming through the painted windows fills the place with solemn colours and masses of gorgeous gloom."

Milton's youthful enthusiasm was that of the poet and not that of the controversial Puritan. In his early days he applied himself to the descriptive more than to the abstract. The old classics and the literature of the Hebrews were his delight all his life. He was so steeped in both that we are unable to follow him without considerable research. His Hymn is a perfect poem, charged with religious awe and prophetic solemnity. As Sir Egerton Brydges states;

> "There is no doubt that the *prima stamina* of the bard's divine epics are exhibited in this poem; but it has several peculiarities, which distinguish it from the poet's other com-

[1] *Youngest-teemed star.* Latest born; the star of Bethlehem.

[2] *Hath fixed her polished car.* Has come to rest after leading the wise men to Bethlehem.

[3] *Handmaid lamp.* Alluding perhaps to the Parable of the Ten Virgins in the Gospel.

[4] *Bright-harness'd.* Bright-armoured.

> positions: It is more truly lyrical; the stanza is beautifully constructed; and there is a solemnity, a grandeur, and a swell of verse which is magical. The images are magnificent, and they have this superiority of excellence: That none of them are merely descriptive, but have a mixture of intellectuality and spirituality. . . . . The vigour, the grandeur, the imaginativeness of the conception; the force and maturity of the language; the bound, the gathering strength, the thundering roll of the metre; the largeness of the views; the extent of the learning; the solemn and awful tones; the enthusiasm, and a certain spell in the epithets, which puts the reader into a mysterious state of excitement, may be better felt than described.
>
> "Milton, before he could write the Hymn, must have already exercised and enriched all his faculties with vast and successful culture. He had traveled in those dim regions into which young minds scarcely ever venture; and he had carried a guarded lamp with him, so as to see all around him, before and behind; yet not so peering and reckless as to destroy the religious awe. The due position of the lights and shades was never infringed."

And as we conclude the last stanza in our reading, and think of the young man who wrote the poem, we are left in a state of wonderment. So young, so wise! What a store of classical knowledge! What powers of expression! Since the twelfth year of his age Milton had been an omnivorous reader, and this in spite of his weak eyes; and between that youthful age and his majority he wrote other poetry of merit.

Although not a long poem, the *Ode and Hymn On the Morning of Christ's Nativity* has occasionally been published as a single booklet. In 1868 James Nisbet and Company of London, published the poem with illustrations in black and white.

In 1901 Ralph Fletcher Seymour published the *Ode and Hymn* in a limited edition of one thousand copies, printed by R. R. Donnelley & Sons Company, from plates designed and lettered by Mr. Seymour. The book is prefaced by an appreciation from Hallam's *Introduction to the Literature of Europe,* and with this we close the chapter.

> "The Ode on the Nativity, far less popular than most of the poems of Milton, is perhaps the finest in the English language. A grandeur, a simplicity, a breadth of manner and imagination at once elevated and restrained by the subject, reign through it. If Pindar is a model of lyric poetry, it would be hard to name any other, so truly Pindaric."

VIII. Sir Walter Scott.

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence,
  Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
  Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, Mountains old!
—*William Wordsworth.*

Sir Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, August 15, 1771. His father was a solicitor, learned in feudal law and ecclesiastical history. His mother, daughter of a physician, was an intellectual woman, well read, and probably the inspirer of her son's romantic inclinations. At two years of age Scott became lame as the result of a teething fever. To improve his health he was sent to his grandfather's farm at Sandy-Knowe, "where every field had its battle and every brook had its legend." It is said that as a specific against his ailment, the little lad was wrapped naked in the warm skin of a recently slain sheep; and in this attire he crept about. He spent many days among the shepherds and, although his health improved, he remained lame the rest of his life.

At a very early age Scott showed great fondness for heroic literature. At six he read poems to his mother, and at thirteen became interested in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. From this source he entertained his schoolfellows and anyone else who would listen. Even as a child he manifested great spirit, gentleness, and self command, and his first inclinations were decidedly antiquarian.

Scott entered the University of Edinburgh in 1783, and acquired some knowledge of Latin, German and French. He was apprenticed to his father, studied law, and was admitted to the bar at twenty-five. He practiced, more or less, for fourteen years, but his income was rather meager. He was not an orator, and being more devoted to history and literature than to his profession, his inclinations acted as a check upon his legal career. All his life Scott remained a "worshipper of the past." Due to his tramping about the country in search of the picturesque and of the landmarks of his ancestors, his father pronounced him "better fitted for a peddler than a lawyer."

Scott's first serious literary efforts were translations of ballads from the German; but he soon came back to the literature of his native land. The publication of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* in 1802-3 started him on the road to fame. The *Lay of the Last Minstrel* followed in 1805. In the succeeding year he commenced *Marmion: A Tale of Flodden Field.* The adventures of this mysterious "knight of Albion's elder days" are quickly told.

The poem opens in early August and concludes with the defeat at Flodden on September 9, 1513. Although betrothed to Constance of Beverley, Lord Marmion jilts her for the Lady Claire. But being in love with Ralph de Wilton, Lady Claire rejects his suit and flees, taking refuge in the convent of St. Hilda at Whitby. At the same time Constance takes the veil at St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle. Later she secretly leaves the convent, but is taken back. For her broken vows she is immured in one of the deep cells of the convent. Meanwhile Henry VIII sends Marmion on an embassy to Scotland. On the way he stops at the castle of Hugh de Heron, who furnishes him a palmer for guide.

On his return Marmion compels the abbess of St. Hilda to release Lady Claire and to place her in the custody of her kinsman, Fitzclaire of Tantallon Hall. There she meets the palmer, who is none other than Ralph de Wilton. Lord Marmion in the meantime is slain at Flodden Field, leaving Lady Claire free to marry Wilton.

Although *Marmion* was begun in November 1806, when Scott was thirty-five years of age, the poem was not published until two years later. So great had been his success even at this early stage of his career, that Constable, the publisher, offered a thousand guineas for *Marmion* shortly after it was begun and without having seen a line of it. The news that such a sum had been paid for an unseen and unfinished manuscript appeared portentous in those days. This was one of the happiest periods of Scott's life, and he labored over portions of this poem with unusual care. Although the tale of a great knight's doom, the subject matter did not depress the spirit of the author. During its composition he wrote to a friend,

> "Marmion is at this instant gasping upon Flodden Field, and there I have been obliged to leave him for a few days in the death pangs. I hope I shall find time enough this morning to knock him on the head with two or three thumping stanzas."

The tale is told in six cantos, each divided into stanzas of some length. Each canto is preceded by an "Introduction," or epistle dedicated to one of Scott's many friends. These dedications are foreign to the tale and unnecessary to its understanding. Concerning them Southey remarked,

> "The introductory epistles I did not wish away, because as poems they gave me great pleasure; but I wished them at the end of the volume, or at the beginning—anywhere except where they were."

It does seem strange that the Introduction to the most tragic canto of all should usher in the poet's oft quoted "Old Christmas-tide," with all its mirth and conviviality. The first three stanzas deal with Christmas, while the remaining six are personal to Richard Heber to whom this canto was dedicated.

OLD CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

I.

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deem'd the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer:
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol[1] more deep the mead did drain;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes deck'd the wall,
They gorged upon the half dress'd steer,
Caroused in seas of sable beer,
While round in brutal jest were thrown
The half-gnaw'd rib and marrow-bone:[2]
Or listen'd all in grim delight,
While Scalds[3] yell'd out the joys of fight.
Then forth in frenzy would they hie,
While, wildly-loose their red locks fly,

[1] This festival was observed with great joy by the Danes, and the word Yule is still good English.

[2] The humor of the Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each other with the bones of the repast.

[3] Scandinavian poets of the early days.

And dancing round the blazing pile,[1]
They make such barbarous mirth the while
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

II.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night;
On Christmas-eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung:[2]
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.[3]
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;[4]
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then open'd wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doff'd his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating,[5] share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."[6]

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[1] These dances round the great fires were so furious that although holding each other by the hands, if the grasp of any failed he was pitched into the fire as from a sling. The sufferer in such case was instantly plucked out and was obliged to quaff off a certain measure of ale as a penalty for "spoiling the king's fire."

[2] In Catholic countries mass is never said at night except on Christmas eve.

[3] The priest clad in his ecclesiastical vestments.

[4] Silk petticoat or dress.

[5] Without loss of dignity.

[6] Old card game.

All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

III.

The fire, with well dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day of grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn[1]
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassail round, in good brown bowls
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by
Plum-porridge stood and Christmas pie;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce
At such high-tide her savoury goose.
Then came the merry maskers in.
And carols roar'd with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
Who lists, may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;[2]

[1] Boar's flesh.

[2] The mummers, who went about in disguise to the neighboring houses, present in some degree a shadow of the old mysteries which were the origin of the English drama. In Scotland the mummers were wont to take the characters of the apostles, at least of Peter, Paul, and Judas Iscariot; the first had the keys; the second carried a

White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But, O! what maskers, richly dight,[1]
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

There are indications that Scott was working on this poem in December, and this may account for the introduction of Christmas sentiments.

These three stanzas were published under the title *Christmas in the Olden Time,* by Cassell & Co., New York, in 1887. The work was illustrated, engraved and printed under the supervision of George T. Andrew. The contributing artists are Edmund H. Garrett, Harry Fenn, J. S. Davis, George A. Teel, Henry Sandham, Childe Hassam, and H. P. Barnes.

The scope of our subject does not permit us to follow "the Wizard of the North" through his phenomenal career as a novelist. Scott died on September 21, 1832, twenty-four years after Marmion's appearance. It is to be regretted that during this period of almost a quarter century, a writer so thoroughly informed upon national folk-lore, and upon the history, manners and customs of "Merrie England," did not again apply his prolific pen to Christmas cheer. Scott was an enthusiastic antiquary, and a store of valu-

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sword; and the third, the bag in which the dole of neighboring plum-cake was collected. Occasionally there was also a Saint George. In all there was a confused resemblance to the ancient mysteries in which the characters of the Scriptures, the Nine Worthies, and other popular personages were usually exhibited.

[1] Richly clothed.

able information died with him. His antecedents and surroundings were largely responsible for his love of the weather-beaten. Even the peculiar conformation of his head has been regarded as noteworthy in this respect. This is said to have been due to an enlargement of the organ of "veneration," and phrenologists have pointed to this "hump" as the source of Scott's great reverence for the monuments and records of the past.

As Scott felt the end approaching, he addressed these memorable words to those who loved him:

"I am drawing near the close of my career. I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day, and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my deathbed I should wish blotted out."

"Call not in vain; they do not err
Who say that when the poet dies
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed Bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill,
That flowers in tears of balm distil—
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks in deeper groan reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave."

—*Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto V*. 1-12.

IX. Washington Irving.

A man might then behold
  At Christmas, in each hall
Good fires to curb the cold,
  And meat for great and small.
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
  And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
  When this old cap was new.
—*Old Song.*

Washington Irving was born in New York City on April 3, 1783, the youngest of a family of eleven children. His father, a Scotchman, started out as a sailor but later became a merchant. His mother was the granddaughter of an English curate. Irving's works show some of the national characteristics of both. The parents emigrated to New York in 1763, and while still a little child, Irving was presented to General Washington, after whom he was named.

From his tenth year Irving was an omnivorous reader, with a special liking for books of travel, fiction and poetry. He entered a law office at sixteen, but read less law than literature. To overcome a pulmonary weakness he spent several years exploring the Hudson Valley. By 1804 his condition became so alarming that his brothers sent him abroad. He traveled in Italy, France, Switzerland and England, returning in 1806. His tour improved his health but not his legal appetite. He craved literature, and in 1809 appeared his *Knickerbocker History of New York.* The work immediately became popular, and it attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott. In 1810 Irving turned his back to the law and was admitted to the partnership of his brothers in the extensive commercial establishment which they conducted at New York and Liverpool. In 1817 the house failed, and this definitely decided Irving upon literature as a profession.

The first number of *The Sketch Book* was published in the United States in 1819, and the last appeared in September of the following year. With two exceptions the papers were written in England, and they were promptly read with great interest on both sides of the Atlantic. Several of the series were soon copied by English periodicals. Piracy made necessary the re-publication of the *Sketch Book* in England. Not being able to interest the English publishers, Irving put the first volume to press in London at his own risk; but within a month the bookseller failed and the author was again thrown upon the town for a publisher. He appealed to Scott, and Scott to John Murray. The "Prince of Booksellers" paid Irving £200 for the copyright, although he had previously refused the manuscript. The book sold so well that he felt justified in increasing the amount to £400. The *Sketch Book* was originally published in one volume, but later in the same year it appeared in two,—a second edition of the first, together with a new volume.

Irving had now attained a literary reputation at home and abroad, and when *Bracebridge Hall* was ready for the press, Murray paid 1000 guineas for the copyright without having seen the manuscript. *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall* were both written under the name of Geoffrey Crayon.

The *Sketch Book* contains thirty-four papers, and in it appear the five sketches republished in various forms under the title "Old Christmas," namely: *Christmas, The Stage Coach, Christmas Eve, Christmas Day,* and *The Christmas Dinner.*

CHRISTMAS.

The first of the series consists of general observations upon holiday customs and rural games of former times in England. The author accents the celebration of Christmas and its associations. He eulogizes the season when nature lies despoiled of every charm, keenly disposing man to the pleasures of the social circle, sheltered from the elements in the glow and warmth of the winter fire. He speaks of the quaint humors, the burlesque pageants, and the complete abandonment to mirth; of the good fellowship with which the festival is celebrated, bringing peer and peasant together in the old manor hall; of the ample boards groaning under the weight of abundance; and of legendary tales often retold.

The author laments the havoc wrought among the vigorous and lusty old customs by modern refinements, to the destruction of honest old fireside delights, the banishment of the yule log, and the drying up of the wassail bowl. Nevertheless he is glad that Christmas is still with us in spirit at least; that the feeling of home is still strongest at this time of the year, and that some preparations are still made for the occasion in home and church; that carols are still sung here and there, though not everywhere; and that it is still a season of happiness and rejoicing.

> "I feel the influence of the season beaming into my soul from the happy looks of those around me."

THE STAGE COACH.

And now for a tour into Yorkshire in an old stage coach on the day before Christmas! Inside and out the stage is crowded with passengers bound for home and a good Christmas dinner. It is loaded with hampers of game, baskets and boxes. School boys are homeward bound in holiday glee. The all-important coachman sits proudly on the box. He is the lord of the occasion, and as he throws down the reins at destination and gets off his throne, he is surrounded by the employees and hangers-on at the inn, all of whom regard him as a man of consequence. A stage coach always carries animation with it, and as it rattles through the village everyone runs to the window, and people gather in the street to see it pass. Passengers alight here and there and are joyfully received by kinsmen.

Geoffrey Crayon, our bachelor gentleman, is on the coach. Soon the vehicle reaches the village inn where he thought to pass the night. He sees the light of the roaring kitchen fire through the window,—and travelers attacking the stout ale supplied by the host, while others are smoking and gossiping over their tankards. Cheerful housemaids are bustling about under the direction of the hostess.

To Geoffrey's delight, one of his former traveling companions, young Frank Bracebridge, enters. And there is a happy reunion, and an invitation to the country-seat of the Bracebridge family. They take passage to the old manor.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

And so on a bright moonlight night a chaise whirls rapidly over the frozen ground, carrying young Bracebridge and his companion to the old estate. A clamor of dogs greets them as they approach the old mansion,—dogs, large and small, of low and high degree, yelping with delight as they spy their young master!

From the servants' quarters come sounds of music and bursts of laughter. Here a great deal of revelry is permitted at this season and even encouraged by the Squire, as Frank's father is called, provided that everything is done according to ancient usage. The Squire is a firm believer in celebrating Christmas as his ancestors were wont to do. He steps out to receive his son Frank and his companion, and ushers them into the old hall where different branches of a numerous family are assembled. The yule log is ablaze in the great fireplace, and the newcomers are merged into the happy throng.

The table is abundantly spread with substantial Christmas fare. Mirth is promoted by an eccentric lively old gentleman, Master Simon, the wit of the family, who carries a bag of tricks. At the conclusion of the repast, and as the special wines and beverages are introduced, Master Simon is called upon for a good old song. With a sparkle in his eye he launches forth a quaint old ditty. Then the harper is called, and the entertainment of the evening is concluded with a dance. As the dying embers give forth their dusky glow the party breaks up and Geoffrey retires. From under his chamber window a strain of music breaks forth,—waits from some neighborhood village. The sound recedes and dies away as his head sinks upon the pillow.

Christmas Day.

When Geoffrey awakes on Christmas morning he hears the patter of little feet outside the door, and a whispered consultation. Presently a choir of small voices chants forth an old Christmas carol; and as he rises and suddenly opens the door, there stands a little fairy group,—a boy and two girls, the eldest not over six. They are going through the house singing at every chamber door. They scamper away as mysteriously as they came, laughing in triumph at their success.

Our guest has scarcely dressed when a servant appears to invite him to family prayers at the old chapel in one of the wings of the house. Here a large part of the family has already gathered. The Squire reads the prayers from a desk, and Master Simon, acting as clerk, makes the responses. The grave and decorous services are concluded with a Christmas carol.

After a substantial breakfast, Frank Bracebridge, Geoffrey Crayon, and Master Simon, accompanied by a pack of gentlemanlike dogs, walk about the estate. And again old Simon is the entertainer, with many interesting things to tell.

While they converse, a bell tolls in the distance. It is imperative with the Squire that his household attend church on Christmas morning; and the weather being clear, most of the family walk to the old church near the village. From the parsonage comes the old pastor, a meager little man in grizzled wig and rusty coat with great skirts and pockets. He was a chum of the Squire's father at Oxford, a confirmed black-letter hunter, who delights in the editions of Caxton and Wynkin de Worde. In deference to the Squire's interest in the old Christmas customs, he has made a diligent study of them.

The church being without an organ, Master Simon has organized an orchestra, and he is also responsible for the choir. And now the parson delivers a sermon on the rites and ceremonies of Christmas and upon the propriety of observing it, not merely as a day of thanksgiving, but also as one of rejoicing. On leaving, every member of the congregation seems charged with the gaiety of spirit enjoined by the old shepherd.

The Bracebridges have not been home very long when music is heard from a distance,—a band of country lads, followed by a number of villagers. They halt before the hall and perform curious dances. One of them capers about the outskirts rattling a Christmas box. This old custom pleases the Squire and he regales the whole party with brawn, beef, and ale.

CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Dinner is served in the great hall where the Squire always holds his Christmas banquet. It is decorated with greens, and a roaring fire gives cheer and warmth. The sideboard contains a display of gorgeous utensils of good companionship,—flagons, cans, cups, beakers, goblets, basins, and ewers, before which stand the two yule candles.

The old harper is seated beside the fire, and the guests are ushered in with the sound of minstrelsy. The parson says grace,—a long well-worded one in the ancient manner. There is a pause. Suddenly the butler enters, attended on either side by a servant carrying a lighted candle. He himself bears a large silver dish on which is an enormous pig's head, decorated with rosemary and a lemon in its mouth. With great formality he places his precious burden at the head of the table. At the same time the harper strikes up a flourish, and at a signal from the Squire, his son sings the Carol of the Boar's Head.

When the cloth has been removed, the butler brings in a huge silver vessel which he places before the Squire. It is the wassail bowl, the contents prepared by the Squire himself. The drink is composed of the richest wines, highly spiced and sweetened, with roasted apples bobbing about the surface. The Squire raises it to his lips with a hearty "Merry Christmas" to all, and sends it around the board for everyone to follow his example. He is very happy and disposed to make all the world so.

After the meal is finished the hall is given over to the younger members of the family, who make its walls ring with merriment, superintended by Master Simon, who acts as Lord of Misrule. The older folks have gathered about the fire in the drawing room, listening to the parson who deals forth popular superstitions and legends. The attention of his listeners is diverted by a burst of sound from the hall. Suddenly the door opens and a train comes trooping in. Master Simon having conceived the idea of a Christmas mummery, is carrying it into immediate effect. He heads the procession. The whole train is curiously decked out with what the old wardrobe was able to yield. This invasion is the consummation of uproar and merriment, and the end of the Christmas party.

These are real Christmas sketches, born of Irving's winning mildness and quiet deliberation. They transport us into the realm of calm and contentment where everything is in a state of relaxation and where we may quietly muse and reflect. What G. P. Putnam said thirty or forty years ago is particularly true to-day:

> "The earth seems to be reeling under our feet, and we turn to those who write like Irving for some assurance that we are still in the same world into which we were born; we read and are quieted and consoled."

In 1874 Randolph Caldecott executed a series of one hundred twelve drawings illustrating Irving's Christmas sketches. These he offered to one of the leading London publishers, but the work was declined because the illustrations were "inartistic, flippant, and vulgar, and unworthy of the author of *Old Christmas!*" As we look at these beautiful chaste drawings we are amazed at this verdict; but fortunately opinions differed, and in 1875, under date of 1876, a most delightful edition of these five sketches, combined under the single title *Old Christmas,* and containing the Caldecott illustrations, was published by Macmillan & Company, London, as one of the early volumes of the Cranford Series. It was issued in a large paper royal octavo, as well as a crown octavo, both bound in green cloth, appropriately decorated in gold. Further editions followed in 1876, 1878, and 1882. The combination of Irving's text with Caldecott's drawings proved very popular. As one of the reviews of the time observed, "We have seldom seen a book in which the illustrator is so entirely *en rapport* with the author. If Mr. Irving had been alive, and could have guided a limner's hand to paint his people just as he conceived them, we could hardly have had better likenesses."

Randolph Caldecott, the son of an accountant in Chester, England, was born March 22, 1846, and was a young lad of thirteen when Irving died. He was educated at the King's School. Although not studious in the popular sense, his artistic instincts developed early. He loved to wander about the country and to indulge in sports and rural pursuits. At the age of fifteen, he was placed with a bank at Whitechurch, in Shropshire, and there he remained for six years. During that time he lived in an old farmhouse about two miles away, and it seems had considerable leisure for fishing and hunting. He was a young man of pleasing personality, welcome in every cottage, farm, and hall. He was transferred to another bank at Manchester where his duties were more arduous. Although his father discouraged his artistic leanings, Caldecott persisted. He had exceptional opportunities for seeing good work and for obtaining information on art matters. During his leisure he studied from nature and attended art school at night. In 1868 his first drawings were published in a serio-comic paper called *Will o' the Wisp,* and as time passed he became a contributor to *Punch, The Daily Graphic, Pictorial World,* and other papers. In 1872 he illustrated a book on travel in the Harz Mountains.

Of the drawings Caldecott executed to illustrate *Old Christmas,* Henry Blackburn, the artist's biographer and personal friend, remarks:

> "These pictures were of so entirely new a nature, and gave such a meaning and emphasis to the text, as to stir even callous bosoms by the graceful and pure creations of the artist's genius. Washington Irving's *Old Christmas* was made alive for us by a new interpreter, who brought grace of drawing with a dainty inventive genius to the delineation of English life in the last century. . . . Until these illustrations came, it had been said that Washington Irving's coachman stood out as a unique and matchless description of a character that had passed away. . . . Surely it has seldom happened in the history of illustration that an author should be so closely followed—if not overtaken—by his illustrator. No literary touch seemed to be wanting from the author to convey a picture of English life and character passed away; but Caldecott's coachman helps to elucidate the text; and whilst it carried to many a reader of *Old Christmas* in the New World a living portrait of a past age, it revealed also the presence of a new illustrator."

The success of *Old Christmas,* with these illustrations, suggested the re-publication of its sequel, *Bracebridge Hall,* with drawings by the same artist. And so in 1877 another beautiful volume in the same format and dress was added to the Cranford Series by the same publishers. The two volumes became inseparable companions, and are frequently found side by side exquisitely bound and tucked away in a single slip case.

It is unfortunate that Caldecott was not a man of robust constitution; yet, he was manly, tolerant, and patient under suffering. He never lost a friend once made, and his success did not lead him to forget the acquaintanceships of his leaner years. He died at St. Augustine, Florida, February 12, 1886, not yet having attained the fortieth year of his age. On February 27, 1886 the following sympathetic lines appeared in *Punch:*

"All that flow of fun, and all
  That fount of charm found in his fancy,
Are stopped! Yet will he hold us thrall
  By his fine art's sweet necromancy,
Children and seniors many a year;
  For long 'twill be ere a new-comer,
Fireside or nursery holdeth dear
  As him whose life ceased in its summer."

In 1906 J. M. Dent & Company, London, published *The Keeping of Christmas at Bracebridge Hall,* with twenty-four exquisite color illustrations by C. E. Brock. The book is a small octavo bound in white cloth decorated in gold, and includes *Old Christmas* and *Bracebridge Hall* under one cover; however, the interpolated stories told by the various characters in the latter work are omitted.

Under the title *The Old English Christmas,* T. N. Foulis, London and Edinburgh, published the five Christmas sketches in a small octavo, bound in blue cloth, and beautifully illustrated in color by H. M. Brock. The color plates are mounted on blue sheets. This is a fine piece of book work. It is undated.

Christmas at Bracebridge Hall, published by Ernest Nister, London (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York) is another reprint of these five stories. It is illustrated in color and in black and white by Arthur A. Dixon.

In 1919 Houghton, Mifflin & Co. published *Old Christmas and Bracebridge Hall,* illustrated in color and in black and white by Lewis Baumer. It contains all the stories comprehended by its joint title.

In the re-publication of these Christmas stories from *The Sketch Book* one does not always find the same choice of material. Sometimes only four of the sketches appear. This is true of *Old Christmas,* pictured in color and in black and white by Cecil Aldin, and published by Dodd-Mead & Co., New York, in 1908. The colored illustrations of Mr. Aldin are very attractive, but it is unfortunate that the first of the five Christmas stories was omitted in this edition.

Those who are familiar with the lives of Sir Walter Scott and Washington Irving have undoubtedly observed many points of similarity in antecedents, career, disposition, and style. Both men were of Scottish descent on the paternal side. Both embarked upon a legal career, ultimately abandoning it. True, Scott became a lawyer, but he never took the profession seriously. Irving, after serving a five years' apprenticeship in a law office, turned his back on the profession forever. From childhood Scott was afflicted with lameness. Irving early suffered from a pulmonary weakness, but overcame it in the course of extensive travels. Both men enjoyed vagabonding, and were earnestly devoted to literature from youth. Like true antiquarians, both lived in the past, preferring ancient traditions to the life of their own times. Scott became heavily involved through the failure of the publishing and printing houses in which he had a substantial financial interest. And so Irving, before he entered upon his literary career, sustained reverses in the commercial enterprise to which he had been admitted as a partner by his brothers.

Scott was Irving's senior by twelve years, but there was a strong bond of sympathy between them. That their hearts beat in unison on the subject of Christmas can be easily gathered from a comparison of the former's *Old Christmastide* in Marmion and the latter's Christmas stories in the *Sketch Book*. It was Scott who broke the champagne on the prow of the ship when Irving launched his vessel on the sea of literature. It was Scott who cleared the way, and who cried "Bon Voyage!" when the ship left the dock.

Scott's career was cut off on September 21, 1832 through overwork brought on by Herculean efforts to discharge a crushing debt not of his own making. He lived to be sixty-one years of age. Irving, on the other hand, was more fortunate, and outlived his benefactor by twenty-seven years. He died December 1, 1859 at the age of seventy-six years.

X. Clement Clarke Moore.

He comes—the brave old Christmas!
His sturdy steps I hear;
We will give him a hearty welcome,
For he comes but once a year!

And of all our old acquaintance
'Tis he we like the best;
There's a jolly old way about him—
There's a warm heart in his breast.
—*Mary Howitt.*

Perhaps no piece of poetry is better known or more genuinely enjoyed by the youth of America than Clement C. Moore's *Visit from St. Nicholas,* also called *The Night Before Chistmas.* It is hard to believe that this poem was written over a century ago, for it is still so fresh and new. Its author was born in New York City on July 15, 1779, only three years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and was the son of Dr. Benjamin Moore, formerly Bishop of the Diocese. He was a graduate of Columbia, and in 1821 became Professor of Biblical Learning in the New York General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church. His connection with that institution continued for a quarter of a century.

At the age of thirty Dr. Moore wrote a Hebrew and Greek lexicon, the first work of the kind in America. Many years later, in 1844, he published a small book of *Poems,* classical and refined. He also wrote *George Castriot* (surnamed Scandenberg, King of Albania), which appeared in 1852 and was highly commended at the time. He edited his father's sermons published in 1824 in two volumes, and in his earlier years was a contributor to the Philadelphia *Port-Folio* and *New York Evening Post.* But it remained for *A Visit from St. Nicholas* to keep the memory of Dr. Moore alive through the ages. Although his other efforts have been more or less forgotten, every year brings new editions of this poem.

A Visit from St. Nicholas was originally written by Dr. Moore for his children, and he recited it to them on the night of December 23, 1822. On that evening there was present at his home a daughter of the Rev. David Butler, Episcopalian rector, who having heard the poem read, made a copy of it. A year later she sent this to the editor of *The Troy Sentinel,* who published it December 23, 1823. It was set up in small type and filled a column of the paper. The publication of a poem which Dr. Moore considered beneath his position as a professor of divinity, greatly embarrassed him, and many years elapsed before he permitted it to be known that he wrote it. However, in 1844, he included it in a book of his own poems. In the meantime, in response to many requests, the *Sentinel* re-published the poem and also printed it as a broadside which was widely distributed. It also appeared in other papers and finally obtained national fame.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes did appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer.
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer* and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donner* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of Toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight to his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head

Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND
TO ALL A GOODNIGHT."

This poem has been translated into almost every language, and also issued in Braille for the benefit of the blind. It has been published many times as a single booklet.

In 1934 Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, published *The Night Before Christmas, The True Story of a Visit from St. Nicholas,* with a Life of the Author by Arthur N. Hosking. The booklet has as frontispiece a portrait of Dr. Moore, painted late in life. Following a brief foreword is a facsimile of a frail little sixteen-page pamphlet, published by Henry M. Onderdonk, New York, in 1848. This was the first appearance of the poem in book form. It was illustrated by T. C. Boyd, a contemporary New York artist, and although his name does not appear in the annals of American art, he has the distinction of being the first illustrator of the poem. The interesting biography which follows the pamphlet is illustrated with a picture of the old Moore homestead where the poem was written and first read, portraits of the author and his ancestors, and views of New York in the author's time. To this is added a bibliography. The original issue of the poem in pamphlet form is one of the rarest items in American literature.

According to the biographer, Santa Claus, as we in America know him, is the creation of Dr. Moore. "Not until St. Nicholas passed through the crucible of Doctor Clement Clarke Moore's mind and imagination did the patron saint of childhood ever ride in a sleigh, or have eight tiny reindeer with bells joyfully to convey him on the clouds and over the roof-tops of the world on Christmas Eve; nor was he dressed in furs, nor did he smoke a pipe, nor did he ever get into the houses of good little boys and girls by going down the chimneys . . . One commentator calls the picture 'the greatest piece of genre word-painting in the English language.' "

But is this correct? St. Nicholas was a favorite among the early Dutch settlers. Their first church at New Amsterdam was named for him. He was known to them as Santa Nikalaus, later abbreviated to Santa Klaus, from which we have our American Santa Claus. His early appearance resembles that of old Father Knickerbocker, and as early as 1809 Washington Irving described him as "a tubby little fellow with a jolly manner who sped through the air in a reindeer sleigh." It is fair to assume that when Dr. Moore wrote his poem thirteen years later, he followed Irving's description.

A sequel (if we may so call it) to Dr. Moore's poem was written by Anne P. L. Field many years later, in the same meter but a more modern vein:

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night after Christmas in Santa-Claus land,
And to rest from his labors St. Nicholas planned.
The reindeer were turned out to pasture and all,
The ten thousand assistants discharged till the fall.
The furry great-coat was laid safely away
With the boots and the cap with its tassel so gay;

And toasting his toes by a merry wood fire,
What more could a weary old Santa desire?
So he puffed at his pipe and remarked to his wife,
"This amply makes up for my strenuous life!
From climbing down chimneys my legs fairly ache,
But it's well worth the while for the dear children's sake.
I'd bruise every bone in my body to see
The darlings' delight in a gift-laden tree!"
Just then came a sound like a telephone bell—
Though why they should have such a thing I can't tell—
St. Nick gave a snort and exclaimed in a rage,
"Bad luck to inventions of this modern age!"
He grabbed the receiver—his face wore a frown
As he roared in the mouth-piece "I will not come down
To exchange any toys like an up-to-date store.
Ring off, I will not listen to anything more!"
Then he settled himself by the comforting blaze
And waxed reminiscent of the halcyon days
When children were happy with simplest of toys:
A doll for the girls and a drum for the boys—
But again came that noisy disturber of peace
The telephone bell—would the sound never cease?
"Run and answer it, wife, all patience has fled,
If they keep this thing up I shall wish I were dead!
I have worked night and day the best part of a year
To supply all the children, and what do I hear—
A boy who declares he received roller-skates
When he wanted a gun—and a cross girl who states
That she asked for a new Victor talking machine
And I brought her a sled, so she thinks I am 'mean!' "
Poor St. Nicholas looked just the picture of woe,
He needed some auto-suggestion, you know,
To make him think things were all coming out right,
For he didn't get one wink of slumber that night!
The telephone wire was kept sizzling hot
By children disgusted with presents they'd got,
And when the bright sun showed its face in the sky,
The Santa-Claus family were ready to cry!

Just then something happened—a way of escape,
Though it came in the funniest possible shape—
An aeronaut, sorely in need of a meal,
Descended for breakfast—it seemed quite ideal!
For the end of it was, he invited his host
Out to try the balloon, of whose speed he could boast.
St. Nick, who was nothing if not a good sport,
Was delighted to go and as quick as a thought
Climbed into the car for a flight in the air—
"No telephone bells can disturb me up there!
And, wife, if it suits me I'll count it no crime
To stay up till ready for next Christmas time!"
Thus saying—he sailed in the giant balloon,
And I fear that he will not return very soon.
Now, when you ask "Central" for Santa-Claus land
She'll say, "discontinued"—and you'll understand.

This ditty appeared with four others by the same author in *Christmas, Its Origin, Celebration and Significance as related in Prose and Verse,* an excellent anthology edited by Robert Haven Schauffler, and published by Moffat, Yard & Company, New York, 1916.

XI. Charles Dickens.

> I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirit of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach.
> —*Ebenezer Scrooge.*

As soon as we step into the realm of Christmas prose, there looms up on the horizon one of the most popular, if not the greatest, of English novelists. Charles Dickens was born in the year 1812, the second of a family of eight children. His father, John Dickens, was a minor clerk on the public payroll, and all through life wavering, unstable, and frequently unfortunate. He was of a nomadic prodigal disposition, ever moving his household from place to place, until his private address became the Debtors' Prison of the Marshalsea. In the meanwhile Charles was obliged to earn his own living by tying and labeling pots of blacking in a warehouse at Old Hungerford Stairs. Symbolically and actually this was the blacket period of his childhood.

But the time came when John Dickens fell out of jail, and into a legacy, by which he was able to rehabilitate himself and his family. He became a reporter of Parliamentary debates for a daily paper. His son Charles was entered in the service of a Grays Inn solicitor, with the intention of preparing him for the legal profession. But like Scott and Irving, Charles found no pleasure in these studies, and with his father's consent he also became a newspaper reporter. He was alert, sharp-witted, and detached,—a powerful champion of geniality, though not always genial himself.

He became a successful writer. One of his earliest sketches, "Christmas Under Three Heads," was published in defense of the Christmas festival against the attacks of the Puritans and Utilitarians. But his most memorable contributions to the Great Season are his *Christmas Books* and *Christmas Stories.* Of the Books there are five:

> *A Christmas Carol in Prose*: Being a Ghost Story of Christmas (1843).
>
> *The Chimes*: A Goblin Story of some Bells that rang an Old Year out and a New Year in (1845).
>
> *The Cricket on the Hearth*: A Fairy Tale of Home (1846).
>
> *The Battle of Life*: A Love Story (1846).
>
> *The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain*: A Fancy for Christmas time (1848).

Dickens's literary life began in 1833 when, at the age of twenty-one years, he first ventured into print. It ended with his death in 1870. Thus ten years of his career as a writer had already elapsed when the first of these Christmas books appeared; and he outlived his last one by twenty-two years. But these lapses of time do not represent the least abatement, for Dickens, as we know, was a dynamic and prolific novelist. His Christmas books are but interludes, the minor products of his odd moments of leisure, if it can be said that his brilliant mind was ever at rest.

A Christmas Carol

The idea of the *Christmas Carol* shaped itself in the mind of Dickens while he was writing *Martin Chuzzlewit.* He threw himself into his new theme as if he had found a new spring in which to cool his feverish imagination; for he was just as enthusiastic and absorbed in writing a minor work as a major one. As his great mind evolved the Carol he experienced every emotion which it was intended to arouse. He wept over it, laughed, and wept again. The subject was his constant companion during long walks about the dark streets of London while others who were to enjoy the fruit of his labor slept. It is said that after completing the Carol he broke down like a madman. What wonder that a story, surcharged with such intensity and dynamic force, should be received by his readers with like enthusiasm.

The first edition of the *Christmas Carol,* illustrated by John Leech, was published by Chapman & Hall in 1843. It consisted of six thousand copies, which disappeared in a day. A second and third edition were all but exhausted in a few days. Owing to a change of publishers the imprint of Bradbury and Evans appears on some of the later impressions. A genuine first has "Stave I" on the first page. This was later changed to "Stave One" to conform to subsequent chapter headings. The end-papers were green, the cover brown.

THE CHIMES

The year 1844 represents a break in the life of Charles Dickens. He decided to live abroad for a time for economical reasons. Taking a villa in the neighborhood of Genoa, he settled down with his family as if to stay there. The fact that *The Chimes* was written in Italian surroundings, far away from the author's favorite haunts and sources of inspiration, is proof that his mind was still its own place, fully capable of living and functioning within itself; for the story is domestic, insular and even cockney, continuing the series of Christmas books begun in the very fogs of London where the Carol was published in the previous year. By the time Dickens had completed the story, he was still at a loss for a title. One day, from the city below the old Palazzo Peschiere, where he was lodging, he heard a maddening peel of bells, and then and there his new brain-child was christened. By the Carol he had converted old Scrooge, but here he aimed to convert society to the idea "that its happiness rested on the same foundation as those of the individual, which are mercy and charity not less than justice." He worked on his subject with fiery enthusiasm, and it agitated him as if the whole story were a reality. By November 3, 1844 his new offspring stepped forth, and the great creative mind relaxed. Dickens felt that he had written a "tremendous book which knocked the 'Carol' out of the field." It was published by Chapman & Hall and illustrated by Maclise, Doyle, Leech and Stanfield. Although the pecuniary reward was greater than that derived from the Carol, *The Chimes* did not arouse the public interest which its author had anticipated.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

Late in 1845 Dickens conceived "a delicate and beautiful fancy," as he called it, "for a Christmas book, making the cricket a little household god—silent in the wrong and sorrow of the tale, and loud again when all went well and happy." He completed *The Cricket on the Hearth* in time for publication in December of the same year, although it was issued as of 1846. It was printed by Bradbury and Evans, and illustrated by Maclise, Stanfield, Leech, and Doyle.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE

In 1846 Dickens made an earlier start on his Christmas annual. In March he wrote, "Vague thoughts of a book are rife within me just now. And I go wandering about at night into the strangest places, according to my usual propensity at such a time, seeking rest, and finding none." And a new idea was born,—he thought he would somehow connect a great battlefield with his new Christmas story,—a shapeless vision of repose and peace, with the corn and grass growing over the slain, and the people singing at the plow. The title *The Battle of Life* occurred to him from the first. The book was published by Bradbury and Evans December 19, 1846, and although this is probably the least interesting of Dickens's Christmas annuals, 23,000 copies were promptly sold. The publication contained thirteen woodcuts by Maclise, Leech, Doyle, and Stanfield, and the format was uniform with the three previous annuals.

THE HAUNTED MAN

Although it had been the author's plan to write a Christmas book each year, *Dombey and Son* was crying so loudly for completion in the following year that it was not until 1848 that Dickens was able to resume his usual Christmas undertaking. In that year he wrote his fifth and last Christmas Book,—*The Haunted Man and The Ghost's Bargain.* It also was published by Bradbury and Evans in the usual format and dress, and was illustrated by Tenniel, Leech, Stanfield and Stone.

The Dickens Christmas Books were published in separate volumes by Routledge & Sons in 1885. All the stories ran through numerous editions in their original form and have also been issued as a series in one volume. In 1869 they appeared as a "Collected Edition" in one volume, published by Chapman & Hall. In 1878 they were given in the "Household Edition," with twenty-six woodcuts by E. G. Dalziel. During the years 1892 to 1895 appeared an excellent series of reprints by Pears, liberally illustrated with drawings by Charles Green.

There have been many other reprints of the individual Christmas books, particularly of the Carol, in special editions, among which the following may be noted:

> *A Christmas Carol,* with eight full page color illustrations by A. I. Keller, and published by David McKay, Philadelphia, 1914.
>
> *A Christmas Carol,* with twelve full page illustrations in color by Arthur Rackham, and twenty minor illustrations, consisting largely of head and tail pieces in black and white by the same artist; published by William Heineman, London, and J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1915.
>
> *A Christmas Carol,* ornately designed and calligraphed by Alan Tabor, with colored frontispiece by Munro S. Orr; published several years ago by George G. Harrap & Co., London. Every page is ornamented in black and red in the manner of an illuminated manuscript. Head and tail pieces, as well as intermediate illustrations, are artistically tied in with ornamental borders.
>
> *A Christmas Carol, The Chimes,* and *The Cricket on the Hearth,* were published as uniform volumes by J. M. Dent & Co., London, (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York) in 1905. Each volume contains eight fine full page color illustrations by C. E. Brock, and an equal or even greater number of drawings in black and white by the same artist. The volumes are in uniform vellum bindings, elaborately decorated in gold. As far as I have been able to ascertain *The Battle of Life* and *The Haunted Man* were not issued in this format.

A. Edward Newton calls the Christmas Carol "the greatest little book in the world," and to this we may add the praises sung by Ralph Straus in *Dickens, the Man and the Book,* published by Thomas Nelson & Sons, London, for the Pickwick Centenary in 1936:

> "Our modern Christmas was not the invention of Dickens, though with his *Christmas Books* he probably did more than

> any man living to promote the cheerful kindness and those charitable feelings which properly belong to the season."

Dickens is in a very high degree a collector's author. Those who have a special interest in his works are referred to *The First Editions of the Writings of Charles Dickens, Their Points and Values,* an excellent bibliography by John C. Eckel, published by Maurice Inman, Inc., and Maggs Bros., London. The first edition is out of print and hard to obtain. A second edition, revised and enlarged, was published in 1932. The Christmas Books are given special treatment at pages 110-125 of that work.

The "Christmas Books" of Dickens are not to be confused with his "Christmas Stories,"—short sketches contributed to the two periodicals of which he was the owner and editor, namely "Household Words" (1850-1858), and "All the Year Round" (1859-1867). It had long been his plan and ambition to have a miscellany of his own, in the labors of which others might share. He devoted considerable time and effort to these periodicals. His last Christmas book was written in 1848, and as soon as "Household Words" was under way, he determined to continue the tradition of a Christmas annual in a series of extra or special Christmas numbers. In this transition the short story became successor to the more voluminous Christmas Book. The new annuals were a composite of stories contributed by a number of writers. As editor, Dickens planned each issue and added a story or two of his own. The series began with the first winter of "Household Words" and was carried forward with the merger of that periodical with "All the Year Round."

Dickens contributed short stories annually until the time of his death,—in all, twenty. Of these the following appeared in the *Extra Christmas Numbers* of "Household Words":

A Christmas Tree; What Christmas is as we Grow Older; The Poor Relation's Story; The Child's Story; The School Boy's Story; Nobody's Story; The Seven Poor Travelers; The Holly-Tree; The Wreck of the Golden Mary; The Perils of Certain English Prisoners; and *Going into Society.*

The remaining nine stories were annual contributions to the *Extra Christmas Numbers* of "All the Year Round":

The Haunted House; A Message from the Sea; Tom Tiddler's Ground; Somebody's Luggage; Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings; Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy; Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions; Mugby Junction; and *No Thoroughfare.*

These short stories were afterward published collectively in a single volume entitled *Christmas Stories from "Household Words" and "All the Year Round" by Charles Dickens.*

The initial story, *A Christmas Tree,* published in 1850, is a fanciful, minute and interesting study of a decorated tree and its ornaments as a child sees them and as it remembers them in later years. The adoration of the tree and the analysis of every fancy which the numerous objects upon it arouse in childhood engage us for some time. For a brief interval we leave the Great Sentinel of Christmas Eve and repair to the Christmas fire where we listen to ghost stories as was the custom in days of old. We experience all the creepy and weird feelings which these tales once engendered. But we shake them off and return to the tree; and as we stand before it in admiration, a voice speaks from out the branches,—

> "This, in commemoration of the law of love and kindness, mercy and compassion. This in remembrance of Me!"

What Christmas is as we Grow Older (1851) is of the same nature. It is said that as we grow older we begin to live in the past. And so in this short essay, as age creeps upon us, memory speaks its words of comfort and calls forth all our youthful associations,—the living and the departed. It is a plea to keep burning for all time the Christmas fires kindled in youth.

In 1852 Dickens changed his plans with reference to these short stories. He made two contributions to the *Extra Christmas Number* for that year, but they were no longer Christmas stories. To another contributor he wrote, "I propose to give the number some fireside name and to make it consist entirely of short stories supposed to be told by a family sitting round the fire. I don't care about their referring to Christmas at all; nor do I design to connect them together otherwise than by their names." So here we have the reason why these stories lack a Christmas theme.

Neither the *Christmas Books* nor the *Christmas Stories* represent major efforts in the career of the author. Yet the books, particularly the Carol, have been a powerful force in saving the Great Holiday and restoring it to its former prestige and popularity.

To those specially interested in Dickens's contributions to Christmas literature I would recommend: *Christmas Books and Stories* with Introduction by G. K. Chesterton (Everyman's Library, Nos. 239 and 414); and *The Minor Writings of Charles Dickens,* by F. G. Kitton, published by Elliot Stock, London, 1900 (Book Lover's Library Series).

Although Dickens has written enough verse to fill a small volume, his labors in the poetic field are so overwhelmed by his productions as a great novelist that little is known of his poetry. He wrote some good verse, but far better prose. His poetical efforts are chiefly those of his younger years and consisted of contributions to *The Examiner, The Daily News, Household Words,* and *All the Year Round;* of dramatic prologues; humorous and political verse, and of songs interspersed through his novels. And in this last connection we are reminded of "A Good-humoured Christmas Chapter," being the eighteenth of the *Pickwick Papers.* Who does not remember the jovial, hale and hearty old squire, Mr. Wardle, the most lovable character in the book,—staunch friend of the Pickwickians! It was at his Manor Farm at Dingley Dell that they spent a joyful Christmas, on which occasion the great novelist, in the person of Mr. Wardle, sang out another Christmas Carol,—this time in verse:

A Christmas Carol.

I care not for spring; on his fickle wing
Let the blossoms and buds be borne:
He woos them amain with his treacherous rain,
And he scatters them ere the morn.
An inconstant elf, he knows not himself,
Nor his own changing mind an hour.
He'll smile in your face, and, with wry grimace,
He'll wither your youngest flower.

Let the summer sun to his bright home run,
He shall never be sought by me;
When he's dimmed by a cloud I can laugh aloud,
And care not how sulky he be!
For his darling child is the madness wild
That sports in fierce fever's train;
And when love is too strong, it don't last long,
As many have found to their pain.

A mild harvest night, by the tranquil light
Of the modest and gentle moon,
Has a far sweeter sheen, for me, I ween,
Than the broad and unblushing noon.
But every leaf awakens my grief,
As it lieth beneath the tree;
So let Autumn air be never so fair,
It by no means agrees with me.

But my song I troll out, for *Christmas* stout,
The hearty, the true, and the bold;
A bumper I drain, and with might and main
Give three cheers for this Christmas old!
We'll usher him in with a merry din
That shall gladden his joyous heart,
And we'll keep him up, while there's bite or sup,
And in fellowship good, we'll part.

In his fine honest pride, he scorns to hide
One jot of his hard-weather scars;
They're no disgrace, for there's much the same trace
On the cheeks of our bravest tars.
Then again I sing till the roof doth ring,
And it echoes from wall to wall
To the stout old wight, fair welcome tonight,
As the King of the Seasons all!

The *Complete Poems of Charles Dickens* were published in a small volume by White, Stokes & Allen, New York, in 1885.

Dickens enthusiasts will also be interested in a recent publication by Chapman & Hall, Ltd., London, entitled *A Pickwickian Portrait Gallery* written by divers admirers of its illustrious members. Walter Dexter wrote the chapter on Mr. Wardle.

XII. William Makepeace Thackeray.

Now kindly for my pretty song,
  Good butler, draw some beer;
You know what duties do belong
  To him that sings so clear.
Holly and ivy, and drink to drive ye,
  To the brown bowl of berry;
With apples and ale, and a Christmas tale,
  We'll make this household merry.
—*Old Carol.*

In the same year (1846) in which Dickens published his third Christmas story, William Makepeace Thackeray, under the name of M. A. Titmarsh, published a "Christmas Gift Book," postdated to 1847, and entitled *Mrs. Perkins's Ball.* It appeared in pink boards with the "Invitation Card" printed on the cover. The illustrations were by the author himself and appeared in color in some of the copies. The text is devoted to the small talk and mannerisms of certain Mid-Victorian characters who attend a ball. As Carlisle observes, "the empty faces of the dance room were never better done." The ball, however, is not a Christmas occasion, nor has the book itself the slightest relation to the Christmas season.

Our Street, Thackeray's second Christmas book, was published in 1847, postdated 1848. It too was illustrated by the author, and like his first holiday production, is a satire upon his contemporaries,—a cynical study of neighborhood characters, such as Mrs. Cammysole, the inquisitive hard-hearted old landlady; Captain Bragg, the reminiscing boastful old salt; Rumbold, the artist of the velvet doublet and stringy red beard; Spavin, who secretly lends his master's horses; Fipps, "the buttonholiest page in all the street," who walks behind the masculine Mrs. Grimsby, carrying her prayer book; James, a liquor-loving giant of small intellect, —her ladyship's largest man; and Spitfire, a wicked little varlet who assists James in his cups.

Dr. Birch and his Young Friends, Thackeray's third "Christmas Annual," appeared in 1848. It is a satire upon the Doctor and his private academy at Rodwell Regis, where the average chap is well rodded and the quality boys are well coddled. But here at least, the reader, after elbowing his weary way through an institution of case-hardened "educators," is finally recompensed by an "Epilogue,"—a philosophy of life in verse, culminating in a beautiful Christmas sentiment.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

The play is done—the curtain drops,
  Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
  And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task,
  And when he's laugh'd and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
  A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends:
  Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
  As fits the merry Christmas time.
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
  That fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good-night! with honest, gentle hearts
  A kindly greeting go alway!

Good-night! I'd say the griefs, the joys,
  Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
  Are but repeated in our age;
I'd say your woes were not less keen,
  Your hopes more vain, than those of men,
Your pangs or pleasure of fifteen
  At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive
  Not less nor more as men than boys,
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
  As erst at twelve in corduroys;
And if, in time of sacred youth,
  We learn'd at home to love and pray,
Pray heaven that earthly love and truth
  May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
  I'd say how fate may change and shift,
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
  The race not always to the swift;
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
  The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
  The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
  Blessed be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
  Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to heaven that will'd it so
  That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
  That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit—
  Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
  Or hunger hopeless at the gate.

Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing heaven that rul'd it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely kill'd;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfill'd.
Amen! Whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent
And whiten'd with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize—
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels rais'd it then;
Glory to heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentlemen!

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health and love and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still:
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

In December 1850, but probably as of 1851, Smith, Elder & Co., "for the amusement and edification of Christmas parties," published a "new picture book drawn and written by Mr. M. A. Titmarsh," entitled *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*. Some of the copies were in color, others in black and white. This was the last of Thackeray's Christmas books. It sold rapidly, and by January of the following year the publisher suggested a second edition. In the meantime an interesting controversy arose between the editor of the *London Times* and the author as to the merits and propriety of his voyage down the Rhine. Apparently these so called "Christmas Books" were not exactly to the liking of the editor, who published a criticism unnecessarily severe and personal, and entirely too bombastic and erudite in style. However, the fact remains that Thackeray was a showman, and the characters he sketched were his puppets. Moreover, although we must admit that his Christmas Books are good satires upon the sham and hypocrisy of life, they are not always pleasant reading, and certainly not good Christmas literature.

Thackeray answered the attack with "An Essay on Thunder and Small Beer," which became the Preface to the second edition of the *Kickleburys*. The essay is the wittiest passage in the entire collective volume of Thackeray's Christmas books, and by far the most amusing. The author quotes the *Times* editorial in full, and so we have both sides of the controversy. Thackeray's reply is a clever masterpiece of satire, seizing upon every mistake of the editor, and ingeniously belittling the main issue. Although the public felt that Thackeray had the best of the argument, he did not answer the criticism on its merits. It is apparent too, from sundry remarks in the essay that Thackeray did not take these short annuals seriously. At least such is the impression which he means to convey. The fact remains that the *Kicklebury*s ended the series. Had the author made up his mind to serve up no more "small beer" at Christmas time?

According to Walter Jerrold, who wrote the Introduction to the "Everyman's Library" edition (No. 359) of Thackeray's Christmas Books, these four stories constitute a complete series of the annuals. In other editions, however, five or six, and in some even seven, stories are given under this caption, the extra numbers being *The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond*, *Rebecca and Rowena*, and *The Rose and the Ring*.

On January 9, 1847, the following lyric appeared in the columns of *Punch*,—a popular addition to the Christmas literature of the times, as well as a substantial contribution to convivial song.

THE MAHOGANY TREE.

Christmas is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without
Sheltered about
The mahogany tree.

Commoner greens,
Ivy and oaks,
Poets, in jokes,
Sing, do you see;

Good fellows' shins
Here, boys, are found
Twisting around
The mahogony tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we:
Here we carouse,
Singing like them
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free,
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sink round the tree

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate;
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree.

The idea of metamorphosing a mahogany table back into its natural state,—for that seems to be the idea of the author, is certainly novel. Although Thackeray once alluded to the poem itself as "a Bacchanalian song, to be sung after dinner," a vein of sadness runs through it. The burden of its philosophy is "Let us eat and drink; for tomorrow we shall die,"—a philosophy as old as Horace's *Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero,* or the mummy-graced feast of the Egyptians.

The Mahogany Tree was first published anonymously, and its literary history is scant. It has seldom been illustrated. In 1887 Samuel E. Cassino, Boston, published the poem as a large quarto, illustrated by Frank T. Merrill, and bound in green cloth lettered in gold, with a wide panel of real mahogany wood down the left side of the front cover.

Thackeray died on Christmas Eve, December 24, 1863, in a fine new home which he had made for himself and his three daughters.

XIII. Catherine Grace Frances Gore.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Catherine Grace Frances Gore was born at East Retford, Nottinghamshire, in the year 1799. Her father, Charles Moody, was a wine merchant. In 1823 she married Charles Arthur Gore, with whom she resided on the Continent for many years, supporting her family by her extensive literary labors. Her first novel appeared in the year of her marriage, and the formidable array of other works which followed is a monument to her industry. The death of her husband, who had been long a confirmed invalid, left her a widow about the year 1846. She wrote one or more novels every year, finally becoming afflicted with blindness. She died on January 29, 1861.

Mrs. Gore was one of the foremost novelists of her day and did much to familiarize the public with the artificial life of her time. Although her characters are often affected with prudery, her style is always animated and sparkles with satirical allusions. Her novels enjoyed a temporary popularity. They were parodied by Thackeray in *Punch,* in his "Lords and Liveries by the author of *Dukes and Dejeuners.*" Her *Cecil; or Adventures of a Cockscomb* was reprinted in 1927, and a number of her other novels deserve to be revived. The following have a special holiday interest:

INDUNDATION: or Pardon and Peace, a Christmas story, first published in 1843; second edition 1850.

THE SNOW STORM, a Christmas Story, first published in 1845; second edition 1850; third edition 1854.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, a Winter's Tale, first published in 1846; second edition 1850.

These books originally appeared undated and as uniform 12mos, published by Fisher, Son & Co., London and Paris; the first two bound in red cloth, the third in pale green, but uniformly decorated. Each book contains an independent story and four full-page illustrations by George Cruikshank.

INUNDATION.

> "Whether a house be built among the high places, or like the bird's in the fallow, unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman watcheth but in vain."

Such is the keynote to the story of the Atfield brothers, Frank and John, who spent their younger days in the little village of Skipton. Tragedy stalked them soon after they reached manhood. Frank borrowed his brother's earnings to save his own business from disaster; then, as John's wedding day approached, he eloped with the intended bride. But the woman who thus deserted her lover soon also deserted her husband; and so the brothers were both left destitute and estranged. Deep humiliation caused John Atfield to seek the seclusion of a rented farm at Duddonstone.

There he married a good woman and became the father of two children, Johnny and Priscilla.

Then came a second misfortune,—John's wife died while the children were still young. This loss caused him to give up the farm and leave his children with their grandmother. In time his son was sent to London to complete his education, being apprenticed to James Egley, an old friend. And there Johnny fell in love with Rose Hurstwell, a relative of his employer. Having decided to marry, they were invited to spend their Christmas-honeymoon at Dudbourne Dale, where John Atfield had re-established himself on a small farm, making a home for himself and Priscilla. In anticipation of a happy holiday, the farmer decided to enlarge the house so that all would be comfortable, and the homestead make a good impression upon his new relatives.

But for a third time misfortune laid its heavy hand upon John Atfield. Just before Christmas the whole dale was inundated by a flood, the new additions to the house were swept away, and portions of the old structure completely isolated in a great sea of water. Father and daughter barely escaped with their lives; and of course there was no Christmas celebration.

But let us return to John's faithless brother. In order to make restitution, Frank toiled, saved and hoarded for fifty years, not shirking the commonest labor. A decade ago he located his brother and was about to throw himself on his mercy,—to beg pardon and peace—but learning of John's bitter resentment, courage failed him. Seeing John at a distance, his heart yearned for him, and he felt tied to the spot where he had found him and the children. The admiralty having determined to build a lighthouse in the vicinity, Frank, in order to be near his brother, secured a position as keeper, trusting that some favorable circumstance might yet dissolve the barrier between them. The chance came when the valley was inundated, for it was Frank who saved the lives of John Atfield and his daughter. The rescue resulted in a reconcilement and forgiveness. And so "this whole Christmas-time was sacred to *Pardon and Peace.*"

THE SNOW STORM.

> "The pious called him a pharisee; the impious, an upstart."

We are introduced to a dilapidated mansion, Hacklewood Hall, the old seat of the Reveleys, an ancient family who derived title by royal gift in the time of Henry VIII. They had disposed of the old estate, and recently it changed hands a second time, being purchased by a wealthy Londoner, the nouveau riche Sir Richard Ribston, who occupies it with his wife and their son Charles.

Given to display, the new owner remodelled and extended the old place, and in anticipation of the Christmas holiday invited some "lords and ladies," friends from London, to spend the holiday there. In the meantime his ostentation gave rise to much gossip and animosity on the part of the little community of Hacklewood. The former owners, the Reveleys, by reason of their hospitality and simplicity, had been very popular with the villagers, who entertained quite an opposite view of the present owner. The pious called him a pharisee; the impious, an upstart.

The flame of hatred was fanned by the ouster of an old tenant farmer, Frank Welland, whose ancestors had enjoyed a leasehold of a portion of the premises for generations. He was compelled to remove to a tumble-down place seven miles distant, and there his sister Dinah kept house for him. Welland was a widower with two daughters, Grace and Maria. Grace stayed at home with her father, while the younger daughter took service in London. Young Charles Ribston sympathized with the Wellands, paid them frequent visits, and finally fell in love with Grace.

We step back fifty years, when Hacklewood Hall was still owned by the Reveleys. Paul Reveley, while still a youth, took advantage of a generous father, brought discredit upon the family, and was disowned and driven out. In desperation he turned to his friend, Frank Welland, who gave him shelter at the risk of losing his own roof. Paul made his way to India where he amassed a great fortune, became one of the principals in the East India Company, and was known as the Rothschild of the East. He had left behind a sister, who married and bore a son named Richard Ribston; but she died while Richard was still an infant. Her brother having learned of her death, assumed guardianship over Richard, became his patron, and so furthered his interests that in time he became a director in the East India Company and London representative of the wealthy uncle. This is the same Richard Ribston who antagonized the villagers of Hacklewood by his operations, news of which had reached his patron in India some months ago. The uncle had directed his nephew to purchase the old estate, not for a "puppet-show," but to preserve it for the love of those who abided there, including old Welland. But the nephew purchased it for himself and terminated Welland's lease. Although now eighty years of age, Paul Reveley made the journey from India to spend Christmas in Hacklewood Hall and to bring his nephew to account.

In the meantime Christmas was approaching and Richard Ribston was making great preparations for the entertainment of the lords and ladies from London. When they arrived at the railroad station ten miles away, Hacklewood was experiencing one of the worst snow-storms it had seen in years, impeding the progress of the guests to such an extent that they were obliged to spend Christmas eve at farm houses in the vicinity. On the following morning the roads were cleared and the guests were finally assembled at the Hall.

The same conveyance that brought the "quality" to Hacklewood also carried an old and mysterious stranger who unexpectedly appeared, first at the Welland home, and then at the Hall, to the complete distraction of his ostentatious nephew. And while Richard Ribston was facing his uncle, the villagers, having organized a demonstration, appeared before the old mansion crying "Reveley—Reveley forever!—Long live the last of the Reveleys!"

While this disturbance was at its height, Paul Reveley quietly addressed his nephew. "If you expect the past to be forgotten, forget, in your turn, that I ever bore another name than the one under which you have always known me as your uncle, and benefactor. The only Reveley here is your son." And so the last of the Reveleys was brought forward and introduced to the villagers, while the old gentleman was introduced to the gathering in the Hall by a name known to all those familiar with the affairs of India. While the ostentatious but now meek Richard Ribston was at last left free to regale his guests, the Rothschild of the East moved on to enjoy the hospitality of his old friend, Welland. And there he decreed the marriage of Grace Welland and Master Charles, the last of the Reveleys, as a final climax to the happiness he was bringing to his old friend.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Droop not!— Right joyful shouts anon
  Shall greet thy gladden'd ear,
Calling, from East, West, North, and South,
  On Christmas to appear,
And bring, wrapt in his furry robe,
  A smiling new born year!

Sir Jasper Hallet, wealthy old veteran and now a widower, resides with his young niece Mira Hallet in a mansion in London. With him also, as a personal servant, is John Talbot, an old soldier, who in his younger days saved his superior's life.

While Miss Hallet was riding in the family coach, the driver suddenly veered the horses to make a stop, knocking down a small boy. The lad disappeared in the gathering crowd before the nature of his injuries or his whereabouts could be ascertained.

Sir Jasper once upon a time had a wife and child, but his brutality brought his tender spouse to an early grave, and caused his little son to run away from home. No clue was found except his cap and coat on the seashore. He had apparently drowned himself as he threatened to do because of his father's severity.

But we return to the little urchin knocked down by the coach horses. George Foreman, for such apparently was his name, could not remember the day when he had not suffered from cold, hunger or grief. He lived in a squalid tenement with his grandmother, Mrs. Laurie. George was but four years old when his mother died at New York. His father, Colonel Jasper Foreman, and Mrs. Laurie, the mother of the Colonel's deceased wife, taking the little fellow with them, sailed for Europe, there to seek consolation in their bereavement. George's father had made a fortune in the New World, and was very wealthy at the time of his marriage. The ship on which they sailed struck on a reef off the Scilly Islands, and the father was drowned. His life's earnings were lost with him. The grandmother and little George were saved in a life-boat, but not a vestige of the ship was ever washed ashore. Nothing remained to the grandmother except a purse, a pocket-knife, and a small trunk containing her own effects, which were recovered from the waves. With her grandson she went to England, living in the hope of finding her son-in-law's relatives, reputed to be people of rank and wealth. After living up the slender means which she had been able to save from the wreck, she and her grandson were reduced to poverty. Foreman was probably an assumed name, and hence her search proved futile.

The grandmother became very ill, and all of the little lad's time was taken up in waiting on her. Then came the accident in which he was knocked down and almost run over by Sir Jasper's coach. By mere chance old John Talbot came upon the sufferers, and through his efforts it developed that the little lad's father was the lost son of Sir Jasper, and the boy therefore his grandson. When this discovery was made Sir Jasper and his niece were in Europe; and although Talbot at once communicated with his master, before Sir Jasper and his niece reached the boy's bedside, he had passed away. The best they were able to do for the lad now was to give him a stately funeral,—on New Year's Day.

Although professedly Christmas stories, these books are unrelated to the holiday season except in point of time; yet they are calculated to do good at any season. The plots are good and the stories abound in generous sympathies tending to awaken kindly feelings. They bristle in spirit and are wholesome and moral in tone. The snob and the upstart are exposed in all their shallowness, while the good man receives his reward in the end.

Mrs. Gore was one of the most brilliant women of her time. Her talk overflowed with epigram and jest, and she was a most prolific and successful author. Her numerous writings approximate about sixty works, extending to nearly two hundred volumes. The long catalogue comprehends historical novels; sketches of fashionable life, its vices, follies, and amusements; two volumes of "Sketches of English Character," collected from "Heads of the People," a periodical work illustrated by George Cruikshank and others; as well as many tales and short stories.

XIV. Phillips Brooks.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

—*Tennyson.*

Such has been the enduring influence and lasting freshness of the message of Phillips Brooks, American clergyman and writer, that it is hard to realize that this great spiritual humanist came to life over a century ago. But so it is,—he was born at Boston on December 13, 1835. Through his father, William Gray Brooks, he was a descendant of John Cotton, who, having been cited before Laud for his Puritan views, fled to Boston in 1633, preaching there until the time of his death. Through his mother Mary Ann Phillips, a woman of rare force of character and religious faith, he was the great-grandson of the founder of Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. He was one of six sons, four of whom entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Phillips Brooks was admitted to the Boston Latin School on September 7, 1846, at the age of eleven years. He went to Harvard in 1851 and graduated four years later. As one of his classmates in later years observed, although a good boy at school and college, Phillips was not a young saint. In his youthful years he was neither better nor worse than his fellows, and not as exemplary as some. Upon graduation he began to teach at the Latin School; but as a teacher he was not a success; he could not maintain order, and his forty-odd pupils, with snowballs, shot, and uncontrollable disorder, forced him to a disgraceful resignation within a few months. Crushed and disappointed by this experience Brooks left Boston in 1856 to study for the ministry,—quite as an experiment. He entered the theological seminary at Alexandria, Virginia, where he did some teaching in the preparatory department. Although he had failed in the very beginning of his career, a new man was being forged in the fire of experience. In 1859 he was ordained deacon and became rector of the Church of the Advent at Philadelphia. In 1860 he was ordained priest, and two years later became rector of Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia. During the Civil War he espoused the cause of the North.

In 1869 Brooks was made rector of Trinity Church in his own native town of Boston. Many of his old classmates of other religious affiliations knew little of his growth in the meantime, and questioned his ability to live down his Latin School experience. But in the years which followed Brooks had no more devoted friends than his old college chums. Never having had a wife or child, he clung to the friends of his youth. The new position he took among them was proof of his spiritual nature and greatness. They now yielded him marked appreciation and respect, for he had become a mature man of forceful character and steadfast purpose. He no longer thought of self, and became fearless in his work as the servant of God. And here, in his native town, he preached Sunday after Sunday to great congregations, reaching the height of his career.

Brooks was a tall man of splendid physique and commanding appearance, a noble head, large lustrous eyes, simple and pure in character, endowed with excellent judgment, and a keen sense of humor. He was always ready to give assistance to others, and his sympathy with persons of varying views gained him many confidences, incidentally resulting in increased support for the Episcopal Church. To him the exclusive sectarian was "like a jealous farmer who prays for rain to water his field, that it may be richer than his neighbor's; but the heaven is too broad for him, and will not limit its bounty by the intention of his prayer. It will rain, but it cannot rain between the fences; and so his selfish prayer brings refreshment for the alien acres for which he did not pray." Brooks was a dynamic preacher, and his speech flowed in torrents and with richness of metaphor. Although he felt compelled to decline the professorship of Christian ethics at Harvard, he was for many years overseer and preacher of the university, and had a deep influence upon the religious life of the students.

Being a man of high ideals and constantly seeking expression for them, Brooks was a writer of verse all his life. "There are moods of mind," he says, "and circumstances of condition when utterance, and utterance in that particular form which we call verse, is eminently healthy. . . . They help him to establish his identity, to prove his right to old hopes and thoughts and fancies, to his whole past self. . . . We find poems written in the world that we cannot help reading and singing. Out of as prosaic a car window as your road can boast, I saw God write a gorgeous poem this very morning. With a fresh sunbeam for a pencil, on a broad sheet of level snow, the diamond letters were spelled out one by one till the whole was aflame with poetry."

Although Brooks felt no call to minister to the world in the poetic form, his love of the Lord, of nature, and of his fellowmen, stimulated him to write verse that has rendered him more immortal than have his inspired sermons.

The latter will be read and remembered by the clergy and the divinity students; but his beautiful Christian hymn, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," will never be lost to the laity. It is his personal impression of the advent of the Master whom he so dearly loved,—an impression interpreted through the music of his own soul:

O little town of Bethlehem,
  How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
  The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
  The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
  Are met in thee to-night.

O morning stars, together
  Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
  And peace to men on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary,
  And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
  Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,
  The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
  The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
  But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
  The dear Christ enters in.

Where children pure and happy
  Pray to the blessed Child,
Where misery cries out to thee,
  Son of the mother mild;

Where charity stands watching
  And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
  And Christmas comes once more.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
  Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in—
  Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
  The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
  Our Lord Emmanuel!

It is not difficult to understand that one so sincerely and intensely absorbed in his Ideal, should look upon the great festival of His Nativity with such enthusiasm and fullness of heart. And of this we have another illustration in his

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
Christmas where snow-peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where corn fields lie sunny and bright,
  Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight.
  Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all,
No palace too great and no cottage too small;
The angels who welcome Him sing from the height,
"In the City of David a King in His might."
  Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin,
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,
Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light,
  Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

So the stars of the midnight which compass us round
Shall see a strange glory, and hear a sweet sound,
And cry, "Look! the earth is aflame with delight,
O sons of the morning, rejoice at the sight."
  Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Thus Brooks sang the universality of Christmas. He saw it everywhere,—in the fields and on the snow-capped-mountains, throughout the Old World and the New, and in the hearts of men. But he also saw it for all time!

CHRISTMAS ONCE IS CHRISTMAS STILL.

The silent skies are full of speech
  For who hath ears to hear;
The winds are whispering each to each,
The moon is calling to the beach,
And stars their sacred mission teach,
  Of Faith, and Love, and Fear.

But once the sky its silence broke,
  And song o'erflowed the earth,
The midnight air with glory shook,
And angels mortal language spoke,
When God our human nature took,
  In Christ the Saviour's birth.

And Christmas once is Christmas still;
  The gates through which He came,
And forests wild and murmuring rill,
And fruitful field and breezy hill,
And all that else the wide world fill,
  Are vocal with His name.

Shall we not listen while they sing,
  This latest Christmas morn,
And music hear in everything,
And faithful lives in tribute bring
To the great song which greets the King
  Who comes when Christ is born?

As Isaac O. Rankin observes, "Many qualities of the poet Brooks possessed in a high degree—the brooding mind, sensitiveness to impression, keen appreciation of beauty, great depth of passionate feeling, breadth and accuracy of observation, and a true sense of the harmony and melody of words. Nor must it be forgotten that the poets were his teachers, that from Tennyson he seems to have gained the sense of the place of faith in our life with God, that traces of Wordsworth are to be read in his early thinking, and that the great poets of Greece and Italy and England were the life companions of his reading. The noble sonnets which embody and express his feelings after reading the three great tragedies of Aeschylus perhaps touch the high-water mark of his power of self-expression on the literary side. The hymns are too well known to need comment. Most of the published verse is deeply religious in feeling and strongly personal in tone—the revealed confidences of a great and inwardly lonely man in silent hours when he wrote down his thoughts for himself alone."

The poet's hope for the never-ending celebration of the anniversary of the Nativity again found expression in

CONSTANT CHRISTMAS.

The sky can still remember
  The earliest Christmas morn,
When in the cold December
  The Saviour Christ was born.

And still in darkness clouded
  And still in noonday light,
It feels its far depths crowded
  With Angels fair and bright.

O never fading splendour!
  O never silent song!
Still keep the green earth tender,
  Still keep the gray earth strong;
Still keep the brave earth dreaming
  Of deeds that shall be done,
While children's lives come streaming
  Like sunbeams from the sun.

No star unfolds its glory,
  No trumpet's wind is blown,
But tells the Christmas story
  In music of its own.
No eager strife of mortals
  In busy field or town
But sees the open portals
  Through which the Christ came down.

O Angels sweet and splendid,
  Throng in our hearts and sing
The wonders which attended
  The coming of the King,
Till we, too, boldly pressing
  Where once the Angels trod,
Climb Bethlehem's Hill of Blessing,
  And find the Son of God.

At the age of fifty-six, Brooks was consecrated bishop of Massachusetts. He died on January 23, 1893, after a brief episcopate of fifteen months. But once more let us hear, as he heard it in the fullness of a life of service,

THE VOICE OF THE CHRIST-CHILD.

The earth has grown cold with its burden of care,
  But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
  When the song of the Angels is sung.

It is coming, old earth, it is coming to-night;
  On the snowflakes which cover thy sod,
The feet of the Christ-child fall gently and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
  That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
  That voice of the Christ-child shall fall;
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope which he dared not to dream of before,
  With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
  Where the feet of the holiest have trod;
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed,
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
  That mankind are the children of God.

XV. Other Writers—Nineteenth Century.

When winter nights grow long,
  And winds without blow cold,
We sit in a ring round the warm wood-fire,
  And listen to stories old!

—*Bryan Waller Proctor.*

Our sojourn with Scott, Irving, Dickens, and Thackeray has carried us through the first half of the nineteenth century and well into the Mid-Victorian era. During these years Christmas literature was also produced by lesser lights,—men who may not have attained to the greatness of those already mentioned, but nevertheless were writers of ability and understanding, and contributed their mite of festal joy to the season. Practical considerations limit us to but a few of these.

Charles Benjamin Tayler.

One of the earliest Christmas books of this period was published in 1828, under the title "A Fireside Book, or The Account of a Christmas Spent at Old Court, by the author of *May You Like It.*" The writer, Charles Benjamin Tayler, was Rector of St. Peter's, Chester, and later of Otley, Ipswich. He wrote many books and received commendations and favorable notices on both sides of the Atlantic.

A Fireside Book is very appropriately entitled. We are carried back to the year 1709 and introduced to "Old Court," the ancient and stately seat of an old family. Hospitality meets us at the gate.

Be ye lord or rustic hind,
Here a welcome you may find;
Be you grave or be you gay,
Come, and go; or come, and stay;
Be it June or Christmas tide,
Or any other month beside,
Be your visit long or short,
Welcome, welcome, to Old Court.

The present incumbent of the old manor is Sir Adam Fairfax, Kt., country gentleman, who resides there with his sister Amabel and his young daughter Grace. The holidays are at hand, and the family circle about the old fireside has been enlarged by the addition of the old knight's two sons and their wives, and a young man who is paying court to Grace.

We are still in the time when festivities were not limited to a single day, but lasted from Christmas Eve to Twelfth Night,—the true Christmastide; when seasonal entertainment took on a larger scope, and story-telling was an important and extensive factor. And so at "Old Court" on this occasion six stories were told by as many members of the Christmas party.

The *first* is entitled *Patience,*—a story of the struggles of a poor student, son of a once wealthy father, and of his beloved, a sickly girl, now an orphan. After many privations the young man succeeds in securing a position as tutor in his college. On his meager income the young people are married and live happily ever after; for "Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope." (Romans 5:3-4).

The *second* story is based on the most trying moments in the life of *Catherine Parr,* sixth queen of Henry VIII, who was fortunate enough to save her head and to survive her royal husband.

The *third* tale, *A Legend of Norway,* concerns the young Princess Gurith, who fled from the usurper of her father's throne and was shipwrecked on the coast of ancient Norway. There she became the wife of Prince Regnar, the king's youngest son. Her popularity aroused the jealousy of Temora, wife of the eldest son of the king. Temora plotted her ruin by sorcery and other diabolical practices, which, however, proved ineffectual. But on a certain occasion, when the old king was visiting Gurith, he was mysteriously struck with blindness, and Temora seized upon this misfortune in a further attempt to undo her popular sister-in-law. And so, when the people were holding a festival to their goddess Freya, she related a weird story of a monster cast up by the sea, associating this with Gurith and the king's blindness. By wiles and incantations she aroused the people against the young princess, accusing her of sorcery and witchcraft. For had not Gurith daily retreated to an ancient tower? And was it not fair to assume that there, in the devil's kitchen, she had brewed the fatal charms which brought blindness to the old king?

By these insinuations Temora aroused the people, while through the priests she was able to enlist the old king's support to her evil purpose. Prompt measures were taken to seize Gurith and sacrifice her on the altar of Freya. Not being found in the palace, Temora led the mob to the old tower. In the meantime Prince Regnar unexpectedly returned from a hunt. His efforts to allay the passions of the people failed; but he was the first to reach his wife's chamber in the tower, Temora at his heels. The door stood ajar, and the Prince succeeded in holding off the crowd in order that they might witness his wife's devotions and her prayers and pleas for her enemies, particularly for Temora. And the heart of Temora was struck dumb. She was seized with remorse, but was helpless to stop the dragon she had incited against the princess. Regnar was overpowered! Then came the news of the old king's death. And a lone voice cried, "Long live King Regnar!" There was a breathless pause—and then the cry was echoed by the shouts of the people. Gurith, the Christian Gurith, was saved!

The *fourth* narrative is the *Story of a Savoyard Peasant,* —a double romance of the Alps. A young shepherd falls in love with a neighbor's daughter, but the courtship is cut off by the faithless girl, who marries another for wealth and station. Making his way homeward in a blinding snowstorm, the disconsolate youth hears the loud wailing of a dog. Following the sound he comes upon a wayside shrine, where a young girl has taken refuge under the animal's protection. She is in great distress of mind and body. The young man rescues her, becomes her lover, and finally her husband. One day, while passing a certain house, they hear a terrible altercation from within,—a man's threats, a woman's screams,—and calls for help! Entering, they find a man and wife engaged in a bitter quarrel. The woman is the Savoyard's former sweetheart; her husband, the erstwhile lover of his wife. The moral pointed, the story ends.

The *fifth* story introduces *Monica,* daughter of an Englishman who is in the French service as a spy. He leads a checkered career and finally abandons his daughter, who becomes a sister of charity. Twenty years pass. The father is now a ruined old man, ill to the point of death. He is visited by a sister of charity,—his own daughter, of course, —and he dies in her arms.

The *last* course, *Successful Ambition*, is the gruesome tale of an uncle who murdered his brother's only son and is pursued by an accusing conscience. He confesses to his wife, and, much to his surprise, she loves him for his repentence; for, "When the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive."

These stories are tied together by character sketches of the relators, giving us an insight into the family life of the Fairfaxes, the virtues of some, the shortcomings of others,—a sort of interlude that runs throughout the work.

JOHN MILLS.

Christmas in the Olden Time, or *The Wassail Bowl*, published at London in the year 1838, was written by John Mills, a writer possessing ample knowledge of country life and country sports, coupled with the ability vividly to describe them. The illustrations are by Duncan. This is a good Christmas book. The reader is introduced to a jolly party celebrating the festival in the ancient manner. The mistletoe hangs overhead, the Yule log has been brought to the firing, and the wassail bowl passes from hand to hand. A carol is sung, and a story is told,—an exciting tale of one who has all but surrendered to an evil spirit, sinking lower and lower in his habits of life, until rescued by the woman he loved in his youth. The story ends, the entertainment proceeds. We learn how omens are gathered; how Harry-racket is played,—and Gaping Match; how to become King of Yawners; how to make the best appearance for portraiture through a horse collar; how to whistle one's way to victory in a whistling match; and how to play Hoodman

Blind. And the loving cup passes again as the ceremonies end.

Mr. Mills has written a number of substantial works. Among these are the *Housekeeper's Guide,* published in 1843, and *The Stage Coach,* in three volumes, published in the same year; *The English Fireside,* in three volumes, published in 1844; and *The Old Hall,* in three volumes, and the *Sportsman's Library,* in five volumes, both published in 1845.

ALBERT SMITH.

This English humorist and author was born at Chertsey, England, on May 24, 1816. He studied medicine in London and Paris, and became a member of the College of Surgeons in 1838. He early began to write for the magazines, and attracted the attention of his brethren and the public by a series of papers in the *Medical Times,* entitled *Jasper Buddle; or, Confessions of a Dissecting-Room Porter.* He also contributed to *The Mirror, Bentley's Miscellany* and *Punch,* wrote dramatic pieces, and soon found himself committed to a literary career.

Smith was best known for his illustrated lectures or amusing monologues in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, London, in which he described a visit to Constantinople, the ascent of Mount Blanc, and a trip to China in 1858-9. Of these tours he also published accounts. The exhibition of the ascent of Mount Blanc commenced on March 15, 1852, and filled the Egyptian Hall with delighted audiences for a number of years. It was repeated over a thousand times, invariably to a crowded house. Smith's lectures, with the addition of fine scenery, were amazingly successful. He appeared in this performance for the last time on the Monday evening preceding his death which occurred at Fulham on Wednesday morning, May 23, 1860.

Smith was the author of many works, including *The Wassail Bowl for Christmas,* published in two volumes by Richard Bentley, London, in 1843. It is not a Christmas book, but a collection of jolly stories, illustrated by John Leech. As the author observes, "Our only wish is to produce a few rays of honest merriment round the warm hearth of 'olde Christemasse.'" The prologue, an ancient ballad, is well suited to introduce what follows:

Our wassell we doe fille
  With apples and with spyce,
Then grant us your gode wille
  To taste here once or twice
              Of our Wassell.

Much joie betide you all,
  Our praiers shall be stille,
We hope and ever shal
  For this your great gode wille
              To our Wassell.

The nature of the wassail served up appears by the chapter contents. Volume One includes *Christmas Pantomimes; The War with China; A Useful Receipt* (How to Cure Love); *Punch; Proposals for a New Matrimonial Agency Office; Mr. Percival Jenks and the Ballet-girl; A Strange Visit; A Charade; Science and the Show-folks; Delightful People; The Bureau Drawer; The Prevailing Epidemic; The Grisette; The Last Derby Day; A Night in the Royal George; The Laudanum Patient; A French School; A Legend of Windsor Forest; Hints to Newspapers; Speculations on Marriage;* and *A Visit to Greenwich Fair.* In the second volume we find *The Physiology of Evening Parties; Blanche Heriot* (A Legend of Old Chertsey Church); *Mr. Pimony Skuffle; Canova's First Love; An English Masquerade; The Album of Chamonix; Bartholomew Fair; A Rencontre with the Brigands; An Excursion to Chillon;* and *Herne the Hunter.*

Mr. Smith was the author of many other works, including the *Adventures of Jack Ledbury; Fortunes of the Scattergood Family;* and *Christopher Tadpole.* He was also the dramatic critic of the *Illustrated London News* and a contributor to *Puck* and *Punch.*

Louis Alexis Chamerovzow

A most fascinating Christmas story, with a substantial admixture of fairy lore, was written by Louis Alexis Chamerovzow, the author of *The Chronicles of the Bastile* and *The Embassy.* The book was illustrated by George Cruikshank and published by T. C. Newby, London, in 1847, under the title "*The Yule Log* for Everybody's Christmas Hearth; showing where it grew; how it was cut and brought home; and how it was burnt."

The Yule Log is the story of a haunted old beech tree that grew in a secluded dale or dingle. It was the only beech within a radius of ten miles, and no one knew how it came to spring up where it did. And there it lived by itself, like an old bachelor. Those wishing to go directly to the dingle always lost their way. It was worse than a labyrinth, hard to get into, and equally hard to get out of. When about to give up the quest, the tree would suddenly stare at them, just as if it had been playing hide-and-seek. It was gnarled and crooked, black and bare of bark, its limbs deformed, leafless and covered with moss. It creaked and groaned in the wind, and there were fairy tracks about its feet. Even the birds had deserted it.

The fairies had done the mischief. They planted the beech-nut, tended the sapling, and trod the rings over the grass about its trunk. It all happened years ago when the Fairy Queen took on a consort and commenced to rear a family. The toad-stool under which she lived was now too small, and her Parliament had voted her a larger palace. The old stool was torn down and the foundations of the new home laid by the planting of a beechnut, which grew into a spacious tree. Under it the Queen took up residence. Soon the branches afforded permanent shelter to the whole tribe of fairies, who played all sorts of pranks on the country folks. Those who dared come within ten yards were mysteriously tormented, and even thrown off their feet.

As the years rolled by the sturdy tree braved every tempest. But Time finally beat it hollow; its leaves came later and fell earlier; its feet grew gouty, and severe winds blew off its limbs and loosened its roots. The few branches which remained did not suffice to keep out the rain and snow, and the fairies took refuge in the hollow trunk.

On the night before Christmas, Abel, a farmer, incurred the enmity of the fairies, and they held a council to decide upon his punishment. He lived in the House that Jack Built (for such was his father's name), with his wife Beck (Rebecca) and his three children, Ruth, Robin and Jack.

Although Abel was by nature a happy man, fears of rainy days and droughts tormented him. He became moody and parsimonious, even begrudging the landlord the rent; but his wife Beck was generous and hospitable. On Christmas Eve she was preparing to feast and entertain the neighbors, for this year it was their turn to burn the Yule log.

But Abel disapproved. "Damn the neighbors! Damn the Yule!" he shouted, after working himself into a frenzy because of the expense. The pleas and tears of his wife, and the fact that invitations had already gone forth, did not change his attitude. Some time ago he obtained his lord's permission to cut down the old beech, and now the boys were bringing in a portion of the trunk. Not being permitted to put it on the fire, they stood it in a corner beside the hearth. Then Abel asked the boys to tell the neighbors not to come.

As Abel sat before the fireplace in moody meditation, he thought the old beech stump winked at him and stretched its arms. Then it got up on its stumps and hopped into the fire, seating itself on the burning logs. "Who be ye?" asked Abel. "I am the Spirit of Yule!" And why do 'ee burn yourself in that fashion?" asked Abel. "For fun! I'm burnt once a year regularly. It was your turn to burn me this year; but as you didn't choose to do it, I'm burning myself! I shall flare up presently." And so it did. But as Abel momentarily awoke, the log stood in its corner; and he dreamed on.

The rent being due, the farmer decided to visit his lord and make payment for the quarter. On the way he again encountered the old sprite of the Yule log, and seemed to hear voices in the haunted dingle. But he hurried on, reached the lord's manor and paid his rent. The old "bailey" having recently died, Lord Boozle gave the position to Abel. The chief duties of his new assignment involved the collection of rents, distraints, and the eviction of delinquent tenants. Just before he was received, his neighbor, farmer Dibble, now delinquent for five quarters, had made an unsuccessful plea for time and was threatened with eviction. It was he who burned the Yule log for his neighbors last year; but now they either refused or were unable to help him. He appealed to Abel, but he also refused aid, although he might have helped him. One of the first tasks given Abel was to collect Dibble's rent or to evict him.

The new appointment made, Lord Boozle called in Jinks, his butler, to apprise him of the fact, with instructions to introduce Abel to all the members of the household in the servants' hall. And there he was taken to be made known and to partake of Christmas cheer. In the midst of the hilarity the little old sprite of the Yule log again appeared to Abel; but he was not apparent to the rest of the company. There he sat in the fireplace, winking, blinking and nodding at Abel. And he scampered out and danced in and out between his legs. To avoid the sprite, Abel capered about like a madman. The servants, thinking him overcharged with their wassail, joined him. At last Abel and his nemesis danced out of the hall together, and the little sprite lured him to the dingle. Tired and worn, Abel attempted to go home, but found himself riveted to the spot; and all the while he was being tortured and taunted as the blazing little log kept up the dance. He heard voices, and soon a number of sprites in the form of animated Yule logs were dancing about and making sport of him. But suddenly finding himself free, he joined in the dance as if by choice. And as the sprites sang the old carol his father used to sing, he became reconciled to the master-sprite who had lured him to the dingle, even proposing his health and striking up the air "For he's a jolly good fellow." Finally the little dancers piled themselves together,—a bonfire of logs! And the last Abel remembered was that he too was a log, and had joined the rest to burn himself for their entertainment.

Seven years pass. Abel is now his lord's land-steward. He has made new friends but lost his old ones. Having accumulated sufficient wealth, ambition has seized him. Of his son Jack he would make a parson; of Robin, a member of Parliament; and of his daughter Ruth, a fine lady, the wife of his lord's nephew. Lord Boozle was growing old and feeble, and he owed Abel large sums on mortgages. These Abel would cancel as a marriage inducement. He talked to his wife Beck, but she did not favor the marriage. In the midst of this family council, Dibble, whom Abel had evicted, called to demand redress because Robin had brought Dibble's daughter Peggy to shame. He insisted upon marriage to save the girl's honor; but Abel refused, even threatening to cut off his son should he marry Peggy. And so Dibble left Abel's roof, but not without warning him of rumors that his own daughter Ruth had already compromised herself with the lord's nephew.

And then came a message from Lord Boozle requesting Abel to call at the Manor House to receive payment of the mortgages. In the meantime Beck had talked to Ruth and found the rumors of her relations with the young lord to be true. Over his wife's tears and protests Abel determined to drive his daughter out of the house. But Ruth having overhead all, had already left.

Another three years pass. Abel, now rich in his own right, has set himself up as an independent country gentleman and secured an appointment as justice of the peace for the district. Although he has lost his daughter and his wife died of a broken heart, his avarice and self-interest have not abated. As he sat alone at the fireside his gamekeeper brought in poor Dibble, apprehended for poaching, and accused of the murder of one whom he slew in self-defense. His pleas to Justice Abel were unavailing, and he was sent away in custody to stand trial, although his judge had brought him to these extremities. Then another visitor arrived, announcing that a destitute young girl, ill to death at an institution for the poor, desired permission to pass through his district so that she might die in the bosom of her family. And she was brought in. It was Ruth! She recognized the Justice as her father, and he recognized his daughter. After obtaining his forgiveness, she expired in his arms.

In another decade Abel has become a prematurely aged man without a friend. His sons have succeeded in life. Robin is giving a Christmas party, but his enfeebled old father has been left sitting alone in his chamber. Although apparently prosperous, Robin speculated himself into debt and is about to borrow a large sum of money to save his firm from ruin. Abel, supposedly asleep, hears an earnest discussion between lender and borrower, in which the latter is offering his prospects of inheritance as security. The two enter the chamber. In a mirror Abel sees Robin take his will out of a box and show it to the money-lender, who reads it and is satisfied. And so they quietly step out again. But Robin returns alone, and again taking the will, burns it in the fire, thus hoping to inherit the entire estate of his father instead of sharing it with his younger brother according to its terms.

And now Abel is alone again, and he awakes! What a long and terrible dream it was! There is Beck, and Ruth, and the boys! Abel jumps up and begins to dance! The Yule log still stands in the corner. "Let 'em come and welcome!" cries Abel, as it is thrown on the fire, and the children scamper forth to bring the neighbors. Honest farmer Dibble and his pretty little Peggy are among the first to arrive and to wish Abel a Merry Christmas. Abel whispers in his ear that he will lend him the money to pay his rent. And so all the neighbors come.

> "Cheerily blazed the Yule log that night; and merry were the hearts, young and old, that watched it flicker and flame."

W. J. SOREL.

In 1854 George Routledge & Co., London, published CHRISTMAS DAY: *And How It was Spent by Four Persons in the House of Fograss, Fograss, Mowton & Snorton, Bankers.* The story is by Christian LeRos,—a pseudonym for the family name (W. J.) Sorel. The illustrations are by Phiz.

We are ushered into the banking house and introduced to the senior partner, Sir Fograss, a man of sixty, kind and affable; Thomas Snorton, junior partner, a man of fifty, who rose from nothing to his present position; Jack Tripples, a clerk in the outer office; and Thomas Poundaweek, head messenger. These are the four persons with whom we will spend Christmas, each in his own setting, and characterized in the manner of Thackeray. All are held together by a mystery.

Sir Fograss, a baronet, but better fitted for a country squire, celebrates Christmas with relatives and friends, lords and ladies, tenants and servants. While the festivities are in progress Snorton, the junior partner, suddenly appears, pale of face and trembling. He whispers into the baronet's ear, and he too turns pale. Both mysteriously depart, and Lady Fograss is left to conclude the entertainment.

And now for Christmas at Snorton Lodge, "an ugly brick box," surrounded by flowerbeds laid out with mathematical accuracy. "Genteel" friends have been invited, but the whole occasion is stiff and frosty. The party is hardly under way when Tripples, one of the bank clerks, hurriedly arrives to impart news to the junior partner, who stands aghast as the clerk whispers in his ear. Snorton leaves at once to confer with his senior.

Jack Tripples, third subject, lives in a little court in the Strand. He pays his rent promptly and gives little trouble to his landlady. Poverty forced him into the world early in life, and he was placed in the bank by the baronet, who knew his father. On Christmas day Tripples was alone, and his lonesomeness interfered with his appetite at breakfast. He rushed out, making his way to the bustling Strand. Crowds hurried by, merry good-humored faces. He went to the tavern where he usually dined and ordered a turkey dinner, for he meant to make his Christmas merry. He had hardly raised a piece of turkey on his fork when Poundaweek rushed in and whispered in his ear. The fork dropped and the dinner was left uneaten as Tripples rushed to Snorton Lodge. We have already told of his arrival there.

Our fourth visit is to the humble apartment of the bank's head porter, Timothy Poundaweek. He has a wife and five children. The chief object of attention is the Christmas dinner now in course of preparation. To be out of the way Poundaweek and his youngest daughter go for a walk, while the oldest girl stays to watch the goose for Mother. They traversed a number of small courts, and on turning a corner, came into violent contact with two rough characters, one carrying a bundle; but the men soon disappeared from view.

Returning home, Timothy found the Christmas dinner on the table. He sharpened his knife, said a short grace, and was about to carve, when he thought of certain letters he had forgotten to post. He left at once, and the goose was placed before the fire to keep warm. Upon reaching the bank he found a key on the floor, and becoming suspicious, he descended to the strong room. Although it appeared to be closed, the door yielded. Account books lay scattered about the floor. The securities were gone and the gold drawer was empty!

The robbery was reported to the partners as already stated. Detectives were called in, and nothing further remaining to be done, Timothy retraced his steps homeward. Passing a dismal house, he started instinctively. Voices proceeded from within, and the word "robbery" was used. Drawing closer to the wall he heard the word "notes." Then all was silent.

Detectives accompanied Timothy and Jack to the house of mystery. Timothy knocked, as his companions waited. The door was opened by one of the very men who had run into him earlier in the day. He was recognized as a police character and taken into custody. Search of the house revealed nothing but house-breaking tools. But presently there was a knock, and through the keyhole one of the detectives perceived three men, one with a bundle, waiting to be admitted. The door was opened, the men entered, and were trapped and relieved of their loot. The bundle contained the missing securities and money. Tripples, Poundaweek and one of the detectives were sent to Fograss Court with the recovered property. Their arrival dispelled the gloom which the robbery had cast upon the holiday celebration, and the occasion ended in merriment and happiness for all concerned.

JAMES T. BRADY.

A Christmas Dream, written by James T. Brady, and illustrated by Edward S. Hall, was published by Appleton & Co., New York, in 1860. The story is told by the dreamer. On Christmas Eve he observes a ragged barefooted girl, who accosts a rich man for alms, receiving none. Finally she disappears from view in a throng of Christmas shoppers. Next he observes a miserable scavenger, a sack on his shoulder and a hook in his hand, wearily wending his way homeward after a day of vile labor. Then a carriage passes, drawn by spirited horses driven by a pompous coachman. Inside the coach is the same churl who refused to assist the little beggar. A shriek arises from the pavement as the vehicle passes over the unfortunate lass. The scavenger picks her up in his arms and carries her away, crying "My poor daughter!"

The dreamer is attracted by music from a fashionable restaurant near by. Entering, he falls into conversation with a withered old man, very like the poor scavenger, but more neatly dressed. From a sack the old man produces a number of books, arranging them with great care on the table. He explains that he is not of this world, but merely the agent of an unseen monarch.

> "Yes! That monarch is the Past; an unrelenting and unyielding tyrant, who never returns the slightest trifle that ever comes within his grasp. It is my duty to collect, during the brief period assigned for my labor, such mementos of his power as this earth may afford, and when I have laid them at his feet, I, too, will become one of his monuments, and be denied the privilege of ever existing on this earth again. I am the 'Passing Year.' In these volumes I have the record

> of what man has achieved during the time of my pilgrimage, —of the wrongs and virtues that have disfigured or adorned his career."

And holding up a very small volume, he continued,

> "Here is the record of virtuous resolutions kept. What huge quarto enrolls those that were violated? Alas! many who shouted deliriously at my advent, are now in the dust. . . . It is Christmas Eve. Come forth with me into the open air and I will reveal to you what no mortal has seen before. I will show you your own history, how is connected by a mysterious influence the Christmas of the Present with the Christmas of the Past."

And so the dreamer is carried back to the days of his boyhood, when his wants were provided for by those who now lie in the dust.

> "Christmas Eve was a great time then, and was seen from afar. We commenced discussing its advent, and the delights it would bring, from the last holiday that preceded it; and even now, when in the maturity of life we find Christmas at hand, and feel no excitement of preparation, we wonder why we miss the feverish expectation with which it was once awaited, forgetting how few cares we had then to disturb the daily anticipation of the heart. . . . There was such a busy note of preparation about the house, such mysterious deposits of turkeys and quarters of mutton in the hall, such strange developments of baskets, only equaled by the banquets that came from the earth in pantomime; and such a profusion of fruit and confections actually left within our reach, without even a prohibition to touch them. Who can forget the smell of his Christmas home? The dinner table was surrounded by the family once more. There was not even one absent."

The vision passes on to the "Christmas of Manhood,"— the table still loaded with abundance. But how narrowed the family circle! Father and mother have gone to their long rest, followed by a brother and sister. Death has stepped in to thin the little band.

And now the "Passing Year" shows him another scene,—the living room of his own home. The fire has a dim look. Four figures are seated about the table,—the departed members of his own family, enjoying, as they were wont to do in life, the comforts of home. He gazes with astonishment as his lost ones ascend to the upper chambers where the family reposes; and he sees each of them stoop over those asleep, to kiss the slumberer's cheek. Then they return to the fireside and seat themselves once more. And when the dreamer too lies down to rest for the night, the beloved faces visit his couch also, and linger over his pillow with looks of undying love. He hears their prayers for his welfare; and then the faces disappear.

The "Passing Year" speaks once more, reminding the dreamer of the appeal of suffering mankind spurned by avarice, and admonishing him to wake up on the morrow and so conduct his life as if those whose good opinion he respected while they lived, are still near to the dear ones whom they nurtured.

> "The ancients had their household gods—the work of mortal hands, and only sanctioned by the sincerity of superstition,—while you, through the blessing of Heaven, enjoy the omnipresent care of the great Creator, and have as gods of the household, the memories of departed loved ones, to be united with whom should be the aim and end of your existence."

Then the mysterious stranger departed. And now for the epilogue:

> "Did I not say that the Christmas time returns? Here is the jocund season; the evergreens are gathered to

> decorate the halls of the hospitable ones; the members of families, separated for months or years, are once more to assemble around the familiar hearth-stones. . . . The laugh of age shall unite with that of childhood, the feast shall be ample, the jest swift, the dance nimbler than ever, and the hours go round with only lustre on their wings. Go to! Let us leave off this useless sorrowing. . . . What though the circle of friends from which so much of illumination radiated upon our souls, grows narrower, and we doubt whether, when the next of its links is broken, we shall share or occasion the sorrow of survivors? Yet should we be of good cheer, and snatch from passing Time whatever innocent grace or pleasure he places within our grasp."

For fear of tiring the reader, we here conclude the chapter on other writers of the nineteenth century. The works referred to range from 1828 to 1860, and at least give some idea of what the lesser lights contributed to literary Christmas fare during this period.

XVI. Kate Douglas Wiggin.

My door is on the latch tonight,
  The hearth fire is aglow.
I seem to hear swift passing feet,—
  The Christ Child in the snow.

My heart is open wide tonight
  For stranger, kith or kin,
I would not bar a single door
  Where Love might enter in.
    —*Romance of a Christmas Card.*

Kate Douglas Wiggin, the American novelist, was born September 28, 1856, at Philadelphia, from whence her family removed to Hollis, Maine. She was the daughter of Robert N. Smith, a lawyer, and Elizabeth Dyer Smith, and was educated at home and at various seminaries, including Abbot Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. At seventeen she joined her family at Santa Barbara, whither her stepfather had gone for his health.

Books were always Mrs. Wiggin's chief interest. She was particularly fond of Dickens, whom she met in her childhood. She first appeared in print at the age of twenty-one with a story, "Half-a-Dozen Housekeepers," published serially in St. Nicholas Magazine for 1877. After a year's study of child education in Los Angeles and a brief period of teaching at Santa Barbara, she went to San Francisco, where, in 1878, she organized the first free kindergarten west of the Rockies. Two years later she founded a kindergarten training school in San Francisco. The following year she married Samuel B. Wiggin, a lawyer, and gave up teaching, but continued to supervise the training school. Although she removed to New York in 1884, she made yearly trips to San Francisco in connection with her school.

In 1886, for the benefit of her kindergarten, Mrs. Wiggin wrote *The Birds' Christmas Carol,* her first published book.

On Christmas morning a baby girl was born in the Bird household, which was already blessed with three boys. In honor of the season the "little snowbird" was named Carol. She was a happy baby, and a great joy to all the family, but in her tenth year she became ill, and the "little snowbird" drooped its wings. Her cheeks and lips, once red as holly berries, faded. Although she was confined to her room, everything was done to make her lot as easy and pleasant as possible.

Carol was a good child and loved to give happiness to others. She befriended the youngsters of the poor Ruggles family who lived in the rear,—ten jolly boys and girls. They were very considerate of their little invalid neighbor, and when she was ill they played quiet games; and she watched them from her window; and they talked to her and tried to comfort her.

Another Christmas came, and Carol gave the Ruggles children a Christmas party. They all came and enjoyed a good Christmas dinner. Carol was happy too, but went to bed very tired. That night she died.

The story became a popular vehicle for dramatization by school children, who took particular delight in the characters of the Ruggles family. Hundreds of babies were named for the little heroine; and Carol and Carol Bird Clubs were formed all over the country. A dramatic version of the story was published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., New York, in 1914. It contains an introduction explaining how the booklet came to be written and suggestions for staging the story.

In 1889 Mr. Wiggin died, and in the following year his widow made her first trip to Europe. This she continued to do every summer, spending most of her time in the British Isles. These trips resulted in a series of six books, beginning with *A Cathedral Courtship.* In 1895 Mrs. Wiggin married George C. Riggs, a New York merchant whom she met on shipboard; but she continued to write under the name Wiggin.

The idea of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,* Mrs. Wiggin's most popular novel, came to her in a "sort of a walking dream" as she lay ill in New York. "I saw an old fashioned stage coach rumbling along a dusty country road. And from the window leaned a dark haired gypsy of a child." Too weak to write at that time, Mrs. Wiggin began the book at a southern health resort and finished it in a sanitarium. It was published in 1903, and several million copies were sold. It was also translated into several foreign languages.

The Old Peabody Pew, a Christmas Romance of a Country Church, was written by Mrs. Wiggin, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company in 1907. It was dedicated to "a certain handful of dear New England women of names unknown to the world, dwelling in a certain quiet village, alike unknown." The book was illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens.

This is not a Christmas story. The season is merely incidental to the climax. Nevertheless, it is a good wholesome study of country life in a small New England village inhabited by a small group of enterprising women, mostly spinsters and widows, and a few men, rather lacking in initiative and pluck. Justin Peabody, a young bachelor, was just such a man, and ill luck followed him like a shadow. His father, a farmer, had made enough from the land to support his family, but Justin found it impossible to coax a competence from the soil. He worked early and late, but Nature seemed against him. He could not keep his crops free of crows, caterpillars, grasshoppers, worms and bugs. The vermin thrived on the very poison he offered them.

The story opens with the cleaning of the white Meeting House in preparation for the approaching holiday. The women, associated together as the Dorcas Society, undertook the task and laid the carpet.

The Peabodys had a pew in the old church for many years, and Nancy Wentworth, a young village lass, often sat with the family. Justin loved Nancy, but his ill luck and lack of money stood in the way of their marriage. He decided to try his luck elsewhere, promising to return should fortune smile upon him.

Years passed. Justin returned, not with a fortune, but as a humble wage earner. He and Nancy were married, and on Christmas day they occupied the old Peabody pew.

In 1916 Houghton, Mifflin Company published *The Romance of a Christmas Card,* written by Mrs. Wiggin and illustrated by Alice Ercle Hunt.

It is Christmas Eve in the little village of Beulah, and the parson is preparing his Christmas sermon. His text is Isaiah 6:8. "And I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send? . . . Then said I, Here am I, send me!" Reba, his wife, is on her way to cheer up Letty Boynton, a neighbor, at home alone with the twin children of an ungrateful brother. Reba is the minister's second wife, his first having passed away years ago, leaving him with Dick, a child of six. For twelve years the father struggled under the burden of parental and parochial cares. Then Reba crossed his path and was wooed and won. Under her influence the parson revived in spirit and disposition and new life was infused into his congregation. She saved Letty's soul from despair by an understanding friendship, and she made up her mind to win back the minister's son. She also had a new idea for Christmas,—she would make her own Christmas card, and hoped to have it published.

Approaching Letty's little cottage, Reba saw a lighted candle in the window, and beside it sat Letty, her elbow on the table, her chin in the cup of her hand. "What a picture," thought Reba, "the very thing for my Christmas card!" And this it afterward became, with the verses which appear at the beginning of this chapter added. During this visit Reba heard Letty's story.

> "After I put the candle on the table I could not rest for thinking. I wasn't ready in my soul to light the Christ Child on his way. I was bitter and unresigned. It was three years tonight since the children were born, and each year I have hoped and waited, thinking David might remember. David! my brother, their father! Then the fire on the hearth, the moon and the snow quieted me, and I felt that I wanted to open the door, just a little. No one would notice that it's ajar, I thought; but there is a touch of welcome in it anyway. David seems to think it the natural thing for me to look after his children; as if there could be no question of any life of my own. When mother died, there was my stepfather to nurse, but I was young and strong. He wasn't a burden long, poor father. Then after four years came the shock of David's reckless marriage to Eva. When he asked if he might bring that girl here until her time of trial was over, I said yes. He brought her. He never saw her

> alive again, nor saw his babies after they were three days old. I gave up a good deal for the darlings once, but that's past and gone. Now they're the only life I have."

Letty's father had been the village doctor, but of him she had no memory. Her step-father, John Gilman, was an old country lawyer, who became an invalid requiring constant care. When Letty was three, David was born, and the two children grew to be close companions. Upon her mother's death Letty, now eighteen, became the mistress of the house, nurse to the aged step-father, and guardian of a mischievous boy of fifteen.

David was a bright boy, but always in a scrape, and Dick, the parson's son, was his pal for better or for worse. The parson had never succeeded in bringing his boy into the church, and of course there was small town gossip under which Dick became very restive.

It was natural that David should want to leave Beulah and make his way in the world, and Letty did not oppose him. Dick's circumstances were different. He had inherited a small farm from his mother, had a college education, and had been offered a share in a good business only twelve miles away. But he left Beulah because he hated it; because he could not endure his father's remonstrances; because Deacon Todd had prayed for him in a public meeting; because others had circulated slanders about him; and lastly, because the only being who could comfort him had refused him. He could not understand why Letty should let the two red-faced squalling babies of her half-brother stand in the way. After a passionate quarrel with his father, Dick turned his back on Beulah.

With Dick gone, Letty's days grew drab and long, and her heart ached because David was leaving her so completely to her own resources. From their birth he had looked upon the twins without a trace of fatherly pride. He was ashamed of them as the fruit of his matrimonial misadventure, and returned to his work in Boston without relieving Letty of the burden he had cast upon her. He had answered the call in his own way: Here am I, Lord; send Letty.

Time passed since Letty had sat at the window. Winter was at hand again, ushering in the Christmas season. Reba submitted her card and it was reluctantly accepted. The publisher paid her five dollars for it and suggested she try a New Hampshire cottage, with some verses about "the folks back home." This she did. Her second effort pictured the outside of Letty's cottage, accompanied by a suitable verse; and the publisher was pleased.

On the afternoon of the day before Christmas, two young men met on a train bound for Beulah. David looked pinched and pale, but his friend Dick appeared prosperous and happy. David, less fortunate, had just come out of the hospital. Each wondered what had drawn the other back to the town they had mutually despised. David produced a card; Dick produced another. David had the first of Reba's cards, Dick the second. David had recognized his mother's portrait on the wall of the sitting room, as pictured on the first card; also the rag carpet, and the andirons around which he used to play. For some time it had not occurred to him that the figure at the window might be Letty. He had gotten his card from a nurse at the hospital. Dick picked up his card at a dentist's office. It had caught his eye, for it certainly pictured Letty's house. And he discovered Reba's initials among the holly. The train having reached Beulah, the wayfarers alighted, each departing for his own home.

Christmas Eve again found Letty at the open window, although all the village had gone to the Christmas tree. She was keeping watch alone, the two children breathing softly in the next room. The candle was in its place. Presently she heard footsteps in the crunching snow, and as she pushed her chair back into the shadows, she heard a voice: "Don't be frightened Letty, it's David! Can I come in? I haven't any right to, except it's Christmas Eve." All resentment melted away. There were few words at first; nothing but close-locked hands and wet cheeks pressed together. Then Letty sent David into the children's room. He came out in tears. For the first time he thought of the children as his own, and he acknowledged that he owed them to Letty. He told her that he was just out of the hospital; that a nurse had brought him back to life, and made him see what a useless creature he had been. And he had told the nurse about his unhappy marriage, the twins, and his sister Letty. Yet she was willing to marry him and assume responsibility for the children.

When Dick arrived at the parsonage,—bag and baggage,—and he had an unusual amount—he found no one at home. But as the key was in its usual place under the mat, he entered, left the luggage, locked the door again, and rushed to the church. The services had just begun. A sort of dressing room had been curtained off in the entry, and there was Mrs. Todd, wife of the senior deacon, Dick's arch-enemy. She called her husband, who was giving first aid to old John Trimble. Trimble had been selected as Santa Claus to the children, but had developed a colic at the critical moment. The deacon met Dick; and peace was made between them, Todd even acceding to Dick's urgent request to be permitted to act as Santa Claus in Trimble's stead.

And now came Dick's chance to make peace with all his critics at once, and under most favorable circumstances. As he stepped forth no one recognized him. He made so lively a Santa Claus that for a time the congregation thought old Trimble had imbibed too much hard cider. Dick opened an unfamiliar pack, from which came a doll for every girl, and a trumpet for every boy. To each gift was attached Reba's card about the "folks back home." And there was a linen handkerchief for every man and woman in the meeting house.

Now Santa threw a lace scarf around Reba's shoulders. Then he approached her husband with a fine fur collar. When the hands of Santa touched him to button on the collar, the parson's flesh quivered. He looked above the white cotton beard and mustache into a pair of dark eyes, merry and mischievous, yet soft and tender. Those close by heard a weak voice say, "My son!" That instant Dick tore off his wig and beard, and cried "Father!" And Santa fell on the minister's neck and clung to him.

The little village of Buelah forgot Dick's past and its children found a new friend for all time. Although Letty had not attended the Christmas celebration, there was another happy reunion at her little cottage on Christmas morning. And Dick blessed the Christmas card! And Letty blessed it! What a Christmas! And what a story!

During the last twenty years of her life Mrs. Wiggin gave many readings from her books. She bore the same relation to her generation that Louisa May Alcott did to hers. Frequent illness hampered her work, but she was a good mixer and of radiant personality. In her last years she wrote an autobiography. She died in England on August 24, 1923, at the age of sixty-six.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, As Her Sister Knew Her, a biography written by Nora Archibald Smith, was published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., in 1925. Therein are to be found many matters of interest concerning *The Birds' Christmas Carol,*—how and why it came to be written, its public reception, dramatization and world wide appeal. *The Old Peabody Pew* also takes on a fresh interest as we read the faithful account of the author's life and work as written by her devoted sister.

The conclusion of a letter written by Mrs. Wiggin to her husband just a month before her death is a fitting epitaph to her memory:

> "When my heart has ceased to beat, I should like to have lived so that you can slip these words under the coffin-lid that covers me: *What she had, she gave gladly—hoping it might somehow please, or help, those who had less. If it was little, at least she tried to multiply and fructify it by use; but were it little or much, she wanted to show her worthiness to possess, by proving herself willing to serve."*

XVII. James Lane Allen.

> When nights are darkest and days most dark; when the sun seems farthest from the planet and cheers it with lowest heat; when the fields lie shorn between harvest-time and seed-time and man turns wistful eyes back and forth between the mystery of his origin and the mystery of his end,—then comes the great pageant of the winter solstice, then comes Christmas.
>
> —*Bride of the Mistletoe.*

James Lane Allen was born December 21, 1849, on a small plantation near Lexington, Kentucky. There he passed most of his early life. The scholarly background for his creative work was acquired through study at Kentucky University (now Transylvania University), his professorship in Latin and English at Bethany College, West Virginia, his teaching of languages in preparatory schools, and his extensive reading. The landscape of his native state, which he loved to call the "Shield" in a topographical sense, inspired his first mature and refined series of tales, *Flute and Violin.* This is also the dominant note in his sketches, *The Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky,* and his early novels, *A Kentucky Cardinal* and its sequel *Aftermath,* and *The Choir Invisible.* He also wrote *The Reign of Law, The Mettle of the Pasture, The Bride of the Mistletoe,* and *The Doctor's Christmas Eve.* Allen's early poems, though beautiful and serious, were never published in book form. He died in New York on February 18, 1925.

The Bride of the Mistletoe, published by the Macmillan Co., New York, in 1909, although in the form of a story, is a scholarly work concerned chiefly with the deep-seated origin and significance of Christmas and with its forest symbol, the Christmas Tree. The process of evolution begins with the hoary old festival of dead nature and the re-appearing sun, and ends with the festival of the Immortal Child, appearing in the midst of mortal children,—the festival of peace on earth and good will toward men,—the symbolic Earth Festival of the Evergreen, by which is renewed man's faith in a destiny that winds its ancient way upward out of the darkness toward the Eternal Light.

A man and wife, in the middle age of life, are used as the mysterious vehicle by which the treatment of the subject is rendered less formal and more concrete. For years the husband has held a professorship in the college of his town. He was married on Christmas Eve, and he brought his wife home on Christmas Night. Then, as if the ceremony of the afternoon had meant nothing, he came forward, took her in his arms, and set upon her the kiss of his house, uttering the words, "*Bride of the Mistletoe!*"

For the past year he has been engaged upon a task requiring much research. On Christmas Eve he brought forth a manuscript, wrapped in true holiday spirit—sprigs of cedar and holly caught in the ribbons—and handed it to his wife as a Christmas gift. He also cut down a very fine fir tree, trimmed it himself, and lighted the candles.

"For you!" he said, as he offered her the fruits of his year's toil. "Do you remember what took place on Christmas Eve last year? You looked at the tree and said what a mystery it is. When and where did it begin, how and why? I resolved to find out for you. Now Christmas has come again, and my work is finished. The hour has come when holly and cedar can speak for themselves."

The manuscript being lengthy, he had arranged for her this brief history of the Christmas tree:

> "I have seen you linger near a honeysuckle in full bloom and question the blossoms in your questioning way—you who are always wishing to probe the heart of things, to drain out of them the red drop of their significance. But those frequent trumpets could blow to your ear no message about their origin. It was where the filaments of the roots drank deepest from the mould of a dead past that you would have had to seek the true mouthpieces of their philosophy.
>
> So the instincts which blossom out thickly over the nature of modern man to themselves are mute. The flower exhibits itself at the tip of the vine; the instinct develops itself at the farthest outreach of life; and the point where it clamors for satisfaction is at the greatest possible distance from its birthplace. For all these instincts send their roots down through the mould of the uncivilized, down through the mould of the primitive, down into the mould of the underhuman—that ancient playhouse dedicated to low tragedies.
>
> It is in a vast ancestral country, a Fatherland of Old Desire, that my story lies for you and for me: drawn from the forest and from human nature as the two have worked in the destiny of the earth. I have wrested it from this Tree come out of the ancient woods into the house on this Night of the Nativity."

And he told her that the sea is the oldest traceable influence in the life of the human race; that man in some ancestral form was rocked in the cradle of the deep, rising from the waves like Venus; that of this origin man still bears traces in his body and emotions,—his *Sea Memories;* that man himself is a closed living sea-shell in the chambers of which the hues of the first ocean are still fresh and its tempests still are sounding.

Then he dwelt upon man's *Forest Memories;* how one day man's last marine ancestor crossed the sands of the beach and entered the forest, and how the Forest fell to work, shaping sea uses to forest uses through a thousand ages. It remodelled him into that angelic shape in which man was ever afterwards to sob and to smile, yet still completely forest-minded, having nothing but forest feelings, forest dreams, and forest faith. And so stood man at the dawn of history, with Forest Memories more powerful than those of the Sea,—so powerful that there are still remnant races which have not yet snapped the primitive tether and will become extinct as mere forest creatures; so powerful that those highest races which have been longest out in the open—as our own Aryan race—have never ceased to be reached by the influence of the woods behind them. These Master Memories we call the Love of Nature. Civilized man's love of nature is instinctive. The root of the story is Man's Forest Faith. He believed the forest to be his immediate ancestor, the creative father of mankind. Thus the Greeks in their oldest faith were tethered to the idea that they were descended from the plane tree. In the Sagas and Eddas the human race is tethered to the world-ash. Among every people of antiquity this forest faith sprang up and flourished. In the Orient each succeeding Buddha was tethered to a different tree; each god of the later classical pantheon was similarly tethered: Jupiter to the oak, Apollo to the laurel, Bacchus to the vine, Minerva to the olive, Juno to the apple. The adoration of the trees began at the dawn of history. Man in the earliest ages believed that the divine dwelt as a bodily presence within the forest.

But one final day the forest lost the Immortal as its indwelling creator. Then the old forest worshipper peopled the trees with an intermediate race of sylvan deities less than divine, more than human; but the lesser could not maintain themselves in temples from which the greater had already been expelled, and they too passed out. But the old forest faith remained, and during still later ages man sent into the trees his own nature so that the woods became freshly endeared to him by many a story of how individuals of his own race had succeeded as tenants to the erstwhile habitations of the gods. This last illusion faded also, and civilized man stood face to face with the modern woods—inhabited only by its sap and cells: and henceforth the dubious oracle of the forest—its one reply to all man's questionings—became the Voice of its own Mystery; and after this the forest worshipper could worship the woods no more.

But civilization as compared with the duration of human life began but yesterday. We are not far beyond the edge of the forest, which still reaches out and twines itself around our deepest spiritual truths: home—birth—love—prayer—death; it tries to overrun them all, and to reclaim them. Thus when we build our houses, instinctively we attempt by some clump of trees to hide them and to shelter ourselves once more inside the forest. In some countries whenever a child is born, a tree is planted as its guardian in nature; in our marriage customs the forest still riots as master of ceremonies with garlands and fruits; our prayers strike against the forest shaped in cathedral stone—memory of the grove, God's first temple; and when we die, it is the tree that is planted beside us as the sentinel of our rest. Man has introduced the tree into the ritual of every later world-worship; and thus he has introduced the evergreen into the ritual of Christianity. At the dawn of history man worshipped the tree as the Creator literally present on earth. In our time we see him using that tree in the worship of the creative Father's Son come to earth in the Father's stead.

Such was the bare tree in wild nature; but now it is loaded with decorations, for since the evergreen moved over into the service of Christianity, one by one, like a flock of birds, these forest memories have followed it. As soon as the forest-worshipper began the worship of the tree he began to bring to it his offerings and to hang them on the boughs; for religion consists in offering something; to worship is to give. In after ages when man had learned to build shrines and temples, he still kept up his primitive custom of bringing to the altar his gifts and sacrifices. The decoration of the Christmas Tree is a survival of such grave rites.

The star at the apex of this fir is commonly understood to represent the Star of Bethlehem which guided the wise men—the Star of the New Born. But the records of Chaldea go back four or five thousand years before the Christian era; and as far back as they have been traced, we find the wise men of the East worshipping this same star and being guided by it in their spiritual wanderings as they searched for the incarnation of the Divine. They worshipped it as the star of peace and goodness and purity. And this leads back to one of the first things that man ever worshipped as he looked beyond the forest: the light of the heavens floating in the depths of space—light that he wanted but could not grasp.

Then the professor spoke of the candle under the star, explaining that the forest worshipper, after the passage of ages, brought the light down to earth according to the myth. So the star in space has become a star in his hand—the candle; and the holder has beome a fire worshipper. Although we think of the candle on the tree as merely borrowed from the candle of the altar for illumination, its use goes back to a time when the forest worshipper, now also fire worshipper, hung his lights on the trees in the absence of an altar. Later a hierarchy of priests kept the fire perpetually burning at the foot of the sacred oak.

He pointed to the cross, placed on the tree as a part of his lesson,—the cross which to the Christian signifies Calvary and the Crucifixion. But no one in that age, he explained, thought of it as a Christian symbol. Neither John, Peter nor Paul so regarded it, and it was not pronounced a Christian symbol until the third century after Christ. But it was a sacred symbol in Egyptian antiquity. To primitive man it stood for that sacred light and fire which was himself. For he is a cross—the first cross he has ever known. Ages before Christ, cross and fire worship were brought together: for instance, among the Druids who hunted for an oak with two boughs, which, together with the trunk, formed the figure of a cross; and on these three they cut the names of three of their gods, and this was the holy-cross wood.

Under the cross on the Christmas tree hung a dove. To the Christian this is the white dove which descended on the Son of Man. However, ages before Christ the prolific dove of Syria was worshipped throughout the Orient as the symbol of reproductive Nature. In ancient Mesopotamia the divine mother of nature is often represented with this dove, alighting on her shoulder or resting in her lap. Sixteen hundred years before Christ the dove was nurtured in the oak grove of Dodona where its presence was an augury and its wings were an omen.

Next he touched upon the musical instruments,—the bell, the drum. The bell was used in ancient Greece by the priests of Bacchus in the worship of the vine, another form of forest worship. At Dodona bells were tied to the oak boughs, and their tinklings were regarded as sacred auguries. The drum was beaten ages before Christ in the worship of Confucius.

And so to the fruits and flowers on the tree! The ancient forest worshipper, unable to fabricate any offerings of his own skill, could at least bring these and hang them on the tree.

Only three things remained,—tinsel, masks, and dolls. The tinsel draped the tree like yellow moss. In the course of time it took the place of offerings of gold,—a once universal custom of adorning the tree with anything most precious to the giver in token of sacrifice. Jeremiah has an account of the lading of the sacred tree with gold and ornaments. According to Herodotus, when Xerxes was invading Lydia, he saw a divine tree and had it honored with golden robes and gifts. But now the custom has dwindled to mere tinsel. The masks lead back to the ancient custom of sacrificing prisoners of war and condemned criminals, and often innocent victims, in forest worship and hanging their heads on the branches. In time these heads were replaced by mock countenances. The dolls could be traced back to the sacrifice of children, revealed in early literature as a common practice. And so these playful toys remain to attest the vestiges of primitive rites. The tree is all that is left of forest memory. In all the religions adopted since then, the same law lives,—sacrifice and self-sacrifice.

And although the professor's wife had listened, she had done so, not because of what he had presently explained, but in a sort of feverish anticipation of what he would say about the mistletoe. Through a feeling of delicacy he did not wish her to know that story. "It is a story," he explained, "of a crueler age than ours. It goes back to the forest worship of the Druids. I have always told you there are things to see with four eyes, things to see with two, and things to see with none." But she would have the story.

He held back for a long time, but finally began, taking her back to the last centuries before Palestine became Holy Land. He spoke of the temple of Ephesus and of the Greek maidens chosen for its secret rites; of the sacred grove of Dodona, near Rome, and similar rites; of Pompeii and Herculanean, of Gaul and the wooded island of Britain; of England's oak, the sacred tree of the Druids, and of the mistletoe. And here he amplified:

> "Imagine then a scene—the Chief Nature Festival of that forest worship: The New Year's Day of the Druids:
>
> A vast concourse of people, men and women and children are on their way to the forest; they are moving toward an oak tree that has been found with mistletoe growing on it—growing there so seldom. As the excited throng come in sight of it, they hail it with loud cries of reverence and delight. Under it they gather; there a banquet is spread. In the midst of the assembly towers the Arch Druid. Every eye is fixed fearfully upon him, for on whomsoever his own eye may fall with wrath, he may be doomed to become one of the victims annually sacrificed to the oak.
>
> A golden chain is around his neck; gold bands are around his arms. He is clad in robes of spotless white. He ascends the tree to a low bough, and making a hollow in the folds of his robes, he crops with a golden pruning hook the mistletoe and catches it as it falls. Then it is blessed and scattered among the throng, and the priest prays that each one receiving it may also receive the divine favor and blessing of which it is Nature's emblem. Two white bulls, the horns of which have never hitherto been touched, are now adorned with fillets and are slaughtered in sacrifice."

And again he ended his story. But his auditress knew he had not told all. "Are you sparing me, or are you sparing yourself?" she demanded. Suddenly she was aroused by some change in him, as he finally began to tell the rest of the story:

> "Among country people oftenest, but heard of everywhere, is the saying that if a girl is caught standing under the mistletoe, she may be kissed by the man who thus finds her. I have always thought that this ceremony and playful sacrifice led back to some ancient rite—I could not discover what. Now I know.
>
> It is another scene in the forest of Britain. This time it is not the New Year's day of the Druids,—it is early summer—May in England—with the young beauty of the woods. It is some hushed evening at twilight. . . . Then the shrubbery is trembling, parted at some place, and upon the scene a young girl enters—her hair hanging down—her limbs most lightly clad—in her eyes love's great need and mystery. She draws near the oak, searching amid its boughs for that emblem which she so dreads to find and yet more dreads not to find: The emblem of a woman's fruitfulness which the young oak —the Forest Lover—reaches down toward her. Finding it, beneath it in one deep breath of surrender she takes her place—the virgin's tryst with the tree—there to be tested.
>
> Such is the command of the Arch Druid: It is obedience —submission to that test—or death for her as a sacrifice to the oak which she has rejected.
>
> Again the shrubbery is parted, rudely pushed aside, and a man enters—a tried and seasoned man—a human oak—counterpart of the Forest Lover—to officiate at the test."

The narrator was standing there in his own home and in the presence of his wife. But in fealty he was gone: he was in the summer woods of ancestral wandering, the fatherland of Old Desire. *He* was the man treading down the shrubbery; it was *his* feet that started toward the oak; *his* eyes that searched for the figure half fainting under the bough; for *him* the bed of moss and violets—the hair falling over the eyes—the loosened girdle—the breasts of hawthorne white and pink—the seclusion—the full surrender of the two under the bough of the divine command, to escape the penalty of their own death. The blaze of uncontrollable desire was all over him; the fire of his own story had treacherously licked him like a wind bent flame. A quiver ran around his tense nostrils, and on the silence of the room fell the words: *Bride of the Mistletoe!*

The storm that had broken over him died away. He shut his eyes on the vanishing scene. He opened them to his wife. The rest of the story has no Christmas significance.

The Bride of the Mistletoe, like most of Allen's novels, is rich in folklore, social history and symbolism, and consequently of special interest to the antiquary. At the time of its appearance some of the critics considered it the author's best and most accomplished work. It stood out prominently in the fiction of the year as a thing by itself, infused with the spirit of Maeterlinck, blended with the spirit of Hawthorne. It is full of color, exquisite in form and finely finished. Although the unhappy lives of the principals do not make the book very gladsome reading, it is nevertheless a work that constantly holds the interest and finally leaves the reader well recompensed. By the preface it states that two other works will follow,—"A Brood of The Eagle," and "The Christmas Tree: An Interpretation;" the three works to complement each other.

In 1910 the work which had been announced for publication under the title "A Brood of The Eagle," was published by The Macmillan Company, New York, as *The Doctor's Christmas Eve.* It is the sequel which solves the deep mystery that pervades *The Bride of the Mistletoe;* but it is not a Christmas story, except in so far as it seizes upon the holidays as the time of action. The third work of the series, projected as "The Christmas Tree: An Interpretation," I have not come upon and doubt whether it was ever published.

"*The Last Christmas Tree,* An Idyl of Immortality," written by James Lane Allen, was published in 1914 by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine, in a booklet consisting of thirty-six pages of beautiful typography and in the usual format of that press. It is the story of the battle between the tiny snow crystal and the huge earth sphere,—the struggle in which David slays Goliath. The story is told by two stately firs, last survivors of the inundation of ice and snow, and its final victims. They perished in turn. The fir standing a little lower than its comrade on the mountainside, speaking for the last time, said:

> "Comrade, it is the end of me. The cap of snow is on my head. I follow all things."

The snow closed over it, and the other fir stood alone. And the snow crept higher and higher, and late in the long night it too surrendered to the hoary conquerer and his crystal host.

> "I, then, close the trail of earthly things. And I was the emblem of immortality; let the highest be the last to perish! Power, that put forth all things with a purpose, you have fulfilled, without explaining it, that purpose. I follow all things into their sleep."

And when the sun rose, all the mountain tops were white and cold and at peace. The long war between the crystal and the planet was over; the snow flake had conquered, and the earth was dead.

XVIII. Henry van Dyke.

> But it is better to follow even the shadow of the best than to remain content with the worst. And those who would see wonderful things must often be ready to travel alone.
>
> —*Story of the Other Wise Man.*

Henry van Dyke, born at Germantown, Pennsylvania, on November 10, 1852, was destined to become a man of many accomplishments,—a poet, critic, essayist, novelist, educator, lecturer, fisherman, and pulpiteer. He descended from a long line of Hollanders who settled in New York in 1652, just two hundred years before his birth. His father was Henry Jackson van Dyke, preacher and public leader. His mother was Henrietta Ashmead, daughter of a Philadelphia merchant and shipowner.

When van Dyke was a child his parents removed to Brooklyn. His father took him fishing and tramping in the woods, and he learned to be a nature-lover. He attended the Polytechnic Institute and at the age of sixteen went to Princeton, where he wrote for the college periodicals, won prizes for essay writing, and was senior class day speaker. On becoming of age he took his baccalaureate degree and by 1876 earned that of master of arts.

His education and broad inclinations left van Dyke in doubt as to his future course. Was he to become a writer, a preacher, or what? He entered Princeton Theological Seminary, graduating in 1877. The next two years he spent in post-graduate work in Berlin. He returned to the United States and was ordained a Presbyterian minister. Failing to secure a pastorate, he decided to become a writer; but presently he received a call to the pulpit of the United Congregational Church at Newport, Rhode Island, where he remained four years.

On December 13, 1881, van Dyke married Ellen Reid, of Baltimore, by whom he had five children. He took the youngsters on camping expeditions and taught them the art of fishing. He also composed rhymes for their amusement at the dinner table. Every Sunday morning they sat in the second pew of his church and heard him preach; then in the afternoon they would imitate him in the nursery.

In 1883 van Dyke became pastor of Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City, and his sermons gained a national reputation. It was there that he wrote *The Other Wise Man,* one of the best known Christmas stories in the English language. He tells how the story was inspired:

> "Though the story of the Fourth Wise Man came to me suddenly and without labor, there was a great deal of study and toil to be done before it could be written down. An idea arrives without an effort; a form can only be wrought out by patient labor. If your story is worth telling, you ought to love it enough to be willing to work over it until it is true,—true not only to the ideal, but true also to the real. The light is a gift; but the local color can only be seen by one who looks for it long and steadily. Artaban (the other Wise Man) went with me while I toiled through a score of volumes of ancient history and travel. I saw his figure while I journeyed on the motionless sea of the desert and in the strange cities of the East."

Van Dyke first used the story as a sermon. After being refused publication by one editor, it was printed by Harper's Magazine as originally written. Later it appeared in book form, running through a number of editions. It was translated into many languages. Before writing the story the author had studied the various tales of the Three Wise Men of the East, as told in the "Golden Legend" of Jacobus de Voragine, and in other medieval books. Artaban, however, was purely van Dyke's invention. The hero is real, though often seen as in a dream.

Artaban, the Median, lived in the city of Ecbatana, among the mountains of Persia, in the days when Augustus Caesar was master of many kings and Herod reigned in Jerusalem. He was one of the ancient priesthood of the Magi, called fire-worshippers. Nine of these priests of Zoroaster gathered at his house for worship and to hear his message. When all were seated Artaban spoke: "We worship not the fire, but Him of whom it is the chosen symbol, because it is the purest of all created things. It speaks to us of one who is Light and Truth."

Drawing two rolls of fine linen from the breast of his tunic, Artaban continued.

> "In the years that are lost in the past, long before our fathers came into the land of Babylon, there were wise men in Chaldaea, from whom the first of the Magi learned the secret of the heavens, and of these Balaam, the son of Beor, was one of the mightiest. Hear the words of his prophecy: 'There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a scepter shall rise out of Israel.' "

So read the first roll. And thus the second:

> "Know therefore, and understand that from the going forth of the commandment to restore Jerusalem unto the Annointed One, the Prince, the time shall be seven and three-score and two weeks. . . . It has been shown to me and to my three companions among the Magi—Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar. We have searched the ancient tablets of Chaldaea and computed the time. It falls in this year. We have stud-

> ied the sky, and in the spring of the year we saw two of the greatest stars draw near together in the sign of the Fish, which is the house of the Hebrews. We also saw a new star there which shone for one night and then vanished. Now again the two great planets are meeting. This night is their conjunction. My three brothers are watching at the ancient Temple of the Seven Spheres, at Borsippa, in Babylonia, and I am watching here. If the star shines again they will wait ten days for me at the temple, and then we shall set out together for Jerusalem, to see and worship the promised one, who shall be born King of Israel. I believe the sign will come. I have made ready for the journey. I have sold my house and my possessions, and have bought these three jewels—a sapphire, a ruby and a pearl, to carry them as a tribute to the king."

His fellow-priests being reluctant to join him, Artaban entered upon his long journey with no other companion than Vasda, his trusty Arabian steed. The distance must be covered in ten days. By constant effort he arrived at the walls of Babylon on the tenth day, his horse almost spent. Yet another three hours to the temple! As he rode into the shadow of a grove, his horse suddenly shied before an object on the ground. It proved to be one of the poor Hebrew exiles who still dwelt in great numbers in the vicinity. At the great risk of missing his brethren, Artaban ministered to the Hebrew, for the Magians were physicians as well as astrologers. For hours he labored, and finally the man's strength returned. And he blessed the Magi who, leaving the Hebrew his bread and wine, and his healing herbs, sped on. But when he reached the temple his brethren had departed, and in a little cairn of broken bricks he found the message, "We have waited past the midnight, and can delay no longer. We go to find the King. Follow us across the desert."

But Artaban's horse was worn out, and he had no food for the journey. He hurried back to Babylon, sold the precious sapphire, and purchased camels and provisions. He sped across the desert and came to Bethlehem. Again he missed his brethren. They had found Mary and Joseph with the child and had laid their gifts at its feet. The family had left as mysteriously as they had come, and Artaban's brethren had been there three days ago. The man of Nazareth had taken the babe and its mother away secretly and had fled for Egypt. This sad news Artaban received from the wife of a shepherd, who was hushing her own babe to rest as the Magi entered the humble dwelling. As he tarried he heard the approach of men at arms,—soldiers of Herod sent to massacre the innocents. The mother clasped her babe to her bosom, crouching motionless in the darkest corner of the room. The Magi, in the imposing dress of the priesthood, stood in the doorway. One of the soldiers attempted to pass him, but Artaban spoke to him in a low voice. "I am alone here and I am waiting to give this jewel to the prudent captain who will leave me in peace." And thus he parted with his precious ruby but saved the life of the child.

Artaban now pushed on to Egypt. Again and again he was seen in the humblest quarters, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and healing the sick, as he traveled from place to place. But he still possessed the pearl of great price. After thirty-three years he was still a pilgrim, his hair gray, his eyes dim. Still looking for the King, he returned to Jerusalem in the season of the Passover. The multitude was visibly agitated, and crowds were rushing to Golgotha to see Jesus crucified. The priests and elders said he must die because he held himself out to be the Son of

God. And Artaban meditated: The King had risen, but he had been denied and was about to perish. Thirty-three years ago his star had appeared in the heavens and the Magi had started on his quest. Thinking he might ransom the King before he died, the pilgrim followed the multitude towards the Damascus gate of the city. There he found a young girl being dragged along to the guard house. Her father, now dead, had been a merchant, and she was seized for his debts, to be sold as a slave. Into her hand the Magi pressed the pearl. "This is thy ransom, daughter, it is the last of my treasures which I kept for the King."

And as he spoke the sky darkened, walls rocked, and stones crashed into the street. The pilgrim and the girl were crouching beneath a wall. A heavy tile from the roof struck the old man. The girl bent over him, thinking him dead. And there came a soft voice through the twilight as if someone had spoken from the window above; but she saw no one. The old man's lips began to move and she heard him say, "Not so, my Lord: For when saw I thee an hungered and fed thee? Or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw I thee a stranger and took thee in? Or naked and clothed thee? When saw I thee sick or in prison, and came unto thee? Three and thirty years have I looked for thee; but I have never seen thy face, nor ministered to thee, my King."

And again the girl heard the other voice. "Verily I say unto thee, Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

And thus the author made good his dedicatory verse:

Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
Yet God will bring him where the blessed are.

But let us return to the Brick Presbyterian Church where this story was first told. Although Dr. van Dyke had accepted his charge on condition that he would not be expected to stay more than five years, he remained eighteen,—until 1900, when ill health and overwork forced him to resign. In that year the new Murray chair of English literature was endowed at Princeton on condition that our author would be the first incumbent. He filled the chair for twenty-three years. It realized his long standing hope for time to write. *The Ruling Passion, The Blue Flower,* and more than twenty other volumes followed in rapid succession. *The Blue Flower* was published by Scribner's in 1905, and among other stories contained "The Other Wise Man," and "The First Christmas Tree." The author borrowed its symbolic title from the old German poet and philosopher, Novalis, to stand instead of a name. As van Dyke explains, "The Blue Flower which he used in his romance *Heinrich Von Ofterdingen* to symbolize poetry, the object of his young hero's quest, I have used to signify happiness, the satisfaction of the heart."

While at Princeton Dr. van Dyke secured leaves of absence which enabled him to lecture at the University of California, at Yale, Harvard and Paris. During 1902-3 he served as moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. At this time, in 1902, Scribner's published his *First Christmas Tree,* illustrated by Howard Pyle.

This story takes us back to the year 722 A. D., and we find ourselves on the banks of the Moselle. The massive walls of the cloister of Pfalzel dominate the landscape. It is the day before Christmas and there has been a bustle of hospitable preparations. A famous pilgrim has arrived,—Winfried of England (Boniface, called the Apostle of Germany),—he who had brushed aside all offices and dignities to preach in the wilderness. As evening drew near all adjourned to the refectory. On the dais sat the Abbess, daughter of King Dagobert; to her right, Winfried, the guest of honor; to her left, her grandson Prince Gregor. The missionary and the boy Prince became friends. Winfried influenced Gregor to join him.

Two years have passed. A small band of pilgrims plods through the forests of central Germany,—Winfried at their head, Gregor at his side. And again it is Christmas eve. The travelers pass a small group of dwellings, unlighted, for the inhabitants are attending the great rite of the year. They approach the Thunder Oak, where the people are gathered to worship Thor, whose enormous hammer Winfried is determined to break with the cross of Christ. And now the pilgrims are in the shadow of the Oak. Before it roars an immense fire, about which a great throng of people has formed, facing the tree. This is the great night of the Council of the tribe, and there is to be a sacrifice. Winfried and his band approach unseen, and he steps forward. "Hail, ye sons of the forest! a stranger claims the warmth of your fire in this winter night."

The old pagan priest Hunrod, in long spectral robes, advances demanding to know who these strangers are. And Winfried replies, "Your kinsmen, of the German brotherhood, come from England beyond the seas, to bring you greetings from that land, and a message from the All Father whose servant I am." Although these words drew a welcome, the visitors were ordered to silence, and the rites proceeded. Hunrod and his people lamented the misfortunes of the past year, and they considered it necessary to appease their god. Suddenly the pagan priest drew from the crowd for sacrifice to Thor a boy—the son of the tribe's chieftain. He raised the black hammer to smite the victim, but Winfried, standing close behind him, diverted the blow with his heavy staff.

Consternation followed,—a confusion of wrath and joy —for the god had been offended on the one hand, but the boy saved on the other. Winfried mounted the altar, producing from his bosom a parchment,—his commission to preach the Christian faith to the people. He prevailed upon them to forego their sacrifice. Thor is dead and the Thunder Oak too must fall; and as Winfried and Gregor applied the ax it sank to its doom. In its stead Winfried caused the people to cut down a young fir and to carry it to the festal hall, there to stand as a sign of the New Worship.

In 1902 Scribner's also published Henry van Dyke's story, *The Lost Word,* a Christmas legend laid in Antioch about 1500 years ago. It is the story of Hermas, son of Demetrius, wealthy pagan owner and occupant of the House of the Golden Pillars. Two years have elapsed since Demetrius disinherited his son and drove him from home for becoming a disciple of Christianity. On Christmas morning Hermas and his companions, who had been preparing themselves for baptism into the New Faith, attended a sermon by their master, John of Antioch. All were enthusiastic except Hermas, for all through the night he had been thinking of all he had given up in becoming a Christian. The new life appeared no happier than the old. He was weary of vigils and fasts, prayers and sermons. Yet something had happened within him, making it impossible to turn back.

At the close of the services Hermas went out like a man from a banquet where he alone had not been fed. As he walked through the streets of Antioch and neared his father's house, the thought struck him that he had sold his birthright for a dream. He passed on to the Grove of Daphne, but found it deserted. Apollo's temple was in ruins, and Hermas meditated how beautiful the world would be without religion. He longed to live as he pleased. Just as if somebody had read his thoughts, a quiet voice behind him said, "Why not?" There stood an old man, Marcion, the philosopher, with long beard and threadbare cloak. And he spoke on.

> "I am the oldest inhabitant here and I feel as if all visitors are my guests here, in a way. My profession is the care of the altars. . . . The priesthood is a professional matter, and the name of Apollo is as good as any other. I have had something to do with most of them in my time. They are transitory and give employment to caretakers for a while. But the thing that lasts is the human life that plays around them. The game has been going on for centuries. Apollo and Daphne were shadows, but not so the flying maidens and pursuing lovers, the music and the dances; these were realities."

These ideas met favor with Hermas and he opened his heart to the old man. "I believe what I see. I want what will give me pleasure." On condition that Hermas give up one word—the name of Him whom he professed to worship—the old man promised to fulfill his wishes. Hermas agreed, and Marcion dipped a leaf into the fountain of the grove and laid it over Hermas's eyes, at which every nerve of his body seemed to be drawn into a knot of agony. The pain ceased and he fell asleep.

When Hermas awoke he hurried back toward Antioch, buoyant and without a care. His father's servants had been looking for him, for the Master of the House of the Golden Pillars was dying, and wished to see him. He entered, and his father forgave him. He knew that his life was passing, and his soul was empty, and he was afraid. Believing his son still a disciple of the New Faith, he asked him for the secret of Christianity as a last comfort.

"Father, you must believe with all your heart and soul, and strength in - - -" But Hermas could not recover the lost word, and while he was groping for it his father died.

The son's break with life as a Christian was now complete. His new life in the House of the Golden Pillars, now his home, was rich and eventful. His father's friends gathered about him, and chief among these was Libanius, the sophist, his nearest neighbor, whose daughter, Athenais, became his wife and bore him a handsome son. Yet there was something lacking,—an unsatisfied longing to give thanks for all they enjoyed. They went to the dismantled shrine in the garden. And there Hermas offered up thanks. "For all good gifts, for all perfect gifts, for love, for life, for the world, we praise, we bless, we thank - - -" The offering ended in a blank. He could not utter the word. There was no one to thank for his happiness.

A vague discontent crept into the House of the Golden Pillars, and the following morning old Marcion appeared. There was something sinister in his smile,—like one watching a strange experiment,—How long would this life continue with the heart removed? He accused Hermas of being tired of his bargain. Would he be willing to try a new part? Yes, he would, for there was nothing original in being rich. He would make a mark in the world. And so under the learned counsel of Marcion the house took on a new magnificence. Great artists were brought from Rome. Sumptuous banquets were given. Political preferments followed. Hermas's Numidian horses secured a victory in the great chariot race at Antioch. After receiving the prize, he turned to drive once more around the circus to show himself to the people. He lifted his son into the chariot to share his triumph. As a great shout of applause burst from the spectators, the startled horses dashed violently forward, and the chariot was thrown against the stone parapet of the arena, and the boy was lying in the sand. They carried him home in a litter, and for hours he lay as quiet as death. At last his eyes opened, but he was delirious and his life hung in the balance. Hermas was frantic, and on the second day, shutting himself up in his library, he prayed.

"Spare the child's life, thou merciful - - -"

But he could not think of the word. Presently a slave announced John of Antioch, who had learned that Hermas was in trouble. The old master restored the lost word to his pupil. A new hope shone in the face of Hermas, and he cried to God to save his child. Then the voice of the child was heard, calling "My Father, my Father!" And the child recovered.

In 1905 Scribner's published a booklet entitled *The Spirit of Christmas*. It contains a dream story, "The Christmas Angel;" an essay, "Christmas Giving and Christmas Living;" a short sermon, "Keeping Christmas," and two "Christmas Prayers,"—one for the home, the other for lonely folks; all written by Henry van Dyke.

In 1908-9 Dr. van Dyke was American lecturer at the Sorbonne. He was honored by Oxford and Geneva and elected President of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. His life was a very full one, and he had a real love of living. As a friend observed, "The source of his versatility was his vitality."

In 1910 van Dyke wrote *The Mansion*, a short story based on the Gospel of John. It was published by Harper

& Bros., under date of the following year. It is the story of John Weightman, a rich man who though business-like in his charities, learned in a dream that he had received but little credit at the hands of his Maker, because his benefactions always had in view his own material advantage. Although in the language of the great evangelist there are "many mansions" in the eternal city, only a lonely hut had been provided for Weightman; for credit is given only for good done for the love of doing it. His new abode was built of the scant material which had come up in the course of his life. Weightman awoke. His manner of living and thinking were now completely changed, and he spent a merry Christmas with the son whom his hard judgments had estranged.

At Princeton Dr. van Dyke became the friend of Woodrow Wilson, then President of the University. When elected to the Presidency of the United States, Wilson appointed his friend minister to the Netherlands and Luxembourg. This post he resigned in 1917 in order to be free to say what he thought about the war.

In 1928 Scribner's published van Dyke's *Even Unto Bethlehem,* with a frontispiece in color by N. C. Wyeth. It is a human story of a divine event, beginning with the journey of Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem. The narrative includes the birth of Christ, the visitation of the shepherd, the adoration of the Magi, the flight to Egypt, and the return to Nazareth.

On November 10, 1932 Henry van Dyke celebrated his eightieth birthday anniversary. It was to be his last, for five months later, as he slept, death came to him at "Avalon," his home at Princeton. Let us conclude with his *Prayer for*

Christmas Morning, a beautiful little book of but a few illuminated pages, published by Ernest Nister, London.

PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS MORNING.

> "The day of joy returns Father in Heaven, and crowns another year with peace and good will. Help us rightly to remember the birth of Jesus, that we may share in the song of the angels, the gladness of the shepherds, and the worship of the wise-men. Close the doors of hate and open the doors of love all over the world. Let kindness come with every gift and good desires with every greeting. Deliver us from evil, by the blessing that Christ brings, and teach us to be merry with clean hearts. May the Christmas morning make us happy to be thy children, and the Christmas evening bring us to our bed with grateful thoughts, forgiving and forgiven, for Jesus' sake, AMEN."

XIX. Thomas Nelson Page.

Bones a-gittin' achy
Back a-feelin col',
Han's a-growin' shaky,
Jes' lak I was ol'.

Fros' erpon de meddah
Lookin' mighty white;
Snowdraps like a feddah
Slippin' down at night.

Jes' keep t'ings a-hummin'
Spite o' fros' an' showahs,
Chris'mus is a-comin'
An' all de week is ouahs.
—*Paul Lawrence Dunbar.*

THOMAS NELSON PAGE, "the Boswell of the old-time negro," was born at Oakland Plantation, Hanover County, Virginia, on April 23, 1853. He was the great-grandson of Thomas Nelson and of John Page, both governors of Virginia, and the former one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Our author took a course at Washington College when Robert E. Lee was its president. In 1874 he graduated in law at the University of Virginia, and thereafter practiced his profession, chiefly at Richmond, until 1893. He then removed to Washington, D. C., henceforth devoting his time to writing and lecturing.

Page's first literary effort was a poem in the dialect verse of Irwin Russell, contributed to Scribner's for April 1877. He first achieved a literary reputation through *Marse Chan* which appeared in the Century Magazine.

This and similar stories were collected in his most characteristic book, *In Ole Virginia.*

Page has done much to build up the romantic legends of the South. He spent his youth amid the life of the old regime and the tumults of the Civil War. He is at his best when, through negro characters and dialect, he describes the life of the Virginia gentry. He was ambassador to Italy from 1913 to 1918, and died at Oakland, Virginia, November 1, 1922. He wrote a number of novels, and was a contributor to Christmas literature.

In 1891 Scribner's published his *A Captured Santa Claus,* with illustrations by W. L. Jacobs. The time of the story is the year 1863; the place, the old rambling homestead of Major Stafford on Holly Hill in the State of Virginia. The Major is at the front with the Confederates. We are introduced to his wife and children on Christmas Eve. The stockings have been hung in anticipation of a visit by Santa Claus. This year the mother is at a loss to know what to provide for the children, for the blockading lines have been drawn close and no toys are to be had. The Major has been in the service since April 1861, and it is doubtful whether he will be with the family for the holiday. In the meantime his wife has done her best for the children, collecting such presents as are within reach,—an old axe and a broken pocket-knife for the boys, a patched up doll for the little girl.

And although the children have made the best of their humble presents, they do not consider these old "fixed up" things as coming from Santa Claus. He just didn't come this year! The holiday was not quite over when the Major arrived on his black horse, Ajax, bespattered with mud to the tips of his ears. He had ridden seventy miles that day to be with his family. The reunion was happy but brief. The children hoped he would make Santa Claus come next year; and they told him what they would like,—a soldier's uniform, a saber, and a new doll.

The next day Major Stafford galloped back to his command. Through the hardships of the campaign the wishes of his children were ever on his mind. He secured the uniform, the sword, and the doll, and these he carried about with him in a carefully sealed package strapped on behind his saddle. The package aroused the curiosity of his fellow officers. One night they were gathered about the camp fire. Colonel Denby, a Federal officer, who had been captured in the day's fight, sat moodily before the fire as their guest. At the request of his fellows Stafford opened the package to satisfy their curiosity. They saw the toy sword, the tiny uniform, and the doll. There was a dead silence as each man thought of his own loved ones. And when Stafford told his story about the children, even the grave face of Denby looked changed; and he reached for the doll. "I too have a little one at home, the child of my only son, killed at Genies's Mill." That night Stafford and Denby slept under the same blanket.

The following year brought the war closer home, and suddenly it swept up to Holly Hill like a storm. One morning a party of Federals swooped down and carried off the horses. By breakfast time the plantation was completely overrun. All day long men in blue were passing. The only Confederates to be seen were prisoners.

Christmas was now but two days off, and the boys had just come upon a prisoner, who had passed the day before, hung from a tree as a spy. And they blamed old General Denby, for he had a reputation for severity and harshness;

yet there were those who felt he had a soft heart. The children often saw him pass and smile at them; but they always turned away, fearing he would speak to them.

The approach of Christmas was marked even in the Federal camps, and there was much singing and laughing about the camp fires near the general's headquarters, much to his annoyance. It was at just such a time that the enemy might take advantage; in fact, news had reached him that an attack was possible. As he sat in the smoky living-room of an old farm house he heard a sonorous voice singing "Dixie," followed by an outburst of applause. Looking out of the window he saw a tall man with a beard and in civilian clothes, standing on a box. And he heard him sing again—verse after verse of a Christmas hymn; and he saw the men pouring out of their tents to listen.

The general's suspicions were aroused, although his orderly reported that the singer was just a poor peddler with a pack of toys, trinkets and books. But the old warrior thought otherwise. The singer having disappeared, a search was ordered. In a few minutes a small body of horsemen rode rapidly out of the camp in the direction the peddler had taken. An hour or two later the captain reported they had traced the man to a house across the creek. He wanted more men in order to surround the house. And Denby decided to join the party, not only to capture the spy, but at the same time to establish his headquarters there in preference to his present uncomfortable lodging.

While Mrs. Stafford and the children were praying for the safety of the major and hoping for his return, they were startled by a knock at the door. There stood an apparent stranger in shabby clothes, a pack on his back. It was the major! All the children, except the oldest son, Bob, were already asleep. Stafford and his wife had hardly filled the children's stockings and settled down before the fire, when Bob discovered the yard full of Yankees. They were looking for the peddler. And now there was a thundering knock at the front door.

Mrs. Stafford pulled her husband into a closet and locked the door, just as the knocking was renewed. She went to the door, and there stood Denby and his men. He accused her of harboring a spy; and although she denied the charge, he ordered a search and joined therein himself. When he came upon the sleeping children and the filled stockings, he was visibly moved, and he walked out of the room. He ordered the searching party to leave and informed his major that there was no spy in the house. When the last man had left, he turned to Mrs. Stafford. "Be so kind as to tell Stafford that General Denby asks him to surrender himself. He need not hurry. I shall wait for him." Mrs. Stafford was struck dumb.

In the meantime Bob, fearing that his father might be hanged as a spy because of his civilian clothes, slipped out of the house. He thought of a small group of prisoners whom he had seen pass by in the dark. He had talked with one of them, a major, and now he was on his way to seek him out in the camp about a mile away. Arriving at the camp fires and being well known to some of the men, he was not suspected. There he saw the captured major, a man about his father's size, and told him of his father's plight. The prisoner, noting that the young lad was wet and cold, arose and stripped off his coat and put it on the boy to keep him warm. And he also took off his trousers and put them on Bob, rolling up the sleeves of the coat and the trouser legs. Thus accoutered the boy retraced his steps for home, stopping only long enough to take off the trousers and roll them up into a bundle. He reached home safely and handed the garments to his mother, who passed them on to her husband.

And now Stafford came forth in uniform and faced General Denby as his prisoner. "I have the honor to request your parole," said the general with politeness, "and to express the hope that I may be able in the same way to return the courtesy which I formerly received at your hands." Perhaps the general had his suspicions, but he said nothing further. He left for his camp so that his presence might not interfere with the family's Christmas joy.

The next morning when the children awoke there was great rejoicing in the Stafford home. The children met their father and raided the filled stockings. And that evening General Denby paid a social call, and he sat in the living room with Stafford's little daughter on his knees.

A few days later Stafford, in accordance with an understanding, reported at Denby's camp to be sent to Washington as a prisoner of war. In the meantime the general had arranged an exchange of Stafford for a Confederate officer. Pending the latter's arrival, he ordered Stafford to hold himself as a prisoner in his own home. "I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," were his parting words to Stafford.

Polly, A Christmas Recollection, by Thomas Nelson Page, illustrated by A. Castaigne, was published by Scribner's, New York, in 1894.

The story opens on Christmas Eve with the usual southern Colonel and colored body-servant holding the stage. Drinkwater Torm—for such was the facetious name his master had assigned him—was in his cups, as was his habit on occasion. Although Torm had frequently offended, and the Colonel had as often threatened to sell his slave on the morrow, both master and servant knew full well that the negro was indispensable to his overfed lord. As a matter of fact Torm owned the Colonel more than the Colonel owned his slave. The only person on the plantation who took these threats seriously was Polly, the Colonel's little niece, who always interceded for the negro and cajoled her uncle out of his oft repeated resolution. The whole country round about knew the Colonel and his pretty little niece, for he always kept open house. He would have given her his heartstrings, for he dearly loved the child.

With little Bob, a boy from the adjoining plantation, Polly roamed wild over the country, frolicking, her hair tangled about her pretty head. But when she grew up her uncle gave her a private tutor, and Bob also came to school under the same instructor. Bob's mother was very poor. His father was a fourth cousin to the Colonel, and heavily in debt to him. He had lost his all, except a small farm adjoining the Colonel's estate, and a few negroes. Bob was a great favorite with the Colonel, and his nearest male relative.

In years gone by the Colonel had loved Polly's mother, who ran away and married his youngest brother. Both died of yellow fever, and of all their children only Polly survived. The Colonel traveled all the way down the Mississippi to bring Polly back. It was Christmas Eve when they reached home, and there were great doings upon their arrival.

When twelve years of age little Polly was already entrusted with all the keys to the house, and the Colonel loaned Bob the money to go to college. In the meantime the boy's mother died. Bob was finally admitted to the bar, and became a busy and able lawyer. He paid his debt to the Colonel, and asked for the hand of his niece, but to this the Colonel refused to listen.

Summer passed and Indian summer came, without any change in the uncle's obdurate attitude. No man was good enough for Polly. But she loved Bob, and the Colonel's angry interference sickened her. He called in a doctor, but his prescriptions were of no avail. Polly grew tired of hearing Bob constantly assailed, and she told her uncle so. And there were secret meetings on the part of the young lovers.

Finally the Colonel, in order to make an end of the affair, arranged a trip to New Orleans, but on the eve of their departure Polly and Bob eloped and were married. The Colonel was furious. He threatened to sell the plantation and to revoke his will. He decided to follow up the elopers, but did not. He had Polly's room nailed up, and shut himself up in his house. He grew morose, and things went from bad to worse.

And thus matters stood three days before Christmas. Then the Colonel emerged from his state of melancholy. He planned to give a great feast and a good time generally. Just after Torm and his wife Charity had gone to bed, there was a knock on their door. There stood Polly and Bob; and they left an invitation for the Colonel to have Christmas breakfast with them at Bob's place.

When Torm broke the news to the Colonel, he flew into a rage. At the appointed time he rode to Bob's home, not to accept the invitation to breakfast, but to denounce the young husband's baseness. But when the door was opened to him by Polly, and she threw her arms about his neck, the old charm worked, and all was forgiven.

In 1899 Charles Scribner's Sons published *Santa Claus's Partner,* written by Thomas Nelson Page, and illustrated by W. Glackens.

It is the story of Berryman Livingstone, wealthy and successful business man, regarded with silent envy by his acquaintances. People of fashion catered to him, and mothers with unmarried daughters rallied about his empty palatial home. He is seated at his desk, a ledger and a small memorandum book before him. For some time he has pored over them, comparing figures. The office force was impatient to leave, for it was Christmas eve, but the patience of the oldest man among them had a restraining influence. Livingstone continued to sit in his private office, meditating the increase in his fortune, which had now reached seven figures. At times his mind wandered to his former sweetheart, Catherine Trelane, since married but now widowed. At last his records were ready for Clark, his confidential and faithful old bookkeeper, a man of large family and in meager circumstances.

And now Livingstone debated his Christmas gifts. His father before him had been accustomed to give away one-tenth of his income, but the income was now so large that his son gave less, though his charities were still substantial. He was running over the check stubs and was gratified by the amounts given in the past. There he also read the names of fashionable women through whom he was accustomed to make these donations, particularly a Mrs. Wright whose name occurred so frequently that it annoyed him. He decided to cut off the smaller charities,—the Children's Hospital, the Christmas tree fund, and the Soup-kitchen. Not until a noise in the outer office recalled him from his reveries, did he realize the lateness of the hour. He asked

Clark to come to his home that evening to go over the records with him. Rather reluctantly Clark agreed, and Livingstone felt annoyed because he had not consented to do so with more willingness.

A little girl in red jacket and cap called at the office. Livingstone saw her approach Clark and throw her arms about him. Clark whispered something into her ear which did not please her. She offered to speak to his employer about it, but her father disapproved. He asked her to wait for him below. The little girl was his daughter Kitty,—"Santa Claus's Partner."

Livingstone did not want to meet Clark just then, and he went out by a side door, and turning into the street, came upon the waiting Kitty. She was crying, and as he passed she gave him a look of hate that stung him to the quick; but he interpreted this as a sign of ingratitude from his employee's family. He walked to town through streets thronged with shoppers and ablaze with show windows exhibiting holiday wares. But of these he saw nothing. He was angry with the people who impeded his progress, and did not even recall what day it was. He tried a poor side street, but there the crowd was even greater. As he approached an inclined thoroughfare he was nearly run into by coasting children. He complained to a police officer and caused the coasting to be stopped.

Livingstone finally reached home, and he was in a rage. In his library a bright fire was burning and his favorite books were about him. But he was fatigued and his head throbbed. He could think of nothing but the seven figures. He told his butler, James, that he would see no one tonight; he had forgotten his appointment with Clark. He wanted no dinner, but would go to the club; and he would be home all day tomorrow. The door bell rang, and there stood Clark. But James told him that Livingstone would see no one tonight, being indisposed. And so Clark left, promising to return in the morning to inquire after his employer's health.

When the old bookkeeper returned home his family gathered about him in gladness, wondering how he managed to get off. All the children were sent to bed so they would not be in the way of Santa Claus who would soon come down the chimney. Then Clark explained Livingstone's indisposition to his invalid wife and went into the living-room to trim the tree.

In the meantime Livingstone was sitting alone in his palatial home, sunk deep in his cushioned armchair; and the seven figures were constantly recurring to him. At last came the thought that the next day would be Christmas. He had never forgotten it before, and this was the first Christmas he was to spend by himself and eat his Christmas dinner alone! No letters, no invitations from his ungrateful friends! Even Mrs. Wright had not thought of him. Even Clark would have a Christmas dinner, and he envied his old employee. He would give a Christmas dinner himself,—but he had no friends,—only acquaintances. And again the seven figures flashed on his mind. He had been too busy to make friends. Looking into the mirror he was shocked to see how gray and wrinkled he looked, and his thoughts wandered back to his boyhood when all about was bustle and preparation for the holiday. Everything gave him joy in his youth, and he remembered the words of his father, "My boy, learn the pleasure of giving." And he recollected how he had looked forward to Christmas.

Then Livingstone recalled his college days. He was on his way home with friends, and was received there with a greeting which he could never forget. He thought of Catherine Trelane, whose love had once lit up his life, but whom he forsook in his quest for gold. It was only when he thought of her that the seven figures disappeared.

Livingstone roused himself and went to the club; but the rooms were empty. He dashed out into the night and returned to his lonely palace. Ten o'clock! It seemed months instead of hours since he left his office. And he thought of the little girl with the tear-stained face, the coasting boys, the shivering beggars who had accosted him in vain. Was it too late to retrieve himself? Too late to do something for someone? Springing to his feet and looking at his watch, he dashed out again. He heard the sleigh-bells and the voices of many people. He hailed a large livery sleigh and was carried to Clark's home. As he approached the humble cottage he heard great joy within. As the faithful old bookkeeper met him at the door he did so with an ominous feeling. He invited Livingstone into the living-room, seating him in a confusion of Christmas trimmings. Clark was mystified when his employer asked him to lend him his little daughter whom he had seen at the office. But soon Livingstone confessed that he had been a brute for years and had just awakened to that fact. He had been suffering from blindness.

With some reluctance father and mother finally gave their consent. In the waiting sleigh Livingstone and Kitty drove to a store. Having been told what her role was to be, she informed the storekeeper that she was playing Santa Claus tonight. While the little girl picked out gifts, Livingstone had a confidential chat with the storekeeper about the Clark family and their needs. The purchases, which almost cleaned all the shelves, were prepared for delivery and piled into the sleigh.

At Kitty's request the load was driven to the Children's Hospital. It was arranged that she introduce herself as Santa Claus's partner, and make the gifts. Livingstone withdrew into the shadow of the driveway as Kitty sought admittance at the hospital door. She was received by a fine matronly looking woman and the presents taken in. Soon the clock across the town struck midnight, and from somewhere church bells chimed. Suddenly Kitty stood before Livingstone, and she listened. "It's all done," she said, "and not one of them stirred." And he kissed her, and they were driven home. Kitty had fallen asleep in Livingstone's arms and he carried her in to Mr. Clark. Then he drove back to the storekeeper for another load of toys to be delivered at the Clark home. And so they were, and Livingstone bade Clark goodnight.

As Livingstone reached home his heart flowed with Christmas joy, and he stood stock still at the threshold; for the whole house had been transformed into a bower of holly and mistletoe; and there was a roaring fire in the hearth. Old James stood before him, and Livingstone expressed great delight with the pains which the servants had taken to cheer up the house. He instructed his butler to prepare a Christmas dinner for the morrow. Then he went to bed and slept as he had not slept for months. In the morning he awoke with a cry of joy, and he rushed about securing presents for various people. When evening fell a great sleigh arrived with the entire Clark family, and Kitty was made master of ceremonies. There was a Christmas tree, and presents for all. Nor did Livingstone forget his faithful bookkeeper, for in an envelope hanging from the tree was a release of the mortgage on his home, and articles of co-partnership admitting Clark to the firm.

After this celebration in his own home Livingstone was called upon to attend another at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wright. And there he met Catherine Trelane under the mistletoe,—the same who had received little Kitty, Santa Claus's partner, at the hospital. And a child's voice from somewhere sang,

"Let nossing you dismay;
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born this ve-wy day."

In 1916 Scribner's Sons published *Tommy Trot's Visit to St. Nicholas*. This little chap lived in the beautiful country of "Once upon a Time." When a small boy he had, on Christmas eve, the wonderful adventure of seeing Santa Claus in his own country, where he lives and makes all the beautiful things that boys and girls get at Christmas. In fact he not only went to see him in his beautiful city away up by the North Pole, but he and his friend, Johnny Stout, went with dogs and guns to hunt the great polar bear. And the book tells how it all happened.

Thomas Nelson Page died at Oakland, Virginia, on November 1, 1922. He was a contemporary of Walter Hines Page. Both were Southerners by birth, writers by vocation, diplomatists on occasion, and friends of Woodrow Wilson. Walter Hines Page was one of the first to proclaim Wilson's presidential qualifications in 1911, and promptly received his reward by appointment as ambassador to Great Britain. He served in that capacity during almost the same period of time in which his namesake acted as ambassador to Italy. But while Thomas Nelson Page was opposed to the war and resigned his post in 1918, the promptings of Walter Hines Page were largely responsible in influencing the President in asking Congress to declare war. The arguments used by Wilson on that occasion were such as Page had been forcing upon him for two and one half years. *Walter H. Page's Christmas Letter to his Grandson,* written at London in 1915, was published by Doubleday Page & Co., New York, in the form of a small booklet, in 1924. According to the Introductory Note by Burton J. Hendrick, it was Page's custom to write letters to his relatives and intimate friends at Christmas time. And on this occasion, the Christmas of 1915, he did not overlook the latest recruit to his family circle,—his year-old namesake. In the midst of a war torn world this little youngster, celebrating his first Christmas, brought to the mind of the statesman of sixty only the philosophy of contentment and repose. Those who are curious to know what a mere babe and a sexagenarian may have in common should read this letter.

XX. James Whitcomb Riley.

Christ used to be like you and me,
When just a lad in Galilee,—
So when we pray, on Christmas Day,
He favors first the prayers we say:
Then waste no tear, but pray with cheer,
This gladdest day of all the year:

O Brother mine of birth Divine,
Upon this natal day of Thine
Bear with our stress of happiness
Nor count our reverence the less
Because with glee and jubilee
Our hearts go singing up to Thee.
—*Child's Christmas Carol.*

James Whitcomb Riley was born of pioneer stock at Greenfield, Indiana, on October 7, 1849. He has been described as a slender boy, with corn-silk hair and wide blue eyes, shy and timid, not strong physically, dreading the blasts of winter, and avoiding the hardy sports of his playmates. Yet he was full of the spirit of youth and given to the pranks of a healthy lad. His mother was a woman of strong character, deep sympathy and clear understanding. His father, Reuben A. Riley, was an able lawyer and an orator of no mean ability. In riding the circuit he took James with him. Attorneys and clerks playfully called the little lad "Judge Wick." He mingled with the country folk on these occasions and thus became familiar with their native speech and quaint expressions. Through these frequent journeys young Riley acquired a taste for the road.

At sixteen, having brought his school days to a close, James took a fancy to painting. Later he veered to music. He played the banjo, the guitar, and the violin, and finally the drum ensnared him. His nomadic tendencies aroused a desire to travel with the circus, preferably as a clown, introduced as a character-songman and composer of his own ballads. For the moment his activities in house and sign painting kept him at home; but when he graduated from this practical course he traveled for two summers with a company of young fellows who called themselves "The Graphics," and who covered all the barns and fences in the State with advertisements.

Naturally Reuben A. Riley, a man of standing in his profession, did not look with favor upon his son's itinerant endeavors. Being anxious to have James follow in his own footsteps, he prevailed upon him to settle down and read law in his office. He entered upon his new task with earnestness but soon found the law distasteful and unbearable. One summer afternoon he slipped out of the office, and what happened is best told by himself.

> "The immediate instigator of my flight was a traveling medicine man, who appealed to me for this reason: My health was bad, very bad,—as bad as I was. Our doctor had advised me to travel, but how could I travel without money? The medicine man needed an assistant and I plucked up courage to ask if I could join the party and paint advertisements for him.
>
> I rode out of town with that glittering calvacade without saying goodbye to anyone, and though my patron was not a diplomaed doctor, as I found out, he was a man of excellent habits, and the whole company was made up of good, straight boys, jolly, chirping vagabonds like myself. It was delightful to bowl over the country in that way. I laughed all the time. Miles and miles of somber landscape were made bright with merry song, and when the sun shone and all the golden sum-

> mer lay spread out before us, it was glorious just to drift on through it like a wisp of thistledown, careless of how, or when, or where the wind should anchor us. 'There's a tang of gypsy blood in my veins that pants for the sun and the air.'
>
> My duty proper was the manipulation of two blackboards, swung at the sides of the wagon during our street lecture and concert. These boards were alternately embellished with colored drawings illustrative of the manifold virtues of the nostrum vended. Sometimes I assisted the musical olio with dialect recitations and character sketches from the back step of the wagon. These selections in the main originated from incidents and experiences along the route, and were composed on dull Sundays in lonesome little towns where even the church bells seemed to bark at us."

And thus the assistant medicine man earned for himself a place in the hall of fame of *Hawkers and Walkers,* set up by Richardson Wright many years later and published by Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, in 1927. Although these tours proved very delightful, they were unprofitable, and the young Romany rye returned to the parental roof at Greenfield. He entered upon a new line of endeavor as editor of the home newspaper. When the paper was sold a few months later, the new proprietor transferred him to the literary department with an allotted space to fill. Not knowing what else to write about, Riley filled it with verse, and what ran over he offered to other newspapers, who accepted some of his poetry. His early career as a newspaper editor and contributor was rather stormy and disastrous. But when the sky seemed darkest, events took a more favorable turn. Judge Martindale, editor and proprietor of *The Indianapolis Journal,* had seen some of his poems in various papers and invited him to join his staff. From this time on Riley's star was in the ascendant. In the odd endeavors of his youth he had acquired valuable experience which had given him the opportunity to compose songs and dramatic skits, to acquire skill as an actor, and to come into intimate touch with the rural folk of Indiana. And now his dialect verses as published in the Journal met with a cordial reception. Riley became the "poet of the common people."

The manager of the Journal recognized the popular appeal of Riley's simple sentimental and often humorous verse, and privately published in pamphlet form what Riley had written. The first edition of one thousand copies was sold in local book stores and over the counter in the Journal office. This edition of *The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems* has since become very scarce and sells at a premium.

As Riley's poems gained in popularity, there arose a demand upon him to read his verses from the public platform. At first local, the call became national, and Riley traveled from Boston to San Francisco, delivering some hundred readings in a season. He developed a rare talent as a reader of his own poems, as a story-teller, and as a mimic.

It is not surprising that among the works of a man of Riley's sentiments and inclinations we should find some reference to Christmas and to the holiday customs of the people of Indiana. On December 25, 1877, *Das Krist Kindel* (The Little Christ Child) was first published in The Indianapolis Journal under the title "A Dream of Christmas."

DAS KRIST KINDEL.

I had fed the fire and stirred it, till the sparkles in delight
Snapped their saucy little fingers at the chill December night;
And in dressing-gown and slippers, I had tilted back "my throne"—
The old split-bottomed rocker—and was musing all alone.

I could hear the hungry Winter prowling round the outer door,
And the tread of muffled foosteps on the white piazza floor;
But the sounds came to me only as the murmur of a stream
That mingled with the current of a lazy-flowing dream.

Like a fragrant incense rising, curled the smoke of my cigar,
With the lamplight gleaming through it like a mist-enfolded star;—
And as I gazed the vapor like a curtain rolled away,
With a sound of bells that tinkled, and the clatter of a sleigh.

And in a vision painted like a picture in the air,
I saw the elfish figure of a man with frosty hair—
A quaint old man that chuckled with a laugh as he appeared,
And with ruddy cheeks like embers in the ashes of his beard.

He poised himself grotesquely, in an attitude of mirth,
On a damask-covered hassock that was sitting on the hearth;
And at a magic signal of his stubby little thumb,
I saw the fireplace changing to a bright procenium.

And looking there, I marveled as I saw a mimic stage
Alive with little actors of a very tender age;
And some so very tiny that they tottered as they walked,
And lisped and purled and gurgled like the brooklets, when they
  talked.

And their faces were like lilies, and their eyes like purest dew,
And their tresses like the shadows that the shine is woven through;
And they each had little burdens, and a little tale to tell
Of fairy lore, and giants, and delights delectable.

And they mixed and intermingled, weaving melody with joy,
Till the magic circle clustered round a blooming baby-boy;
And they threw aside their treasures in an ecstasy of glee,
And bent, with dazzled faces, and with parted lips, to see.

'Twas a wondrous little fellow, with a dainty double-chin,
And chubby cheeks, and dimples for the smiles to blossom in;
And he looked as ripe and rosy, on his bed of straw and reeds,
As a mellow little pippin that had tumbled in the weeds.

And I saw the happy mother, and a group surrounding her
That knelt with costly presents of frankincense and myrrh;
And I thrilled with awe and wonder, as a murmur on the air
Came drifting o'er the hearing in a melody of prayer:—

By the splendor in the heavens, and the hush upon the sea,
And the majesty of silence reigning over Galilee,—
We feel Thy kingly presence, and we humbly bow the knee
And lift our hearts and voices in gratefulness to Thee.

Thy messenger has spoken, and our doubts have fled and gone
As the dark and spectral shadows of the night before the dawn;
And, in the kindly shelter of the light around us drawn,
We would nestle down forever in the breast we lean upon.

You have given us a shepherd—You have given us a guide,
And the light of Heaven grew dimmer when You sent him from your side,—
But he comes to lead Thy children where the gates will open wide
To welcome his returning when his works are glorified.

Then the vision, slowly failing, with the words of the refrain,
Fell swooning in the moonlight through the frosty window-pane;
And I heard the clock proclaiming, like an eager sentinel
Who brings the world good tidings,—"It is Christmas—all is well!"

This poem was republished in "Afterwhiles," in 1887; in "Old Fashioned Roses," in 1888; and in the "Lockerbie Book," in 1911.

Twenty-seven years later Riley brought forth *A Defective Santa Claus,* dedicated to his friend Hewitt Hanson Howland. The poem was published in book form by Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, in 1904.

The actors in the story are Pa, Ma, and Uncle Sidney; the children, Etty, Lee-Bob, and their brother who tells the story; and we must not forget that faithful little dog, Trip.

Always when Pa's away Uncle Sidney comes to stay at our house, so Ma and the children won't be afraid at night. So last winter, just before Christmas, Pa had to go away to attend a law suit. In parting he told us that Old Santy might come that very night, and if he did, to be sure to give him Pa's love.

All day it snowed, and Lee-Bob just sat in his high chair by the window, watching the road, while Uncle played with Etty and me, and Ma did the cooking. And Uncle said "We ust to do some cookin' in the ashes,—Say, S'posin' we try some thataway!" And he raked a big hole in the hot ashes and put in two potatoes Pa was keeping because they won the premium at the Fair. When they were baked, he raked them out again, and busted them open. He buttered and salted them and blew them till they were cool enough to eat. Then he filled his pipe, and little Lee-Bob, "the best Lighter ever wuz," lit it for him.

Then Uncle got out the flat-iron, and while telling us all about old Christmas-times, he cracked hickory nuts until there was almost a crockful. When he was done he called for the popcorn and the three-legged skillet and showed us how corn was popped long years ago when he and Santy Claus was boys. When it was done he poured " 'bout forty-'leven bushels" into Ma's new basket. He told us that tonight was going to be Christmas Eve, and that Pa had received a postal card from Santy Claus that he would surely be here tonight to make us kids a Christmas call! We was glad to know for sure, and was prancing all round the room till Ma came and marched us in to dinner. There we sat and sat, till almost supper-time.

We told Uncle it was time to fix the tree before Santy comes like he said. We went with Uncle to the woodshed where the tree was which he made out of a little jack-oak top that he got at the sawmill. We all waddled back with it and Uncle set it up right in front of the fireplace because he was sure Santy was coming through the front door tonight, as he ought to. He said to Ma, "It's too bad Pa can't be here so's to see the fun the children will have, ever' one!" We could hardly wait till it was dark enough to light the lamp! And Lee-Bob lit a candle on the tree, just one, because he was "The Lighter." We sat around while Uncle told us some more about Santy Claus and about the clothes he wears. All of a sudden he say,

"Hush! Listen there! Hain't that a sleigh and sleigh-bells jinglin'?"

And we listen, and sure enough we hear the bells, closer and closer. Uncle threw an overcoat and a pair of window curtains over a chair and told us to hide quick, or we'd be too late, for the bells were stopping at the gate. He said he heard Santy's voice outside.

Then the door flew open and Lee-Bob shrieked at Ma, "There's Santy Claus!" And old Santy bowed and threw a kiss at him, and Sis, and one to me. Then he got close to Ma and stooped and kissed her. And as he did that he gave a whoop, because when he bent and kissed her he backed up against the tree where Lee-Bob had lit the candle. It set his white fur belt afire, and the fire went round him and right up to his old white beard. Ma fainted. Uncle grabbed the old overcoat and flopped it over Santy's head and swung open the door and said, "Come out, Old Man!—an' quick about it!—I've just got to put you out." And out he sprawled in the snow. "Now roll!" Uncle told him. Then Uncle came back in and shook Ma up and said "For mercy sake! He hain't hurt none!" He told us youngsters to go upstairs to bed and he'd help Old Santy fix the tree with all our whistles, horns and drums, and promised to help us toot them in the morning.

It was a long time before we got to sleep, because downstairs all the time something kept scuffling round on the floors, and doors kept opening and shutting, and we would hear Trip whining too, like he just didn't know what to do. It seemed like I heard men talking out by the fence. I heard Ma say, "Here's to you Doc! God bless us every one." And that's the last I knew till Ma and Pa called us, and Pa hollered "Chris'mus Gif'!" and says "I'm back home for Chris'mus Day! And Uncle Sid's here too—and he is nibblin' 'roun' your Chris'mus tree!" And Uncle hollered, "I suppose yer Pa's so proud he's froze his nose, he wants to throw it up at us."

When we came downstairs, sure enough Pa's nose was froze, and salve and stuff on it,—and one hand froze too, and a mit on it. Uncle said "But Pa he'd ort a'seen the way Santy bear up last night when that air fire broke out. Ist flashin'!—till I burn a hole in the snow with him and he roll the front yard dry. . . . W'y, hadn't been for me, that old man might a-burnt clear down clean-plumb'—level with the groun'!"

Then Ma said, "Breakfast is ready—Chris'mus too." And Uncle bowed his face and said a long blessing, and Trip barked two times before "Amen."

Riley's verse divides about equally into "Poems in Dialect," and "Poems Not in Dialect." The dialectic poems were published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, under the title *The Hoosier Book,* which contains the following Christmas selections: *Who Santy Claus Wuz, Christmas Afterthought, Little Mandy's Christmas-*

Tree, What Chris'mas Fetched the Wigginses, Some Christmas Youngsters, What Little Saul Got, Christmas, "Last Christmas Was a Year Ago," A Christmas Memory, and A Defective Santa Claus. The "Poems Not in Dialect" were issued in a collective volume by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, under the title *The Lockerbie Book,* and therein we find the following Christmas selections: *To Santa Claus, His Christmas Sled,* and a *Child's Christmas Carol.*

Riley wrote at least one Christmas story in prose. It is entitled *Jamesy,* and will be found in "The Poems and Prose Sketches" published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, in 1917, as one of the volumes of the Author's Works. It is a tale of a little Italian bootblack, his drunken father, and failing little sister. The unnamed relator of the tale befriended Jamesy on the streets, learned about the little fellow's miserable home life, and tried to make a merry Christmas for the children; but while the gifts were being handed about, "Sis" died; and so this short story of forty-one pages ends,—a faithful picture of the slums, but a sad tale of poverty and drunkenness.

In the course of years Riley received many honors. He was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, received the gold medal of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, was given a number of honorary degrees, and in 1915 his birthday was declared an official holiday throughout his home State in honor of "Indiana's Most Beloved Citizen." The later years of his life were spent in Indianapolis, where he died July 22, 1916.

XXI. Newton Booth Tarkington.

Tonight the wise are simple,
And the old forget to scorn
The young heart and the foolish;
The sad are not forlorn.
Hope holds the world in wonder
Because a Child is born.
—*Laurence Binyon.*

Newton Booth Tarkington was born at Indianapolis on July 29, 1869. James Whitcomb Riley was then nineteen years of age. This difference in years, however, did not interfere with the close friendship which later developed between these men. They became neighbors and pals, and many were the visits which Riley paid to the Tarkington home in Indianapolis. Both were the sons of lawyers and Civil War veterans, and both were interested in the graphic arts at an early age. Both were men of letters, one a poet, the other a novelist.

Tarkington was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy, Purdue University, and finally at Princeton. He was a very popular student, wrote a great deal, composed music, sang, drew, and acted in class plays. His first ambition was to be an illustrator, and to this course he was encouraged through the acceptance of one of his drawings by *Life;* but after thirty-one later sketches were rejected, he decided to become a writer. He wrote incessantly for eight years but to no practical purpose and without financial results. But he persisted, and finally a magazine editor plucked his *Cherry.* Though the manuscript was bought for Harper's

Magazine, it was tucked away unpublished, and its purchase charged to a mistake in judgment.

Tarkington's first work to gain real recognition was *Monsieur Beaucaire,* published in McClure's Magazine. His first novel to appear in book form was *The Gentleman from Indiana,* published in 1899, when the author was thirty. The following year *Monsieur Beaucaire* was also published as a book. Three years later (1903), with the author's reputation now firmly established, the *Cherry* became valuable, and was taken from cold-storage and offered for consumption by the publishers.

The eighteenth century writers, particularly the French School, were the patterns for Tarkington's earlier works. Even today he is partial to Balzac, Daudet and Dumas. Of the English authors he prefers Bennett, Hardy, James, Meredith and Wells. Nevertheless he feels that as a writer he himself did not achieve success until he took up Indiana subjects.

Tarkington in 1902 married Laurel Louisa Fletcher of Indianapolis, and in the same and following year he served in the Indiana Legislature. When he left Princeton he was a Socialist, as he says,—a humanitarian with a passion for justice. In the legislature he ranked as an insurgent Republican. He introduced practically all the labor bills, and on one occasion drew up a bill that would put those afflicted with blindness in the care of the State and teach them to make brooms. However, the Broom Makers' Union defeated his measure on the ground that it would ruin their trade. This caused Tarkington to abandon his idealism and to become a conservative for life.

Tarkington began the publication of his humorous portrayals of boyhood and adolescence with *Penrod,* in 1904.

Penrod and Sam and *Seventeen* followed. His summer home at Kennebunkport, Maine, is commonly referred to as "The House that Penrod Built."

In 1909 Harper & Bros. published Tarkington's short story—*Beasley's Christmas Party*—dedicated to his boyhood friend and neighbor, James Whitcomb Riley. It is a book of 100 pages, illustrated by Ruth Sypherd Clements.

The story is set in the fashionable urban quarters of the metropolis of Wainwright. The writer fastens our attention upon an old-fashioned brick mansion that would appear to breathe hospitality,—a place where holidays are warmly kept. But soon a mystery develops about the house, and tongues are set wagging. It is occupied by the Honorable David Beasley, the man who went to Congress and never made a speech, but always got what his district wanted. He was a bachelor and occupied the house alone, except for an old colored couple, his servants. He appeared to do odd things, and was regarded as an eccentric.

Beasley was a politician and one of the most successful lawyers in the entire state. Though considered queer, he was very popular in Wainwright,—a good listener, but with little to say himself. It was this characteristic that caused his fiancee, Miss Apperthwaite, to break an engagement of several years standing. She had come to the conclusion that he was a man without imagination.

Then Beasley adopted the little orphaned son of his old college chum, Hamilton Swift,—an invalid child with a peculiar mind, and in the habit of inventing characters for his own amusement.

A governor was to be elected, and Beasley was the candidate. He had enemies who opposed him on the ground that he was not a man of the people.

And then came Christmas Eve. For this great occasion Beasley staged an imaginery ball for the sole amusement of his little ward. The mansion was aglow with light. Beasley's opponents were on the alert, ready to overtake him in the act of entertaining high society. Newspaper men were called in, and an open window was located as a point of vantage. But all the watchers saw as they stamped their feet on this cold frosty night was a little invalid in a wheelchair being amused by Beasley, who in person danced a quadrille wherein he took the part of every performer himself, and his old negro fiddled the music. The morning papers did not report the party.

In the background of this story one sees the old brick house at 1100 North Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis,—the home of the author,—the lawn about the old homestead, the hedge, and Virginia creeper on the weather-beaten walls. It is here that Tarkington spends his winters. His sanctum is on the upper floor.

Tarkington has also written a number of stories of the modern industrial city,—such as *Turmoil* (1915), *The Magnificent Ambersons* (1918), *The Midlander* (1924), and *The Plutocrat* (1927). He achieved the unusual distinction of having won the Pulitzer Prize for literature on two successive occasions, once in 1919 in recognition of *The Magnificent Ambersons,* and again in 1922 for his *Alice Adams,* considered his most finished novel.

Two years before the first of these prize stories appeared, Tarkington's eyesight began to fail. He resorted to glasses of every description but without relief. By 1930 he was totally blind, but after several operations he partially regained his sight. As long as he could see he wrote daily, including Sundays, with an average output of 1,400 words, and this in addition to the revision of the previous day's work.

Tarkington is described by his biographers as a man without affectation, a good host, and a sympathetic listener. He has the reputation of being one of America's most versatile writers. Those specially interested are referred to *Booth Tarkington,* by Cortes Holliday, a Doubleday, Page & Company publication; *Contemporary American Novelists,* 1900-1920, by Carl Van Doren, The Macmillan Company; *Booth Tarkington at Home*, by John R. McMahon, Ladies' Home Journal, November 1922; and *Totalling Mr. Tarkington,* in American Nights Entertainment, (chapter 12) by Grant Overton, 1923.

XXII. Montgomery Pickett.

> The candles were still glowing bravely, and the old man stood behind the tree like a shadowy high priest at the altar of sacrifice.
>
> —*The Fourth Physician.*

Montgomery Pickett was born on June 14, 1868, at Lexington, Kentucky. His father, Joseph Desha Pickett (so named for his maternal grandfather, Joseph Desha, a major general of Kentucky troops in the War of 1812, and Governor of Kentucky from 1822 to 1826), was President of the University of Kentucky, now Transylvania College. The latter was chartered by the State of Virginia in 1783 and is the oldest college west of the Alleghany Mountains. His mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Bacon Holton, was a descendant of Nathaniel Bacon, a Virginian colonial statesman and soldier of English birth, keen intelligence, and high standing, who in 1676, just a century before the War of the Revolution, undertook "Bacon's Rebellion" against the absolutism of Governor Berkeley. Major General George Edward Pickett, who led the famous Confederate charge on Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg, during the Civil War, was a cousin.

The boyhood of our author was rather strenuous. At the age of twelve he became self-supporting through work on the farm. He milked the cows, tended the garden, sold produce, and rented out pasturage. In the meantime he gained what he calls a "very sketchy" education in private schools, including one taught by James Lane Allen, the Kentucky writer. Allen, in turn, had been a student of

Pickett's father in the University of Kentucky. At fifteen years of age Montgomery took his first permanent position, acting as messenger and clerk in a law office at Indianapolis. Later he secured a situation with a railroad, serving it in the legal, traffic, and transportation departments until the twenty-third year of his age.

For two years Pickett acted as Secretary of Works under Daniel H. Burnham, in the building and operation of the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, at Chicago. It was during this time, on November 8, 1893, that he married Alma Morgan Osborne, a descendant of George Walton, of Virginia, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. For the next forty years Pickett managed "The Rookery," a Chicago office building, retiring in 1934 as Vice President and a director of Central Safety Deposit Company, owner of the building.

Of Pickett's marriage two children were born,—Catherine Montgomery Pickett, who died in 1925, shortly after graduation from the University of Chicago and Rush Medical College,—and Elizabeth Pickett, a graduate of Wellesley College, and a noted writer. One of her works, "Red Skin," a story of the Navajo Indians, was produced as the first color motion picture with sound accompaniment by Paramount in 1929, and published in book form by Grosset & Dunlap.

When Elizabeth was a child she was very ill, and her home was quarantined. During these weeks of anxiety Montgomery Pickett first thought of the theme underlying his story of *The Fourth Physician.* The Chicago Tribune had announced a playwriting contest with a small prize, but guaranteeing to the winner professional production of his work at the Powers Theatre in Chicago, and at the Hudson Theatre in New York. *The Fourth Physician* was one of twelve hundred entries, and it won the prize. Later, at the request of A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, the author rewrote the play in story form, and so it was published, with illustrations by Gordon Stevenson, in 1911. The first edition consisted of ten thousand copies, and a second edition followed.

Although the story was written at Chicago and takes place there, it has a distinctly southern bouquet. At the age of sixty, Colonel Calendar Bedford, a Civil War veteran, retired from business, making the discovery that the City of Leisure is much more absorbing than the City of Industry. He journeyed to his old home in Virginia, leaving behind his daughter Elizabeth and his old colored servant, Hilary Brooks, whom he had brought north with him. Christmas was at hand, but the old negro was unhappy, fearing that his master might not return in time for the festivities. For forty years they had spent Christmas together. All morning Hilary had been decorating the house with holly and balsam boughs, not forgetting the mistletoe. Bedford dearly loved this white-haired old negro, formerly his slave, and regarded him as a friend rather than as a servant.

Elizabeth, whose mother died while she was still an infant, was a young woman now. She had just returned from a visit to Jeannette Walker, a child lying ill in her home in the settlement district. The little girl was fatherless and her mother was very poor. It was the same child that Elizabeth and old Hilary had remembered last Christmas. When she called at the girl's home Doctor Warren opened the door, and Elizabeth was not surprised to find the sturdy but kind-hearted "slum doctor" in attendance.

But let us return to the Bedford home, where Doctor Warren had called later, hoping to find Doctor Livingston Shepherd, a child-specialist, and to prevail upon him to administer his new discovery, Jeannette's only hope. Not finding him there, he continued his search elsewhere.

To Hilary's joy, his master returned from the South and the Colonel was pleased to hear that Livingston, who was interested in his daughter, was expected in the course of the afternoon. Elizabeth told her father about Jeannette; how Doctor Warren had done all he could, and was trying to interest Livingston in the case. "I shall tell him that the saving of that precious life will be his Christmas gift to me," said Elizabeth. And the Colonel thought that would settle the matter.

In the afternoon Doctor Shepherd arrived at the Bedford home. While alone with Elizabeth he told her of his great success, of his new discovery, and of his appointment with a great child-specialist from Berlin, with whom he was to dine that evening, and with whom he would leave for New York at midnight to attend a medical function at which he was to make public his new discovery. Having put his best foot forward, he asked Elizabeth to marry him; and this was to be his Christmas gift to her. But she had another gift in mind, the saving of little Jeannette, and until that feat was accomplished she would refuse to give consideration to Livingston's proposal. The young specialist bowed distantly and left the house, and when the Colonel returned his daughter was in tears.

Doctor Shepherd did not return to his office until evening, when the Colonel and his daughter called and pleaded with him to save the child. But their efforts were in vain.

Then Doctor Warren arrived, and he lost no time in presenting Jeannette's case.

"Another of your West Side paupers, I presume?" Shepherd remarked with intentional insolence. . . . "How often have I told you I will not visit any of your cases? I am to dine with Doctor Kindtlieb and other eminent physicians this evening, after which I am to accompany him to New York, where we both address the Medical Society on the subject of my discovery. Under such circumstances it impresses me as presumptious of you to ask me to take charge of the case of a pauper child somewhere in your sacred slums."

The argument having become more heated, Shepherd stepped to the door, which he swung open meaningly; but Warren had no intention of leaving. He berated Shepherd for his attitude, and taking him by the arm as he would a mere schoolboy, led him to a chair. "Sit down, I want to talk to you! You are drifting. I tell you this, I, who since boyhood have paid homage to your marvelous nature—since manhood, to your wonderful skill!"

Shepherd sat silent for a time, and then spoke. "You have been content with small things, while I have reached out for the heights! For reasons that must be clear to you, it is quite impossible for me to attend your patient. But I am not willing that her isolated case should be lost to science. When, in this instance, do you apprehend final dissolution?"

Warren replied that the patient would die before midnight unless Shepherd would take her case in hand. To Warren's utter amazement Shepherd handed him a printed form on which to write the history of the case and the symptoms preceding death, so that he might have it on his return from New York.

"Let me get back to my dying pauper! I will not trouble you any longer!" shouted Warren. But Shepherd detained him. "One moment before you go. What was the real cause of your deserting your excellent professional prospects, to devote your life to—er—charity?"

"You were, more than any one else!" retorted Warren. "It was on Christmas Day, and oh how cold it was! We had just left your office after discussing the partnership you had proposed. Within a few blocks of where I left you, in passing a building, since torn down, I noticed in the partial shelter of an old fashioned stoop, a woman, in that blizzard, with a baby at her breast. She looked up at me in piteous appeal, and then to the shoestrings she had for sale. . . . I had only a dollar and felt that I could not give it all. I went to the little restaurant where you and I used to dine before you became fashionable, and had my Christmas dinner alone. I took what was left of the dollar and went back to the place where I had left them, but they were gone,—*gone,* I tell you!

"I found her bunch of shoestrings driven round a post, where they were still whipping and threshing in the zero gale! Next morning the coroner's physician, summoned elsewhere, telephoned me to conduct a post mortem at the morgue. May Christ forgive me! It was she—still clasping that starved baby to her frozen breast!

"I thought a good deal about you and about myself before I finished that post mortem, and I decided that there were people in this city who needed me more than you did. And there is another claim upon you, Shepherd."

"What other claim?" asked Shepherd in an altered tone. "The wishes of the woman who loves you," replied Warren.

Shepherd buried his face in his hands, and then, full of resolution, selected instruments and the best equipment for administering the discovery. "Come, Bob, we must hurry! I shall go with you." Arm in arm the two men went out together.

Before leaving, Shepherd instructed his assistant to telephone Doctor Kindtlieb his apologies, because he would have to omit the dinner. But before this was done, the specialist from abroad made an unexpected entry. He expressed disappointment but showed an interest in this latest case in which Shepherd was to administer his new treatment. He picked up a card which Dr. Warren had left, giving Jeannette's address, thinking it was one of Shepherd's cards.

We next find ourselves at Jeannette's home. It is eleven o'clock at night. Dr. Shepherd is in the sickroom, and his assistant is at the cook stove in the kitchen. There is a knock. Hilary was at the door with a large hamper from which arose a gayly dressed little tree. He was bringing "jes er few things" from the Bedfords, "foh de little chile and her ma." He was sure the Colonel himself and his daughter would "bring up de rear of de procession." The old negro was a great believer in prayer. "De lawd gwinter do what am right, an' he's gwinter show us de way. Dat's wah Ah so suah de little sick chile in dar gwine to get well. Little Miss and Marse Calendah been prayin' foh her too." Then the old negro servant set up the tree, adjusting the tinsel and toys and lighting the candles. He thought he recognized Shepherd's voice in the sick room. He was calling for Doctor Warren.

Feeling sure that Shepherd would save Jeannette's life, Warren had gone out to purchase a Christmas gift for her.

He was not prepared for what he saw when he returned. Shepherd called him in to the dying child. His discovery had failed, and he now appealed to Warren to save her.

Then the third physician, Doctor Kindtlieb, unexpectedly appeared, inquiring for Shepherd. Shepherd told him the child was dying, and seeing nothing he could do to forestall death, the visitor, addressing Shepherd, said "Come, my car is waiting below. With haste there is yet time to catch the midnight train!"

"I have no discovery to announce. It is a failure!" responded Shepherd; and he remained with Warren at the bedside of the dying child.

Presently Colonel Bedford and his daughter arrived. She asked for Doctor Warren, not knowing that Doctor Shepherd was in the sick room. The candles were still burning on the tree, and Hilary was standing behind it like a shadowy high priest at the altar of sacrifice. From Doctor Warren they learned that Jeannette was sinking rapidly, and Colonel Bedford ventured the remark that it was too bad that they had not been able to prevail upon Shepherd to come. "But he did come," Warren whispered to the Colonel. "He is here. He made a gallant fight—a magnificent sacrifice! Let us save your daughter, for tonight at least, the disappointment of knowing that his discovery has failed."

But Hilary, the devout old negro servant, was still hopeful, and turning to Elizabeth, gave voice to his faith in the Lord. "Don't let 'em discourage you, little Miss! Hit am true that all three doctors hab give her up, but there am yet *Another!* De mantle ob his love and mercy am sheltahin dat little child. Yassum, de *fou'th physician* hab taken de case."

And as the bells rang out at midnight Jeannette's soul wandered out from her little body.

Elizabeth learned that Shepherd had remained with Jeannette instead of going to New York, and when he called she found him an altered man. As old Hilary spoke of his faithful work, Shepherd seemed to be looking through the wreckage of his soul into the negro's inspired eyes.

"Can't you see, sah?" observed Hilary, "You wah de patient, an' you am healed! You've made *de one great discovery!*"

Shepherd straightened up. He caught the black hand in his, and the sob of a strong, repentant soul rose from his heart.

We return to the author. In 1934 Pickett retired to "Rosemont," his farm at Maysville, Kentucky. His house is on a hilltop 550 feet above the Ohio, overlooking the valley as far as the Cumberland Mountains thirty miles away. His present activities, to use his own words, "consist mainly in supervising the rising and setting of the sun, inspecting the clouds and their shadows as they are driven across the hills by our sweet Kentucky sunlight, fooling around with a rose-garden, and occasionally finding time to think of those splendid craftsmen working in imagination and the mosaic of vision and words—that far-seeing group of men whom we call 'Isaiah.' " He believes the Book of Isaiah to be the work of several writers,—a sort of Bible in itself.

Mr. Pickett has written a number of short stories, published by Harper's and others, and is now writing a romance of the time of Isaiah. May the City of Leisure afford him time and inspiration for its successful completion.

XXIII. Grace S. Richmond.

And all the angels in heaven do sing,
  On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the bells on earth do ring,
  On Christmas Day in the morning.
—*Old Song.*

Grace S. Richmond, author of *Red Pepper Burns, Mrs. Red Pepper Burns, Red Pepper's Patients, Red Pepper Returns,* and a number of other novels, has written three Christmas stories, all published by Doubleday, Page & Company: *On Christmas Day in the Morning* (1909); *On Christmas Day in the Evening* (1910); and *Under the Christmas Stars* (1913).

Mrs. Richmond was born in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, to Charles Edward Smith, a Doctor of Divinity, and Catherine A. (Kimball) Smith. She received her academic education in the high schools of Syracuse, and took a college course under private tutors. On October 29, 1887, at the age of twenty-one, she married Dr. Nelson Guernsey Richmond, of Fredonia, New York. Although her literary career has been long and active, she also brought up a family of children, three of whom are living. Her career as a novelist extends over a quarter of a century, beginning with *The Indifference of Juliet,* published in 1905, and ending with *Bachelor's Bounty* in 1931. I have no knowledge of anything written by her and published since then.

As Willson Whitman in his brochure entitled "Grace S. Richmond, Builder of Homes," published by Doubleday, Doran & Company, New York, 1928, observes,

> "It's a truism that any sincerely written book is a mirror in which, mingling with the other characters, an observant eye can catch glimpses of its creator. Don't we all know that books like those about Red Pepper Burns were written from personal experience? Not literally drawn from life, of course; and yet their flavor of reality attests long familiarity with the sort of people and places described. It isn't necessary for us to look in 'Who's Who' and read that Grace S. Richmond was a clergyman's daughter, that she married a physician, to be sure that somewhere in her own experience must be found the stuff for such people as Red Pepper Burns—the doctor everybody would like to have—and Robert McPherson Black, the preacher everybody would like to hear."

The same thought occurs to us as we read her Christmas stories. The first of these, with colored illustrations by Charles M. Relyea, concerns a family which might be her own; the second, also illustrated by Relyea, concerns a little country church and two ministers; the third, illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens, reaches its climax in the birth of a Christmas baby, whose life was saved by a practical young woman who, though not a nurse, assumed the responsibilities of one. All three stories have the same setting and involve the same characters,—tales of happy reunions of a large family at succeeding Christmastides.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

Father and Mother Fernald reared a family of six children,—Guy a loyal son, with matrimonial aspirations; Ralph, with a sweetheart in the West; Edson, Oliver, Caroline and Nancy, all married and with families of their own.

The parents, who continued to reside on the old farm three miles out of the little town of North Estabrook, were growing old. Although all the children remembered them with presents at Christmas time, Guy, the youngest son, alone comforted them by his personal presence at the old fireside. During his last visit he saw that they were sad and lonely, and his mind rebelled against the indifference of his brothers and sisters, some of whom had not seen the folks for six or seven years. With the determination to make the next Christmas different, he planned a surprise, and prevailed upon his brothers and sisters to join him. Marietta, the faithful maid, was also enlisted in order to assure success of the venture.

As the holidays approached, Guy wrote the maid to caution his parents to be sure to hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve; and this they did to satisfy their boy's whim; for they inferred that he, at least, would visit them as usual.

That night all the children, without their families, journeyed to the old home. They were quietly admitted by Marietta, and each sent to bed in his own room, for it was a large house, and every chamber had been kept precisely as its former occupant had left it. She took charge of the presents, hung up a stocking for each of the children and one for herself, filling them to capacity.

Christmas morning broke upon a wintry world. Marietta had started a good fire. And what a surprise awaited Father and Mother at the fireside! The dear old folks were puzzled, and as they read the labels on the packages their surprise increased. Then Mother surmised that the children must be there too. She led the way up stairs, and in each bed they found a son or a daughter, and from each came a greeting,—"Merry Christmas to Mammy and Daddy."

At the breakfast table while eight heads were bent, this thanksgiving was offered, in a voice not quite steady, by the master of the house to One Unseen:

> "Thou who camest to us on that first Christmas Day, we bless Thee for this good and perfect gift Thou sendest us to-day, that Thou forgettest us not in these later years, but givest us the greatest joy of our lives in these our loyal children."

On Christmas Day in the Evening

Yearly returns to the old homestead have now become a habit with the Fernald clan. The wives and husbands, and the children, also go. Altogether they are quite a company. Guy is now married. And here they are,—again gathered about the old hearth in happy reunion.

The topic of discussion is the old village church, now closed for over a year because of a split in the congregation. Father and Mother Fernald, who had taken no part in the controversy, felt sad that the old meeting house which they and their children had attended so many years should be closed. Their daughter Nancy suggested that they open the church themselves and have Christmas Day service there. Ignore the factions! Have a service for everybody! A real Christmas service, with holly and other greens, music, and a sermon! She felt sure everybody would come, and her enthusiasm won over the family. It was planned to open the old church for a Christmas evening service, and to ask Guy's brother-in-law, the Reverend William Sewall, of St. John's at Estabrook, to preach the sermon.

And so the meeting-house was opened, the old stove and the old lamps put in order, and the church decked out in Christmas greens. The service was carefully planned and well advertised. The Reverend Sewall arrived; but the problem of doing and saying the right thing that evening troubled him. He had assumed a delicate task.

"Isn't there any minister in town, not even a visiting one?" he asked.

Nancy thought of one,—the only one, Elder Blake,—who had not preached a sermon for years and was regarded as superannuated. He had taken no part in the schism. Sewall hunted him up, and after some effort prevailed upon the kindly old man to preach the sermon.

The hour for the service arrived and the church was well filled. All cleaned up and festively decorated, it seemed a new place; but the faces were the same. There were hard looks as each faction sat rigid, ignoring the other. Caroline, a skilled musician, was at the organ.

And now the Reverend Sewall and Elder Blake entered the church, side by side, the young man moderating his pace to the feeble footsteps of the very old man. All eyes were bent upon them as they marched to the sanctuary. The organ was playing an old hymn dear to the generations of Christmas singers. And the breath of voices was upon the air as a quartette in the organ loft sang "Holy Night." The young city rector read the Christmas Story,—simple and clear. Guy's wife sang a solo that touched the congregation. Sewall made a prayer, a part which it was assumed would be assigned to Elder Blake. Surely the old man was entitled to perform at least this part of the service, and some were beginning to feel indignant about it. Was he to have no part but the benediction?

And as they wondered, Elder Blake stepped forward. He had no book, and he was taking off his spectacles, for he could see better at a distance without them. He preached the sermon,—a message of peace and good will, but no tame peace. There was flesh and blood in his remarks. He gave the congregation just what it needed. He summoned its members not to lie down together like lambs, but to march forward like lions of the Lord. Suddenly the ringing sermon ended. The preacher left his hearers breathless. Then he spoke again, but now in a low pleading voice: "Now, therefore, O our God, hear the prayer of Thy servant and his supplications, and cause thy face to shine upon Thy sanctuary that is desolate, for the Lord's sake."

The congregation was so overcome with emotion that but few could have joined in a closing hymn. So again the voices in the organ loft opportunely sang "Holy Night."

Elder Blake's sermon unified the congregation, and the good people of North Estabrook still talk about it, though it happened long ago.

Under the Christmas Stars

Once more we join the Fernald family, now twenty strong, and with them we make another Christmas journey to the old homestead.

Father and Mother Fernald again welcomed their children and grandchildren with open arms. Ralph is now married and his new wife, Molly, met her new relatives for the first time. She was under more or less scrutiny on the part of the other Fernald wives. Some did not like her gay attire, while others pretended offense at her bluff and hearty manner. Guy's wife Margaret alone treated her naturally. Molly was a western ranch girl and her manner was not agreeable to her new eastern relatives.

In the middle of the night—Christmas Eve—Guy, much troubled, came knocking at his mother's door. His wife was about to give birth. Without a storm raged, and there would be difficulty in getting a doctor. His mother thought of old

Doc Wakefield; and as Guy rushed away his mother went up to attend to Margaret. Meanwhile Ralph went for the doctor.

When these blizzards strike North Estabrook, the inhabitants resign themselves to days of isolation. Doctor Wakefield in his earlier years covered many a mile on snow shoes when horses could not get through. But he was getting old, and when Ralph reached him, he was too ill to come. Ralph would have driven on to Estabrook, or telephoned, but the roads were blocked and the wires down. He engaged a messenger to drive over for Doctor Holt as soon as he could get through.

But the storm was growing worse, and while the rest of the Fernald wives were wasting time in idle lamentations, Molly donned a print dress, rolled up her sleeves, and appeared to be doing laundry work, a wash boiler on the kitchen stove and a heap of white things on the table. She was sterilizing them. Guy, in a much distressed state of mind and pale with fear, came into the kitchen.

"Such a frightened lot of folks I never set my eyes on," observed Molly. "Do you think no life ever came into this world without a whole hospital corps to sign the certificate? Your mother'll do all that's necessary, and Marietta and I will back her up all we can . . . I've lived on a ranch and have been called in on all sorts of emergencies. I've helped surgeons and doctors often enough."

And while the men were out clearing the road Doctor Holt arrived; and as he opened the door, the women, all talking at once, greeted him with these words: "It's all over—half an hour ago! It's a boy! Molly saved the baby! They thought he was gone. He could not breathe. Molly made him breathe! He's all right now!"

After an examination Doctor Holt, not knowing that Molly was Ralph's wife, reported: "The young woman you have here has managed very well indeed. She has certainly saved the child. One doesn't find that sort everywhere."

And so Molly was vindicated!

Estabrook or North Estabrook may have had their counterpart in Fredonia, New York, where Doctor and Mrs. Richmond have resided for many years,—with its Main Street, its public square, with the postoffice on one side and banks and drug stores grouped around, and a band stand in the center. Mrs. Richmond offers no apologies for living in a small town, and rather enjoys having Main Street for an address. And as Mr. Whitman observes, "At Fredonia anybody will direct you to Mrs. Richmond's—or to Dr. Richmond's—house. But suppose no one could? You would be safe enough in looking for a house that was obviously a home, that seemed to welcome you before you get there, with warm red walls and a white doorway, with a front yard shaded with trees and fragrant with lilacs, a house with rambling hospitable porches."

XXIV. ZONA GALE.

> It is the most human and kindly of seasons, as fully penetrated and irradiated with the feeling of human brotherhood, which is the essential spirit of Christianity, as the month of June with sunshine, and the balmy breath of roses.
>
> —*George W. Curtis.*

Zona Gale was born at Portage, Wisconsin, on August 26, 1874, the daughter of Franklin Gale of Ohio, and Eliza (Breese) Gale of New York State. She was educated in the public schools of Portage and at the University of Wisconsin from which she graduated in 1895. She received her master's degree four years later.

It would seem that Zona Gale has always been a writer, even in her childhood. At seven years of age she wrote a book of fiction and verse and illustrated it herself. While at high school she wrote a play. From 1899 to 1901 she was employed by Milwaukee newspapers, writing plays during her leisure. She went to New York and from 1901 to 1904 was on the staff of the *New York World.* At the same time she was writing stories for the magazines, but these received no recognition until 1904, when *Success* published one of them. *Smart Set* printed her early verses.

After this experience in the big city Zona Gale returned to her home town in order to do her work; and there she has lived since 1904. Portage is apparently the Burage and Friendship Village of her stories. In 1906 her first novel, *Romance Island,* was published, and the number of books which followed are proof of her industry as a writer. They included poems, plays, novels, short stories, and essays.

Christmas, a novel written by Zona Gale, was published by The Macmillan Company, New York, in the year 1912. It is illustrated in color by Leon V. Solon.

The story concerns Old Trail Town, a village of about three hundred souls. It revolves about Mary Chavah, one of the villagers, who believed neither in miracles nor in Christmas. She lived in a little house, all alone, making her living as a seamstress, and taking pleasure in her garden. Although well liked by her neighbors, they thought it queer that for years she had not kept a single Christmas.

Next we are introduced to three citizens—Ebenezer Rule, a widower, owner and operator of a factory which gave employment to most of the villagers, but was closed months ago in consequence of a business depression; Simeon Buck, proprietor of the Dry Goods Exchange; and Abel Ames, proprietor of the Merchandise Emporium.

Rule's decision not to reopen the factory this winter meant continued unemployment in Old Trail Town. The merchants were still carrying unpaid accounts incurred during last year's Christmas season, and they thought it unwise to allow their customers to get further into debt during the approaching holidays under such conditions. The churches, too, had decided to omit Christmas exercises.

The merchants at a town meeting submitted to popular vote the question of foregoing the coming Christmas. It seemed the sensible thing to do, and although some spoke against the measure, it was decided to circulate a petition to omit the Christmas celebration. A placard was tacked up at the postoffice, signed by those in favor of the move and calling upon the rest of the town to subscribe and to omit Christmas presents. Two thirds of the inhabitants added their names.

Twenty years ago Adam Blood had been a frequent visitor in the home of Mary Chavah and her sister Lily. Mary loved Adam, but he took a fancy to Lily whom, to her sister's great disappointment, he ultimately married. Mary never got over it. Adam died and recently his wife Lily followed him. They left two children,—John, the elder son, and his brother, a little lad of six years. Fearing that the little chap would not have the proper training out West, John wrote his Aunt Mary, advising her of his mother's death, and asking leave to send on his little brother to live with Mary. The request stunned her, and over and over she vowed that she would not take the boy. All the events of the past were oppressing her like a great burden.

Mary took counsel with one of her neighbors, Jenny Wing, who not many months ago had married Bruce, son of Ebenezer Rule. And Jenny confided that she too, was expecting an arrival in the latter part of December. Under these circumstances Mary and Jenny decided to plan together for the future, and a letter went forth to John to send on his little brother.

The news that Mary Chavah was adopting a little boy soon became a matter of common knowledge. Her neighbors wondered what they could do to help her get ready. The child would arrive in another week,—on Christmas Eve, in a town of "No Christmas." How could they give the new arrival a Christmas reception without going back on their pledges? They wished for something to offer in place of Christmas.

On the day before Christmas Mary Chavah awoke early, wholly ignorant that her decision to take on the little lad from Idaho had become the happiest open secret in the old town. Although there was to be no Christmas, her neighbors saw no harm in all going over to Mary's on Christmas Eve when the boy would arrive, and taking a little something to eat,—no presents of course! They would have to eat somewhere, and they would come together just to welcome the little stranger. No one protested and no one remained uninvited. Mary alone was not told.

One of the women called on Mary, reconnoitering for the villagers, getting particulars about the boy's arrival and Mary's plan to get him at the depot. The woman offered to come over and keep up the lights for Mary and to be there when she returned with the boy.

Ten minutes after Mary departed every window in her house was lighted, a fire kindled, and the neighbors came and fell to work over the baskets which they had brought. The dining table was stretched to its full length and set with dishes and viands. And the guests kept coming.

Mary was at the station when the train arrived, and as she saw the conductor lifting a little boy from one of the coaches up ahead, she ran through the snow to meet him. The little chap clasped her hand, and leaping up and down beside her, shouted with all his might, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" And as the noise of the departing train lessened, he soberly asked "Are you her?" And Mary joyfully cried, "I'm her!"

And of course the surprise party received them with great joy. It was a happy occasion.

Among Zona Gale's short stories is one entitled *A Great Tree,* illustrated by Parker Becher, and which first appeared in *Everybody's Magazine* for December 1913. It was later published in book form. It is the story of Calliope Marsh, an elderly public-spirited woman of Friendship Village. She craved to enjoy a Christmas tree with somebody. The idea of having a tree boxed up in some church or private home did not appeal to her. She longed for one that could be enjoyed by all, including the poor folk in the back streets.

Loads of trees were coming into the Market Square, large ones and small. One, a giant in stature and girth, fitted into her plan, and she started her campaign for a community Yule. There were five or six churches in the village, each spending about twenty-five dollars for a tree, to be enjoyed by a limited group of people.

The first step was to talk to one of the young men of the village, a chorister. He promised to arrange for carol singers. Next Calliope visited the merchants and won them to her plan. All agreed to close on Christmas Eve to insure the success of the celebration. The churches also joined.

And so the great tree was purchased and set up in the Market Square. The churches of all denominations sacrificed their strings of pop-corn and other ornaments to bedeck the giant sentinel. The tree was trimmed and equipped with hundreds of lights. Christmas Eve came, and as the tree was lighted, the carol singers burst forth with "Holy night, silent night." And such a night it was,—the ground covered with a light blanket of snow, the air clear and cold. The square was crowded with happy villagers. Someone had organized the choirs of all the churches into one, and now the choristers contributed to the program in a body.

And so Friendship Village held its First Annual Christmas Tree Celebration.

XXV. Christmas in the Land of Cotton.

Li'l' Christmas chilluns
  Happy on de way,
Countin' of de minutes
  To de Christmas Day;
Santy Claus can't miss 'em—
  Watchin' day an' night;
Done told him whar dey livin'
  An' he got de message right!
—*Frank L. Stanton.*

I know of no better introduction to this subject than *A Plantation Christmas,* written by Julia Peterkin, illustrated with pen drawings by David Henderson, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company in 1934. The booklet is not a story, but a vivid description of how Christmas is kept in the Land of Cotton. It opens with observations which the city-dweller is reluctantly obliged to confirm.

> "I hear that in many places something has happened to Christmas; that it is changing from a time of merriment and carefree gayety to a holiday which is filled with tedium; that many people dread the day, and the obligation to give Christmas presents is a nightmare to weary bored souls; that the children of enlightened parents no longer believe in Santa Claus; that all in all, the effort to be happy and have pleasure makes many honest hearts grow dark with despair instead of beaming with good will and cheerfulness."

This lament carries us back to the days when the pamphleteer raised the "Hue and Cry after Christmas:"

> "But is old, old, good old Christmas gone? Nothing but the hair of his good, grave old head and beard left? Well, I will have that, seeing I cannot have more of him."

Mrs. Peterkin, speaking almost three hundred years later, and from an isolated plantation, has renewed this cry. She is rightly grateful to the fate that has removed her from the beaten track of "human progress," and she rises to the defense of the wholesome old-fashioned ways it is crushing out. To her, life is nowhere more generous than on her old plantation, where individuals are few and each counts for much, where hours are long and quiet, and holidays are real.

Here, we are told, Christmas preparations begin when Thanksgiving is over. Larders are stocked against the season. Old recipes are resurrected, and the cook begins operations with renewed zeal. Sweet potatoes are in banks, hay in stacks, corn in the barns, and the last vestiges of the cotton crop are gathered in by the darkies. Wood piles grow, and a clean hickory backlog for the Christmas fire lies on every pile.

Here children are still trained to be seen and not heard and are expected to listen quietly to their elders as they repeat the old stories. Here, too, Christmas is not just for youngsters, but is enjoyed by adults as well. Christmas trees are brought from the woods, holly wreaths are made, and boughs of mistletoe are put in place. Hunters go out in search of the Christmas dinner.

On Christmas Eve the plantation is aglow, glad voices are heard, and fires crackle. Supper is eaten early so that all will be ready for the watch-night meeting in the Quarters. When the time arrives, the old meeting benches are filled with worshippers, and the story of the first Christmas is read. Old hymns are sung until midnight, and at that holy hour prayers change to rejoicing. The celebration continues through the night, and the benediction is not said until the sun rises. Then the servants steal into the Big

House on tip-toe so they can catch everybody with the shout of "Christmas Gift!" before breakfast. This is an old Southern custom. Everybody tries to catch everybody else, and by shouting first, win an extra Christmas gift. In the South, as elsewhere, Christmas is the most festive time of the year, and as Mrs. Peterkin observes,

> "When nothing is left of the merry-making but withered holly and faded mistletoe, and the few red embers that still shine among the hickory ashes of the Christmas backlog, we rejoice that we are spared to pause and wonder over that strange miracle we call life."

Julia Peterkin was born in Laurens County, South Carolina, on October 31, 1880. Her father was a physician. The mother died soon after Julia's birth, and the children were reared by their grandmother. The author graduated from Converse College, Spartansburg, at sixteen, earned the degree of Master of Arts at seventeen, and in order to achieve independence, secured a position as teacher in a country school. She remained at her post two years, and then married William George Peterkin, a cotton planter. Since 1903 she has been mistress of Lang Syne Plantation, near Fort Mott. There are hundreds of negroes on the place, but very few whites. With neither doctor nor lawyer within a radius of ten miles, she has frequently been called upon to act as judge, doctor, and family adviser. Her isolation has caused her to resort to hobbies over a wide range,—music, embroidery, growing roses, raising dogs, pigeons and turkeys, and cultivating fruits and vegetables. She is fond of the negro and appreciates his mental simplicity. Although in recent years Mrs. Peterkin has devoted much of her life to writing, she is still a mother, a housekeeper, and a plantation owner. She rides, hunts, and fishes. In 1928 she was awarded the

Pulitzer prize for her "Scarlet Sister Mary," a novel dealing with the South Carolina negro.

Roark Bradford, although a descendant of Governor Bradford of Massachusetts, is closely associated with the South. His ancestors moved to Virginia and his antecedents fought in the Confederate Army. By birth, environment and education he is well qualified to write about the Southern negro. He was born on his father's cotton plantation in Laureldale County, Tennessee, August 21, 1896. As his birthplace was fifteen miles from any railroad, he enjoyed, at least as a young lad, that same isolation which Mrs. Peterkin is so thankful for. As a child Roark's chief playmates were three little negroes. At fifteen he began to write,—chiefly adventure stories of China, where he had never been. He studied at home and in the public schools and attended the University of California.

It was not until 1924 that Bradford discovered his forte as a writer. In that year the *New York World* accepted his feature story about a negro who went fishing with a bell on the end of his line. Then followed a series of negro Bible stories, told of "the time when the Lord walked the earth like a natural man." Their success convinced him that a wealth of negro lore had yet to be written, and that he, having been reared among these people and having heard them preach, sing, and tell stories all his life, could do it.

Bradford's second short story, *Child of God,* published in Harper's, won the O. Henry Memorial Prize for the best short story of 1927. His negro Bible stories were published in book form by Harper & Brothers in 1928 under the title *Ol' Man Adam an' his Chillun,* and for these the author had already received moderate recognition when *Green Pastures,* based on this volume, appeared in a New York theater. For this the Pulitzer Prize for the best play of the year went chiefly to Marc Connelly; but Connelly, the critics, and the public readily acknowledged the debt due to Bradford as author of the basic material. In 1929 appeared Bradford's full length novel, *This Side of the Jordan,* which was followed in 1930 by a second book of Bible stories, *Ol' King David and the Philistine Boys.* In 1931 he wrote *John Henry,* based on the legendary super-negro of the Lower Mississippi.

Bradford also wrote *How Come Christmas,* an enchanting little story of the origin of Christmas as worked out by a negro preacher and a little group of negro children. The action takes place in a corner of a rural church. Six youngsters sit on a bench, facing the stove, the pastor presiding. The old preacher pops the question, "How come hit's Christmas?"

Little Willie thinks it's Christmas " 'cause old Sandy Claus come around about dis time er de year clawin' all de good chilluns wid presents." But Christine insists "Hit's Christmas 'cause de Poor Little Jesus was bawned on Christmas." And this difference of opinion leads the old preacher to put another question.

"Now de question is, did old Sandy Claus start clawin' chillun wid presents before de Poor Little Jesus git bawned, or did de Little Jesus get bawned before old Sandy Claus started gittin' round?"

Willie insists Sandy Claus was on duty before Jesus was born; but Christine holds the opposite view. However, Willie has proof on his side, for he "seed pitchers" of both, and "Sandy Claus is a heap de oldest." But this does not agree with the theology of little Delia. "Dat ain't right. Old Methuselah is de oldest, 'cause de Bible say so."

And although the Reverend agrees that "Methuselah was powerful old, all right," Willie stands his ground, and bets "He wa'n't no older den old Sandy Claus. Old Sandy Claus got a heap er whiskers." But no matter,—for Christine insists Little Jesus was here before old man Methuselah. The Reverend grants that "he have been hyar a powerful long time all right." But Willie is back at him. "So have old Sandy Claus!" Then Delia rolls forth another apple of discord. "Moses got er heap er whiskers too."

Seeing the council wandering away from the question and lost in a tangle of whiskers, the Reverend steers them back to the original question: "How come Christmas get started bein' Christmas?"

But Willie says you can't fool old Sandy Claus about Christmas. "He jest lay around and watch and see how de chilluns mind de maw, and den de first thing you know, he got his mind made up about who been good and who been bad, and den he just hauls off and has hisse'f a Christmas," and "who gonter stop him?"

Christine is still obdurate. "How come he don't make up his mind on de Fou'th of July? Ev'ybody get good around de Fou'th er July, jist like Christmas, so's dey kin go to de picnic." And Willie has an answer. "'Cause hit ain't no p'int in Sandy Claus clawin' ev'ybody when ev'ybody goin' to de picnic anyhow. Sandy Claus b'lieve in scatterin' de good stuff out."

After further fruitless discussion the preacher tells the children the "real" story of Jesus:

Once upon a time there was a little baby named Jesus. No one knew his name yet; but they knew the baby was "powerful smart and powerful purty." And everybody thought he was going to grow up and be a king. So they wanted to get on the good side of the baby, figuring if they started soon enough he'd grow up liking them and would not chop their heads off. Moses went over and gave him one hundred dollars in gold. Methuselah gave him a diamond ring. Peter gave him a fine white robe.

Sandy Claus was getting old and not getting around much, and did not hear the news that the Little Jesus was going to grow up and be the king. But old Mrs. Sandy Claus heard that "Miss Mary got a brand-new baby over at her house." So her husband decided to go and see it and to give it a big red apple as a cradle gift. When he got to Mary's house he found everybody standing around and making fine presents. And they all laughed at Sandy because all he was bringing was an apple. "Quick as dat boy grows up and gits to be de kaing," they told him, "he gonter chop yo' haid off." But old Sandy went up to the crib, and pushing away all the gold and silver and other stuff, handed the Little Jesus the apple. And the child grabbed it and laughed, and grabbed old Sandy's whiskers, and "him and old Sandy Claus went round and round."

About that time up stepped the Lord and said, "I swear, old Sandy Claus, betwixt dat apple and dem whiskers de Little Jesus ain't had so much fun since he been bawn. . . . You sho' do know how to handle yo'se'f around de chilluns. . . . Stand still and shet yo' eyes whilst I pass a miracle on you." And so the Lord did, saying, "Old Sandy Claus, live forever and make my chilluns happy about once a year."

And Sandy opened his eyes and asked what time of the year he was to do this, and the Lord said: "Christmas suit me, efen hits all o.k. wid you." And Sandy Claus said "Hits just about right for me." So ever since then he has been making gifts to the children on the same day that Jesus was born. Of course the Lord knew that before long the child would grow up and be a man; and when he did that, all the grown folks had him so they could moan their sins away, and lay their burdens on him, and get happy in their hearts. The Lord made Jesus for the grown folks. But he knew the children had to have some fun, so that is "how come hit's Sandy Claus and Christmas and all."

This story originally appeared in Harper's Magazine, and it is now available in a booklet published by Harper & Brothers in 1934.

RUTH McENERY STUART, in 1903, wrote a good Southern Christmas story, entitled *George Washington Jones,* which was published by Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia. It contains four color illustrations by Edward Potthast.

George Washington Jones, a little colored boy, now ten years old and not very strong, had been greatly devoted to his grandfather, who died just three days before Christmas, leaving George without a relative in the world. He was staying with his "Aunt Caroline," who was not his real aunt, until something could be done for him.

As a boy the old grandfather had been selected by his master from five hundred field hands and sent as a Christmas gift to the loveliest mistress in the world. From that time on "he just lived right along wid de quality." But the War came and all was changed. The plantation went to strangers. All the white folks were dead and their children scattered. And now even the old grandfather had "gone home."

Little George knew that "Aunt Caroline" had all the children she needed, and would not want any second-hand boys "for keeps." Anyhow, she was black, and he was too, but he didn't want to "belong" to his own kind. He awoke on Christmas morning and saw all the children scrambling for their stockings, and the sight brought tears to his eyes as he stayed under his little blanket. But when he smelled the bacon frying, he had to get up. He was not going to show how lonely he felt, but as the children allowed him to play with their toys, and even the baby wanted to kiss him, he started to cry.

Before Christmas the other children asked him what he expected, but he would not say. No, Santa was not going to bring it; he was going out to get it himself. The gift he wished for was no less than a beautiful mistress. In speaking of the greatest day of his life his grandfather had often said, "Of co'se when I was give to my yo'ng lady-mistus, by dat same ac' she was give to me for my Christmus gif'! You can't give a pusson a servant widout givin' de servant a boss." So George determined to be a Christmas gift to some fair lady, and many such lived in lovely places along Prytania Street. He decided to start out on Christmas morning, ring the bell where one of those ladies lived and tell her he was her Christmas gift; that would settle the matter. He would have a mistress with long yellow curls, and if possible he would have her play on a gilt harp, as his grandfather's "mistus" had done.

After breakfast on Christmas morning George climbed the ladder to his attic room and dressed for his venture. A few things his grandfather had left him, he tied up with his surplus garments, attaching the bundle to an old umbrella. And so the "Christmus gif' " started down Prytania Street, his head high. He hoped to find the gate of the lions, and there his "beauty-lady." On the way he tried several likely places, but the servants turned him away. He kept on walking and ringing bells. Suddenly he came upon the "lion gate," and jerked the bell. A fierce dog greeted him, and when a servant came out, no one was there. George tried several other likely places, but nobody wanted a "Christmus gif' of a handy little boy."

By sunset George was very tired, and he turned from the noble houses into a humble side street. At one gate he found an empty bench, and he sat down. Just then a fat colored woman in a calico dress came out and sat down beside him. And when she saw his tears, and his bundle, and his old shoes, she said softly, "Nemmine"; and she wiped away his tears and talked with him. As darkness came she took him into the house. She lighted her candle and served a frugal meal. Then she tenderly put him to bed. And she offered to take him in as her little boy, if he chose to stay; but he fell asleep without having decided.

When George awoke the next morning he felt a humiliating sense of failure. He compared the surroundings he had visualized with Sarah's humble cabin. And he wondered whether God had taken the trouble to look on and see what a Christmas fool he had made of himself. "The next time I goes, I'll go with common sense an' week-day manners." And so he decided to make just a plain request for work.

George again felt the call of the stone lions. Obtaining entrance by a side door, he secured a position, arranging to begin work the following morning. This gave him an opportunity to return to Sarah and report his good fortune. She was glad to have the boy back once more before he entered service.

The next day George took up his new duties. The stately home was presided over by a fine old lady. He had almost forgotten about the "young lady with curls, who played on a gilt harp," when something happened to recall her. It came upon him in the far end of a dusky back parlor, seldom opened now, and into which George had strayed. There he saw a beautiful girl, strolling from an old house through an avenue of trees, her faithful dog on her left, and on her right a resplendent serving boy in Continental dress, carrying her book. The painting (for that is what George really saw) seemed so real that he fled from the room in terror; and thereafter he avoided the place as a haunted spot.

George had recognized the picture as a visualization of the story of his grandfather, and he firmly believed it a spiritual presentiment. Among the few treasures his grandfather had left him was a photograph which corresponded with the vision. He now acquired the habit of going into lonely places about the grounds to look at the photograph and to dream. He knew the little black boy in it was his grandfather,—and that the young lady was the mistress whom the old man had honored all his days.

One day when his benefactress had company, George again slipped away to his favorite retreat, and while he was studying the photograph, his mistress came upon him unexpectedly. As she looked at the picture, the boy noticed that she turned very white.

"Dat's des my gran'pa's picture—dat little boy to one side. De lady in the picture, she was Miss Genevieve, his mistus. Does you know her?"

His mistress laid her hand upon the boy's knee, and closing her eyes said slowly: "She—was—my—mother. Why have you not told me all this before?" George protested he did not know it himself until that minute, and he began to cry. Recovering his composure, he told her about the vision he had had, and what his grandfather had said about his dream-lady. And then his mistress explained: "George, you are back among your folks—we are your people in truth. My blessed mother—she died in all her youth and beauty, such as you see her here in this picture—bequeathed his freedom and a little income to your grandfather, and he studied and became a preacher."

Just after dinner George's mistress took him by the hand, led him into the back parlor, and seated him before the picture. At first he cried; then suddenly he began to laugh with excitement. "I can't git over de set o' gran'daddy's dude coat-tails, an' de broad grin on 'im. He sho' was a proud little nigger. A man like dat could easy be a Christmus gif'." And he told about his own efforts to give himself away to some lady, in emulation of the boy in the picture.

And then George talked about Sarah, who had found him on the bench, and how uneasy he felt about her because she was not well, and how he had made up his mind to help her with her tubs, and with such contributions of money as he could earn. Then he looked at the picture again; and he put his hands upon his grandpa in the picture. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Gran'pa! Gran'pa! I'm come! Does you recognize me, Gran'pa? Heah yo' boy! *An' I'm all right! I done foun' de folks!*"

In the end Sarah also was taken into service at the house of the stone lions, with a neat cabin for herself and the little boy of her adoption.

Leona Dalrymple, in 1912, contributed *Uncle Noah's Christmas Inspiration* to the field of holiday literature. The book was illustrated by F. C. Yohn, and published by McBride, Nast & Co., New York.

We find ourselves in the dilapidated mansion of Colonel Fairfax on his southern plantation. The old house has seen many happy Yuletides; but that was before the war. Since then the place has been denuded of its negro slaves, its blooded stock, and its feathered tenants. The family circle is now limited to the Colonel, his wife Alice, and Uncle Noah, a faithful old slave, who remained with the family and is serving without pay. Failure of a local bank reduced the Colonel to poverty, although he succeeded in keeping his misfortunes from his wife. But Uncle Noah is his master's confidant, and is doing his best to help keep up appearances. Dick, the only son, has become estranged from his father as a result of a quarrel over the war.

Christmas has come again. There had always been a turkey for the Christmas dinner; but now only one fowl remains,—a tough old turkey, named Job, the pet and only playfellow of Uncle Noah. To the old negro's consternation the Colonel ordered him to make a Christmas dinner of the bird, for his wife must not know that such a repast is beyond their present means.

In utter distraction Uncle Noah prayed to the Lord for an inspiration,—some means of saving the life of his pet. And the Lord heard his prayer. Noah went to the old barn where Job was accustomed to roost; and, after a heart to heart talk with the turkey, he transferred the bird to one of the abandoned cabins for greater security. Then he went to the railroad station, there to raise the price of another fowl by offering himself for sale. Seeing a sympathetic young lady alighting from a train, he opened his heart to her and offered himself for twenty dollars. She gave him twenty-five, and rushed off to meet her uncle who had been waiting for her at the station.

With the money Uncle Noah bought a turkey and other Christmas provisions. Incidentally the storekeeper inquired whether he knew of a woman to scrub up the store every morning. Noah took the job himself at fifty cents a day. He would do the work early in the morning, and the Colonel would not miss him. Thus a way was opened by which Noah could pay off his debt to the young lady and rescind the sale, she being willing.

The purchaser of the old negro was Ruth Verney, niece of Major Verney, the neighbor and friend of Colonel Fairfax, and incidentally the sweetheart of Dick Fairfax, the Colonel's estranged son. But this, Uncle Noah neither knew nor suspected.

The old servant set up an elaborate Christmas dinner for the master and his lady; and there was much speculation as to the origin of this abundance of holiday fare. And so, in consequence of Uncle Noah's Christmas inspiration, a happy Yuletide was celebrated in the old mansion. Ruth paid a visit to the stern old Fairfax, frankly telling him of her betrothal to his son. Then Dick himself mustered up sufficient courage to visit his father; and their estrangement came to an end. Uncle Noah received full credit for his inspiration and his sacrifice, and his dear old pet escaped the general massacre.

THE TURKEY'S LAMENT

How bless'd, how envious, were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on turkeys preys
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savory chine;
From the low peasant to the lord,
The turkey smokes on every board.

And such was the fate of these poor birds in the early days of John Gay, the English poet (1685-1732), two centuries before Uncle Noah's turkey strutted about the southern plantation of Colonel Fairfax; and such was still their sad lot in the later days of David Garrick, the English actor (1716-1779), who had a particular fondness for the social friendships of the season. This affection Garrick proclaimed in verses written to his friend Henry Bunbury thanking him for a present of Norfolk game:

"Few presents now to friends are sent,
Few hours in merry-making spent;
Old-fashioned folks there are, indeed,
Whose hogs and pigs at *Christmas* bleed;
Whose honest hearts no modes refine,
They send their puddings and their chine.
No *Norfolk Turkies* load the waggon,
Which once the horses could not drag on;
And, to increase the weight with these,
Came their attendant sausages.
Can you, dear sir, a man of taste,
Revive old whimsies gone and past?
And (fie, for shame!) without reproach,
Stuff as you do the Bury coach?
With strange old kindness, send me presents
Of partridges and dainty pheasants."*

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* *Wine and Walnuts,* Ephraim Hardcastle, London, 1823, Vol. II, pp. 156-7, note.

At the conclusion of these Southern Christmas stories there come to me the words of Hamilton Wright Mabie, taken from his *Christmas To-Day,* published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, in 1908:

> "The story of man's life is as much a part of the history of the earth as the forming of continents and the filling of the basins of the seas. Every human affection, devotion and sacrifice must be reckoned with in any attempt to understand nature; and the glow of the fire on the hearth on Christmas Eve is as bright with revelation of the mystery of things as the radiance of the stars. Syria was but the background of the wonder story of the Birth, and the majesty of the stars but a symbol of the immortal light in the soul of the Child of Bethlehem."

XXVI. Other Writers—Twentieth Century.

Again the trailing forest moss,
    The laurel, cedar, fir and pine,
In green festoons,—with wreath and cross,
    Around our walls and windows twine;
Within the pleasant lighted hall
    Are holly boughs and berries seen,
Sweet summer memories to recall
    And keep our ancient Christmas green.

Let Christmas bloom be thine and mine
    With Love's fair banner all unfurled,
In memory of that Flower Divine
    Whose heavenly fragrance fills the world!
Let all men Christmas gladness know,
    Christmas cheer be ever seen;
Bring cross and garland from the snow,
    And keep your merry Christmas green.
—George Coles.

Some years ago, at the opening of the twentieth century, John T. McCutcheon, one of Chicago's most noted newspaper artists, drew a simple sketch of a mother seated in a comfortable wing-chair in her home at Christmas time, her little son astride her lap. Does he know what Christmas really means? He thinks so,—Santa Claus, presents, good things to eat, vacation from school, etc. It remained for the kind mother to educate the little pagan to the real significance of the holiday,—the spiritual celebration of the Nativity of Christ; and so she told him the story of the Saviour's birth.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones completed the work thus pictorially begun by McCutcheon. In the letter press the story of the Christ is simply and beautifully told. Of course the boy asks many questions, some of which make the mother realize that older folks, too, do not always live up to the spirit, sanctity and benevolence of the holiday. This brief plea for the observance of the spiritual phase of the occasion, as well as the purely materialistic, was published under the title, *What Does Christmas Really Mean?* by The Unity Publishing Company of Chicago, in the year 1901.

In 1903, the Sketching Club of Indianapolis issued an attractive little Christmas book written by Frederic E. Dewhurst, entitled *The Magi in the West and Their Search for the Christ: A Tale for the Christmas-Tide,* in a limited edition of five hundred copies. It is a sequel to the original story of the Magi as told in the Gospels. Since paying their respects to the Christ Child these three men, each taking his own course, have wandered up and down the countries of Europe, seeking the kingdom of the young prince who was to reign forever. Thus far they have failed in their quest.

As the aged Gaspard stands on the summit of a lofty mountain, staff in hand, looking across the sea in the direction of Tyre and Joppa, a second man, Melchior, approaches; and then a third, Belthazar. After renewing acquaintanceship and exchanging experiences, they leave the mount, determined to continue their pilgrimage the following day.

When they met again they spied a star a short distance ahead. Each man intently followed it, but their courses separated. Yet the star was before each of them, and each man continued in his own course. Gaspard saw the star above a cathedral, which he thought must be the capital and palace of the eternal king. There he heard the strains of a great organ, saw an altar, and priests passing before it, and tapers burning. Near the altar was the image of a crucified man. Clouds of incense arose from censers swung by altar boys. Soon the service ended, and all the people went away. And Gaspard thought, "This is the end of my search. I have found the Christ. His kingdom is in the imagination of man. Here I have found the city of the Great King."

Melchior's path led him to the spire of a gothic church, and there the star stood still. Here was no image on the cross, no swinging censers. He heard an organ and the voices of the choir. A man in black spoke from a pulpit. "The kingdom of Christ is the kingdom of truth," he said, "and the truth is kept alive by the constancy of man's belief. How can Christ live except he live in our belief?" So Melchior thought he had come to the end of his search. "The kingdom of Christ is in the mind of man. His kingdom is the kingdom of truth." And he continued to follow the star.

Belthazar's star led him through valleys and over hills. It stood still over the heads of certain people, but not above any cathedral or church. And so he concluded, "The kingdom of Christ is in the deeds of men, the conscience, and the serving will."

At last the star brought the three wise men together again, and it led them to the cottage of a peasant woman bending over a cradle in which a small child lay asleep. The scene recalled their original quest at Bethlehem. Gaspard concluded there was something greater than the miracle of the mass; Melchior, that there was something superior to the naked truth; and Belthazar, that there was something more potent than the righteous deed. But all agreed that "Love is the greatest of all." Thus they ended their search, convinced that the kingdom of Christ is in Love.

A Christmas Mystery, by William J. Locke, published by John Lane Company, New York, in 1910, is another variation of the story of The Three Wise Men. In this instance the triumvirate is not made up of three Orientals, and the setting is much more commonplace. Sir Angus McCurdie, eminent physicist, Professor Biggleswade, an Assyriologist, and the Viscount Doyne, an empire builder and administrator, unexpectedly met at a book stall in a railway station. They knew each other, as great men generally do; but, strange to say, they were bound for the same place,—to spend their Christmas at Foulis Castle in Cornwall, on the invitation of the Deverills. None felt a personal interest in the trip, and each knew the Deverills but casually. They looked upon it as a burdensome social obligation which had to be fulfilled.

The three companions enjoyed neither the journey nor the weather. Snow was falling heavily. An accident on the line dislocated the traffic, holding up the train for an hour. The journey was slow and uncomfortable, and they did not reach the lonely little station of Trehanna until ten o'clock that night. A fur-clad chauffeur had been awaiting them there for the past four hours. He settled his passengers in the great roomy touring car of the Deverills, and started off.

It was a bitter cold and stormy night and they could not see where they were being driven. Suddenly the car jolted and stood still, all lights out. It had wedged itself into a great snowdrift, and an axle had broken. They were still ten miles from Foulis Castle. The chauffeur decided to walk the distance alone and get another car, suggesting that in the meantime his passengers seek shelter in a little house which they had passed a half mile back; and this they did.

Presently the dim outline of a little house grew perceptible. A faint light shone in the window. Doyne held up the lamp so that its rays fell on the door. There lay a man's body in the snow by the threshold. In his hand he grasped the neck of a broken bottle. He was dead.

McCurdie knocked on the door—no response. As he repeated, a faint prolonged wail was heard from within. Doyne tried the door-handle and it yielded. A gust of wind blew out the candle as they opened the door. They entered and found themselves in a place furnished with poverty-stricken meagerness. The grate was fireless. As they brought the dead man in they heard the same wail. Outside they also found a bundle of provisions. The man had come home drunk, had fallen at the threshold and was frozen to death. There was a second room, from which proceeded moans of anguish, and as they opened the door to it they found a woman in childbirth. She appeared unconscious.

Masters of knowledge, not one of the three men knew what to do. But they acted; they did things blindly, instinctively. They built a fire, drew water, and boiled it; and went back to the car and got clean linen from their traveling bags, for there was none in the house. The woman was dying. And so the three great men went through the pain and the horror and squalor of birth, and they knew they had never yet stood before so great a mystery.

With the first wail of the newly born infant, a last convulsive groan passed from the unconscious mother. She was dead. They concentrated on saving the infant boy. The clock struck twelve—Christmas morning—what a strange Christmas, they thought! And humbly they stood together, divested of all their greatness, and looked at the child.

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given. Unto the three of us," said Doyne. The babe cried and stretched its tiny limbs, and they wrapped it up with precious care and carried it with them, an inalienable joy and possession.

In 1904 Owen Wister, author of "The Virginian," wrote a good Christmas story entitled *A Journey in Search of Christmas,* elaborately and very appropriately illustrated by Frederic Remington, and published by Harper & Bros., New York. In this book the author of "Linn McLean" sends the old cow-puncher of that name in quest of Christmas. With his companions he has come to Cheyenne to celebrate in true Western style. For twelve long weeks they have been riding the trail, and are now flush with money. In the course of his shopping McLean met Dr. Barker, who once attended him professionally, and who is now the Governor of Wyoming.

Out in the Bow-Leg country, McLean once upon a time met a woman, calling herself by a maiden name; and this was all he knew of her when he put her astride a Mexican saddle, and taking her fifty miles to a magistrate, made her his lawful wife—as he thought. He would never have done it except for a rival. Then a man named Lusk turned up, prosperous and forgiving, and exceedingly drunk. To this man's arms the woman returned, for she was Mrs. Lusk when she married McLean. Of course the second marriage was void, and gave rise to much gossip. And the Governor in banter reminded McLean of his old escapade.

Deep in his heart McLean resented the remarks of the Governor and of the lesser gossips; and he felt very unhappy. Memories replaced holiday anticipations as he summed up the shortcomings of his pals and friends. To forget them all he took a train to Denver without further delay, and there he made a round of the saloons. In his meanderings he was accosted by three little bootblacks, whom he patronized and generously rewarded for their labors. To one of these little urchins, Billy, he took a particular fancy.

The boy had run away from home because of the mistreatment received at the hands of his parents. McLean took him under his wing, provided him a good Christmas dinner, and gave him lodging. Then he learned that Billy was the son of his pseudo-wife and her drunken husband, and this made him take a deeper interest in the unfortunate little lad.

We get our last glimpse of McLean and Billy on New Year's Eve as they ride away together into the open plains. Such was the big-hearted Westerner's method of adopting the boy and removing him from the evil influence of his worthless parents.

In *A Little City of Hope,* written by F. Marion Crawford, and published by the Macmillan Company, New York, in 1907 (Sorrento Edition, 1928), we have an entirely different setting. This is a compact Christmas story involving but three persons,—John Henry Overholt, a man of cultivated mind, an excellent mathematician and promising inventor, but with no eye to business; Helen, his faithful wife; and Newton, their son of thirteen. For some years Overholt was instructor in mathematics in a small college. Conceiving the idea of an air-motor, he quit his position, and with his family took up residence in a humble cottage on an abandoned Connecticut farm. Having made a prior invention, he had no difficulty in interesting capital in his new venture; but when after the lapse of two years his new idea had not materialized, his backers refused further support. Without any other source of income his circumstances became straitened, and his wife, in order to enable him to continue with the air-motor, took a position as governess in a wealthy family. With them she traveled to Europe in charge of the children, and being well paid for good service, was able to lay aside a neat little sum.

As Christmas approached three problems confronted the inventor: Firstly, to procure additional funds to perfect the tangent-balance, the final part necessary to make the motor operate; secondly, to bring back his wife, whom he dearly loved; and thirdly, to provide a Christmas for his son. When the clouds were darkest, and Overholt was about to scrap his motor for its metal value, his wife came to the rescue with an unexpected remittance of one thousand dollars. The inventor was now able to pay his debts, to have the final casting made, and to provide a merry Christmas for his son.

This is a story that touches the heart. As the holiday arrives the reader has the joy of seeing the motor completed and in operation, the wife suddenly returned from Europe, and young Newton enjoying the bounties of the season. The story takes its name from a miniature model of a city, the old college town, set up by Newton on an old table top. He christened it the "City of Hope," while the air-motor was simultaneously undergoing final perfection at the hands of his father.

Their Christmas Golden Wedding, written by Caroline Abbott Stanley, illustrated by Emlen McConnell, was published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, in 1912. We are introduced to Amos Maxon and his wife, an aged couple living in a little country town. Their troubles began nearly a year ago when the old veteran was taken down with typhoid fever. Although he recovered, his illness left him in a lifeless and impassive state, no longer able to take care of his little home. The children, one son and two daughters, were married, and had households of their own. A family council was held, at which it was decided to rent out the old home to give the folks a small income, and much to their sorrow, the mother was assigned to one of the daughters, and the father to the son. And thus the old couple were separated. They had been life partners for almost fifty years, and it was not without disappointment and bitterness that the aged pair bowed to their fate. The old homestead was leased to a Mrs. Dobson.

As the story opens the old folks were slowly making their way down the village street to answer a call from their tenant. No doubt she was going to ask for a lot of repairs. When they arrived at the old home they were admitted by a neighbor who explained that Mrs. Dobson would return soon. The house had been rented out with all its furnishings and while Mr. and Mrs. Maxon were waiting, they wandered from room to room. Everything seemed to revive old memories, and they regretted that they had ever given up the place. Moreover, the old veteran had been restored to health, and he now felt able to take care of his home. But the lease still had some time to run.

Mrs. Dobson returned. No, she did not want repairs, but wished to give up her lease. She was willing to throw in her own belongings and supplies if the landlord would release her. An agreement was quickly reached, followed by an immediate change of possession.

The Maxon children had planned a golden wedding Christmas celebration for the folks, but now the latter were doing the inviting, and giving the party in their own home, to the great surprise of their offspring. When all were seated at the Christmas feast there were no words of remonstrance, nor of explanation. The children simply came home as usual. On the board was a turkey furnished by one of the daughters, and all the good things that Mrs. Dobson's renounced larder had afforded; also a centerpiece of fifty roses. And there was a cake with fifty blazing candles, representing golden years, and a plate with fifty shining dollars accompanied by a note that there would be fifty more each month. Pushing back his chair, the father stood up. No one spoke or looked at him, for every heart was full, every head was bowed.

" 'My cup runneth over,' " he said, his eyes raised to heaven. " 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.' " Stretching out his hands over the bowed heads, he continued, "For the bounty Thou hast spread before us, for all Thy loving kindness and tender mercies through fifty years, and for our own good children we thank Thee, O Lord! Amen."

From a snug little country home with its many memories and associations we proceed to an old boarding house conducted by a widow and her spinster sister. It is the subject of a short story, *Where the Heart Is,* written by Will Irwin, and published by Appleton & Co., New York, in 1912.

It is Christmas Eve and all the boarders except old Colonel Havens are preparing to visit relatives and friends. The idea of spending Christmas in such a place leads them to commiserate with the Colonel, who has no relatives, and with the two women whose duties compel them to stay at home.

After the evening meal the usual holiday exodus takes place; but the next day demonstrates how a merry Christmas may be spent in such a prosaic establishment. After attending church services the Colonel finds the ladies of the house and a maid industriously engaged in the preparation of a savory Christmas dinner, and as there are some things in the culinary art upon which he is able to pride himself, he joins in their labors. And on that day the two ladies and the Colonel enjoyed a fine turkey dinner.

The meal ended, the party becomes a family. The old album is brought out, and there is the picture of a Union Captain, uncle of the ladies, and who died in action. He had fought for the North, the Colonel for the South; and although the Confederacy was defeated, he held no malice against the Union. At an opportune moment one of the ladies asked the Colonel to close his eyes and to open his hand,—and they placed something in it, and closed it again. And there the Colonel found a little tarnished silver token-button, bearing the three-barred flag of the Confederacy and the motto "Lee and Country." And the ladies explained that their uncle had found it among the truck captured after the battle of the Wilderness, and had sent it home for a memento.

For a long time the Colonel gazed at the token, his eyes dimmed and moist. Then he arose, squared his shoulders to attention, and put the token in his buttonhole. Kissing the hand of each sister in turn, he thanked them for having made this a good Christmas for an old man. And so they bade each other Goodnight.

The following day the sojourners returned, each in a state of grouch. All had been bored by relatives or friends and were glad to return to the old boarding house.

In 1912 The Reilly & Britton Company, Chicago, published a neat brochure of 44 pages by Frances S. Porcher, entitled *Mr. Perryman's Christmas Eve.* The booklet has a colored frontispiece and appropriate chapter heads done in brown ink. It is a fine story of a life of faithful service, conservatively told and not too sentimental.

One of the most novel Christmas tales written in recent years is *The Little Mixer,* by Lillian N. Shearon, published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, 1922. It is the story of a little Jewish girl who insisted upon celebrating Christmas, and finally had her own way.

The Tree of Life, by Keane Abbott, was published as a Christmas booklet by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, in 1927. It is a real Christmas message, "as wholesome as bread and as sweet as spring water." The story is based on an incident related by an old plainsman, and revolves about an old pine tree, the only landmark in a snowswept prairie of the West. It had stood there for many years, protected by tradition, and venerated for its beauty and strength. It was a beacon in a great waste, and it had saved the lives of many from the attacks of wolves, and others from losing their way.

Three Westerners—presumably Wise Men—bound for a dance on Christmas Eve, were overtaken by a raging snowstorm. They sought the old beacon, but could not find it, and had about considered themselves lost when one of the three horsemen stumbled against a stump, all that remained of the old tree. And they noted that the tree had recently been dragged across the snowy waste. Infuriated at this act of sacrilege, the horsemen forgot about the dance. They followed the trail of the tree, determined on vengeance. A small fire glowed in the distance beside a covered wagon, and as they came nearer they saw a man setting a coffee pot into the flames. The riders separated and approached from different directions the more effectually to capture their quarry. They surrounded the man, pronounced him guilty, and were about to carry out a hempen cord sentence. They acccused, they threatened; but the mind of the stranger was elsewhere.

A wee small voice, like that of a bird in a storm, came from the wagon,—and it was a boy! A boy born this Christmas Eve! The three horsemen were privileged to peep into the wagon—and they saw the mother, and the new-born babe in her arms. And they forgot the old landmark.

One of the riders cut two gold buttons—five dollar gold pieces—from his fancy vest; another contributed a bottle of perfume originally intended for his sweetheart; the third, a Scotchman, had nothing about him but a white poker chip and a fancy snuff-box,—and he gave the box. Then the Three Wise Men tethered their saddle ropes to the covered wagon and helped the little family through the drifts back to the little sod house on the banks of a creek far away.

There have been many variations of the Bible story of the three wise men, but probably none as original and weird as *The Triptych of the Three Kings,* told by Felix Timmermans, and translated into English by H. L. Ripperger. The booklet was published by MacFarlane, Warde, MacFarlane, New York, in 1936.

The story is divided into three parts in simulation of the true triptych. We begin with the *centerpiece.* On the day before Christmas three peasants,—Suskewiet the shepherd, Pitjevogel the eel-fisher, and Schrobberbeeck the blear-eyed beggar, went from house to house dressed as the Holy Kings. The first wore a high hat and sang pious old songs; the second, with blackened face, carried a cardboard star which turned on a wooden pole; the third wore a crown of flowers and did the begging. An old stocking served for cash collections, a double-sack for contributions of food. By moonrise the foot of the stocking was filled with coins, the sack bulging with food. The money would buy strong drink at the Water Nymph, and the food would round out their empty bellies.

As they plodded along, a strange feeling of fear oppressed them, and suddenly they noticed that they had lost their way in the endless snow. They mumbled a prayer in the dread silence. As they rounded a clump of bushes they saw a friendly light in the distance. Against a row of willows stood a kermis wagon, and a candle-light shone from its window.

Pitjevogel climbed up the small step of the wagon and knocked. A friendly old man opened the door, and of him they asked the way. "The way is here," said he, and as they entered the cold wagon, they beheld a young woman with a new-born babe at her breast. She looked at them with friendliness and confidence, and the child laughed. The three kings knelt down, and were suddenly seized with regret for their many sins. They felt happy, but knew not why. There was neither fire nor food in the wagon, nor money to buy. The stocking of money was emptied into the woman's lap, the food tumbled from the sack on to the table. "We thank you," said the old man. "God will reward you."

Once more the three kings were on their way, but without food or money. They could not understand why they had thus given up their earnings to these poor people. They passed the Water Nymph with thirsty lips and empty stomachs. Pitjevogel gave the star to the shepherd, whose duty it was to keep it, and they parted at the cross roads,—the shepherd to his sheep, the beggar to his hut of straw, the eel-fisher to his insecure garret.

And now for the *left wing*: Another Christmas! Suskewiet, the shepherd, is ill abed in his sheep stall, the shadow of death hovering over him. The star stands against the wall, and there hangs the tin crown. It was the first time he could not accompany his comrades. Since they had come upon the kermis wagon, the shepherd had become a changed man, for he felt certain that the child he saw was God, who came anew to the world each year at Christmas. He neglected his sheep and himself, did penance, and talked of the Mother and Child and the blackness of sin. People thought him mad, and they avoided him. He looked forward to Christmas, and as usual his two friends came to talk with him about it. But he refused to go with them this year, or to give up the star, except on condition that their earnings be given to the poor. His companions refused, made a star of their own, and went on their way.

Then Suskewiet determined to go out alone and collect money for the poor; but he was too ill to rise. He received the Last Sacrament, and as evening approached, his end drew near. Only his good sheep were with him, and he prayed for but one thing, the grace to be allowed to live one more hour. Soon he heard the bells and the sound of an organ in the distance. The holy hour had arrived. Trembling with excitement, he reached for his star and crown, securing them with great difficulty. Happy, though in tears, he sang the old song of the three kings.

Through the window Suskewiet saw a stream of light, and as it came nearer, it proved to be a little child in a white gown, and with bare feet; and he thought he had seen the child before. The door opened and the child entered, saying, "Since you can no longer come to me, I have come to you. Do you remember me?" The shepherd nodded joyfully. "Come," said the child, "will you come to our house?"

And the shepherd and his sheep followed the child into the silvery night.

Schrobberbeeck and Pitjevogel, drunk with gin, returned from their rounds. As they looked through the window of the shepherd's stall, they saw Suskewiet sitting up on his bed, dead. The tin crown was on his head and over him shone the star. In fright they ran away.

The *right wing*: Another Christmas Eve! And this year Schrobberbeeck was a changed being. The change started two years ago when the kings saw the Mother and Child in the wagon. And since he had seen the shepherd dead upon his bed, a star in his hands, and surrounded with a heavenly light, his fears of Christmas grew. Now he was sure that this Christmas night wanted something from him, something awful and mysterious. In order to guard against his fears he had been going to church every Sunday. On the other hand, so it was rumored, Pitjevogel had entered into an alliance with the devil through the influence of an unfrocked priest who had taken to black magic. And the beggar avoided him for fear of drawing God's attention to himself. Although still a beggar, Schrobberbeeck now took off his hat before every statue and picture of Our Lady,—and of these there were many; but he knew them all.

Afraid to go out with the star as usual, Schrobberbeeck decided to go to midnight mass to ward off the mysterious. The church bell droned in the distance, yet he seemed to be the only one on the road. Suddenly he came to the tree in which the figure of Our Lady of Refuge hung. But she was gone! So he would greet Our Lady of Devotion on the bridge. Gone also! By the light of his lantern he saw tiny steps in the snow, and he became curious to see whether Our Lady of a Holy Death was still in her stone shrine behind the grating. She too had disappeared! The beggar started to run. Every statue he passed was gone! As he neared the church he heard a noise behind him; and he saw a little figure hastening through the snow. It was Our Lady of the Woods, and he thought he would die of fright. She pleaded with him to carry her to her crucified Son at the Big Pond so she would not be late for the Christmas feast.

> "O, carry me. You can run quickly and I am light as a feather. . . . You see, I couldn't get away. A man knelt before my shrine and prayed. Someone who had sold his soul to the devil for a few dollars. . . . Dear God, how he prayed in the dead of night for my help, to save him from the devil who stood behind him like a snake on the tip of its tail. I had to help him first, didn't I? O, I had to battle so hard with the snake in order to save the man."

The beggar carried Our Lady to the Big Pond. In the distance he saw the Cross in a mild light. He set down his saintly burden, and saw her quickly run away. The Cross was now all aglow, and the Christ seemed alive. About him stood all the statues of Our Lady. They were waiting, and as they saw Our Lady emerging from the woods and take her place among them, they all knelt and praised the Lord.

The next day all the Ladies were back in place again; but before the shrine of Our Lady of Seven Sorrows they found Pitjevogel on his knees, dead, his hands grasping the bars. A yellow snake lay dead beside him.

XXVII. CHRISTMAS ANTHOLOGIES.

Variety is the mother of enjoyment.
—*Disraeli*

ANTHOLOGY is a word of Greek derivation, literally denoting a garland or collection of flowers (*anthos,* flower, plus *lego,* gather). Its meaning has been figuratively extended to a gathering of the flowers of literature,—a collection of choice extracts from various authors, but sometimes from the writings of a single author. The Greeks originally applied the term to collections of epigrams. The art of occasional poetry was cultivated in Greece from an early period, especially for short inscriptions (*epigrammata*) of all kinds. Greek taste prescribed that they should be brief, well expressed, and pointed. Meleager of Gadara, about 60 B.C., made an important collection which he called *The Garland*. In an introductory poem each poet is compared to some flower. The arrangement is alphabetical, according to the initial letter of each epigram. Meleager was himself a poet and a sophist. His work was carried on by another epigrammatist, Philippus of Thessalonica, the first to use the term *anthologia*. The word is also applied to church service books containing a selection of pieces for festal occasions.

In the modern sense an anthology is a critical selection designed to give the best in the verse or prose of a particular literature. Formerly these selections bore the name *miscellanies*. Among the most notable are: *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557); *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (1576);

The Phoenix Nest (1593); *England's Parnassus* (1600); *England's Helicon* (1602); and *Davison's Poetical Rhapsody* (1602). Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (1765) exerted a great influence on the poets of the next generation. Burns drew models from Allan Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany* (1724-40). F. T. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* (1861) is a classic. Quiller-Couch's *Oxford Book of English Verse* appeared in 1900, and later his *Oxford Book of English Prose.* There are also a number of noteworthy American anthologies.

Present considerations limit us to anthologies upon a particular theme. Works in which the anthologist hews religiously to the line are scarce. In the course of his rambles he frequently comes upon gems of unusual merit or rarity. Sometimes these bear upon the subject in hand, but occasionally not. Although extraneous, they may be of interest to the reader and offer much needed divertissement. There is some justification for such digressions, particularly in a collection of Christmas literature, more often gathered together to entertain and amuse than to furnish food for serious thought. The season is one of joy—*Joy to the World!*—and its more wholesome observance is a compound of devotion, good will and mirth.

Variety is the greatest source of pleasure. What Hamilton W. Mabie said about a certain work is equally true of every satisfactory Christmas anthology.

> "Above all, the Book of Christmas is a book of joy in the sadness of the world, a book of play in the work of the world, a book of consolation in the sorrow of the world."

Truly, there is a virtue in these digressions. They overcome monotony. We reach the point of satiety, no matter what the subject, and even pleasure cloys without variety. The mind for its own security rebels against the strain of over-concentration upon a single theme. We are reminded of Irving's preface to his *Tales of a Traveler*:

> "There is certain relief in change; even though it be from bad to worse; as I found in traveling in a stage coach, that it is often a comfort to shift one's position and be bruised in a new place."

And so it is well, even when considering so pleasing a theme as Christmas, to allow for breathing spells at stated intervals,—to provide avenues of thought with safety valves, —literary bypaths, into which the mind may step occasionally to refresh itself.

An anthology is the ideal form of literature for the Christmas season. It gives the variety essential to the occasion. From its very nature, its diversity of material, its elusiveness of theme, an anthology is a difficult thing to review and judge, and I hope the reader will bear with me in this attempt. Consideration of space limits us to a few of many such works produced in recent years.

One of the most beautiful pieces of book-making done in the nineteenth century stands to the credit of Henry Vizetelly. It is an anthology entitled "*Christmas with the Poets*: A Collection of Songs, Carols, and Descriptive Verses, relating to the Festival of Christmas, from the Anglo-Norman Period to the Present Time." The book is embellished with beautifully tinted illustrations by Birket Foster, and with initial letters and ornaments in black and white, and in gold. It is exquisitely bound in blue cloth decorated in red and gold. I have before me an edition published by Ward, Lock & Tyler, London, in 1872.

Mr. Vizetelly has laid out his collection in six divisions: (1) *Christmas Carols from the Anglo-Norman period to the time of the Reformation,* under which title he has grouped three religious carols, five carols on the boar's head, two in praise of ale, four in praise of holly and ivy, and two involving Christmas superstitions; (2) *Christmas Poems of the Elizabethan Era,* including good housekeeping, apt time to spend, and Christmas husbandly fare, all according to the advice of old Thomas Tusser; as well as religious poems and secular verse by Robert Southwell, Ben Jonson, Bishop Hall, William Drummond, George Herbert, Edmund Bolton, William Shakespeare, Thomas Sackville and Edmund Spenser; (3) *Poems of Robert Herrick* relating to Christmas and its festivities; (4) *Christmas Songs and Carols of the Civil Wars, Commonwealth, and Restoration;* and here we find the names of Wither, Milton, Crashaw and Jeremy Taylor, as well as a number of traditional carols; (5) *Christmas Verse of the Eighteenth Century;* and (6) *Christmas Verse of the Nineteenth Century.* The Table of Illustrations follows the same arrangement.

Not only has the editor made a fine choice of the best material, but he has also supplied each division with introductory historical text, while other matters of interest are introduced by way of annotations.

The illustrations are exquisitely done and are a monument to that genial artist, Myles Birket Foster, for such was his full name. Foster was born February 4, 1825, the youngest of seven children. His ancestors were of good social standing for many generations in the North Country. They were staunch members of the Society of Friends. His family came to London in 1830, when the artist was but five years of age. He loved drawing from early childhood. When his mother wished to keep him quiet, she had only to supply him with paper and pencil, and he would amuse himself for hours. After the usual schooling afforded by the times, Foster was apprenticed to Ebenezer Landells, a wood engraver, and it may be said that on the day he commenced his apprenticeship, he also began his art career. Landells was a man of high caliber and the pupil of Thomas Bewick. Foster was fortunate in such a master. He was set to work as a woodcutter; but it was soon discovered that he possessed greater ability as a draftsman. And there he met John Greenaway, father of the accomplished Kate Greenaway, and Edmund Evans, who afterward became the well known color printer.

Foster and Evans became intimate friends and traveled about making sketches and drawings. Later on Foster was engaged by the *Illustrated London News,* and his best work for that paper consisted of the engravings which appeared in its supplements and Christmas numbers. These numbers were without rivals during the middle of the last century, the most popular illustrators of the times contributing. Such men as Gilbert, Leach, and Meadows drew the jovial scenes, while Foster executed the pictures of country and domestic life. Foster was also called upon to furnish book illustrations, and in this field his contributions to Longfellow's *Evangeline,* published by David Bogue in 1850, were his first great success. He also illustrated Longfellow's *Voices of the Night.*

When Foster decided to go into business on his own account, Henry Vizetelly, then a well known engraver and printer, greatly assisted him in his career. It was Vizetelly who engaged him to illustrate *Christmas with the Poets,* and who engraved the illustrations and printed them in beautiful tints of gray, brown, and brownish pink, with a gold line border, as found in this book.

Those specially interested in the life and work of this artist are referred to *Birket Foster,* a biography by H. M. Cundall, published by A. & C. Black, London, 1906. It contains seventy-three color reproductions and numerous illustrations in black and white, all representative of Foster's work. Foster's first drawing for a Christmas Number appeared in the *Illustrated London News,* 1848, and is reproduced in the biography. Looking out of his studio window one winter morning, the artist's attention was attracted by the servants of the household, purchasing holly from a cart drawn by a donkey. He made a hasty sketch which he afterward drew on a wood block. His sister admired the drawing, and he worked upon it with water colors and presented it to her at Christmas. This is probably one of Foster's earliest water color paintings. The editor of the *London News,* facetiously it is said, inserted beneath the engraving the title, "The Christmas Holly Cart drawn by B. Foster," and the artist had to accept a great deal of good-natured chaffing from his friends on this account.

In 1875 Philip Gates edited *Christmas in Song and Story,* published by Cockcroft & Company, New York. It is a substantial work, and in its preparation the editor received valuable and generous assistance from Henry W. Longfellow, then considered the first of living poets. Longfellow placed a large collection of poems, which he himself had intended to compile, at the disposal of the editor. Christmas songs and stories share equally in this work. Under the first head appear poems, songs, hymns and carols, written by a galaxy of authors from old Ben Jonson to Clement C. Moore. The collection of Christmas stories comprehends the entire *Christmas Carol* of Charles Dickens, as well as his *Christmas Tree;* Irving's *Christmas* and *Christmas Dinner;* Hans Christian Andersen's *Last Dream of the Old Oak Tree* and *Christmas Eve in Rome;* and Coleridge's *Christmas Eve in Germany.* To these are added an anonymous *Legend of the Christ-Child,* and Thackeray's *End of the Play.* Mr. Gates has served up a good course and American writers have a prominent place in it.

Four years later The Arundel Printing and Publishing Company of New York published a somewhat less pretentious anthology, *Christmas in Art and Song,* a collection of songs, carols and descriptive poems, illustrated by such men as Birket Foster, John Gilbert and John A. Hows. The first division consists solely of the carol, *Christ was Born on Christmas Day,* the words by J. M. Neale, the music by Thomas Helmore, the decorations by John A. Hows. By far the greater portion of the book is devoted to poetry, religious and secular; old Christmas carols, and poems on winter.

In 1892, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, published *In the Yule-Log Glow,* an anthology in four volumes, edited by Harrison S. Morris. Two volumes are devoted to "Christmas Tales from Around the World." The initial story, that of *The Three Kings of Cologne,* is a modern version of a Christmas tale from an old chronicle written by John of Hildesheim in the fourteenth century. Six other stories appear in the first volume: *The Three Christmas Masses,* from the French of Daudet, by the editor; *A Russian Christmas Party,* by Leo N. Tolstoi; *Two Christmasses,* from the German of Georg Schuster; *A Tale of a Turkey,* by Mr. Morris; *A Still Christmas,* by Agnes Repplier; *Thrond,* from the Norwegian of Bjornson, and *Christmas in the Desert,* by Matilda B. Edwards. The second volume contains *Christmas with the Baron,* by Angelo J. Lewis; *A Christmas Miracle,* by the editor. *Salvette and Bernadou,* from the French of Daudet, also by the editor; *The Wolf Tower,* anonymous; *The Peace Egg* and *Melchior's Dream,* by Juliana H. Ewing; *A Story of Nuremberg* by Agnes Repplier; *A Picture of the Nativity by Fra Filippo Lippi,* as intepreted by a Florentine gossip of his day; and *Mr. Grapewine's Christmas Dinner,* also by the editor. The other two volumes are devoted to poems, hymns, ballads, and carols, classified under attractive heads, and representing a long line of writers,—some of the best names in literature. There are also interesting selections of traditional material from the works of Ritson, Wright, Evans, Sandys, and Chappell.

The imprint of Elliot Stock, London, may be regarded as an endorsement of a worthy book. To this W. Henry Jewitt's *The Nativity in Art and Song* (1898), is no exception. The illustrations consist of drawings and sketches from the old masters, and to these instructive references are made in the text. The book is divided into seven parts: (1) The Story of the Nativity as told in the apochryphal as well as the canonical books of the Bible; (2) Treatment of the Story of the Nativity in Verse; (3) The Angels and their Worship; (4) The Presentation in the Temple; (5) Cradle Songs; (6) Joyfulness associated with the Festival of the Nativity; and (7) Legends connected with Christmastide and the Christ Child.

The idea of combining visual representations with the printed word gave birth to the illustrated book. We all loved picture books in our childhood, and we still love them in later years; for everyone, with the least imagination, derives a certain pleasure from pictures. Books have been written, devoted entirely to the study of pictures as works of art, and such is *Christmas in Art* by Frederick Keppel, published by Duffield & Company, New York, in 1909. It is the story of the Nativity as depicted by the artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the work is profusely illustrated by reproductions taken directly from the originals. As the author observes, "In one respect a picture is like a dinner; verbal description of either is inadequate, and we must view the picture or eat the dinner, as the case may be, if we desire to form an opinion of the quality of one or the other."

Mr. Keppel makes a strong plea for the old masters, recognizing that the great works of Christian art were made centuries ago in the epochs of simple and unquestioning faith. He gives preference to such men as Duerer, Rembrandt, Mantegna, Ghirlandajo, Titian, Tintoretto, Rubens, Murillo, Luini, Memlinc and Schongauer. He sings the praises of Fra Angelico, who fasted and prayed before painting a religious subject. The book is profusely illustrated, and each reproduction is accompanied by a special note. There is also a collection of general notes on the artists. The reproductions have a new interest, as well known pictures have been deliberately omitted.

The text is more comprehensive than the title indicates, for Mr. Keppel recognizes art in many forms, and regards poets, prose writers and musicians alike as contributors to the celebration of the Nativity. And so in his text we come upon the great hymns and their writers, great poets, and such men as Dickens and Irving in the field of prose, and Handel, Bach, Liszt, and Mendelssohn in the realm of music,— all artists of the Nativity, each in his own particular medium. There are also interesting references to carols, the yule log, plum pudding, and the waits.

Mr. Keppel wrote *Christmas in Art* at the age of sixty-six, and as we are carried along pleasantly and smoothly, meandering in and out among the illustrations, we are reminded of one of his introductory remarks in *The Golden Age of Engraving*, a specialist's story about fine prints:

> "A kindly English cynic has said that before an old man actually falls into his dotage there intervenes a sort of mellow Indian Summer which may be called his *anec*-dotage, and this I take to be my own position now."

And so he digresses to his Christmas experiences in England, Ireland, and Canada. Once having read the book, the reader will never forget the little tale of *The Gimp on the Stomacher*, nor the story of Jim Curran, the blind fiddler, as ludicrous as such matters may seem in a work of this kind. When the author wrote this text his heart was full of the Great Festival, and as we reach the end of the book, we are sorry there "is no more." It is a positively human document, simple and unassuming, and will strike home with every lover of Christmas. The author has also contributed to the poetry of the occasion.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

By Frederick Keppel

In loving worship bending,
God's angels bright attending,
The mother mild
Adores the Child
Whose kingdom hath no ending.

We hail thee, infant stranger,
Asleep in lowly manger,
The King of kings
His rescue brings
To human souls in danger.

O Christ, enthroned in glory,
Through ages dim and hoary;
God's message, then,
"Good will toward men,"
Is all the world's best story.

In 1909, The Macmillan Company, New York, published *The Book of Christmas,* illustrated by George Wharton Edwards. It contains a wealth of Christmas material. The Introduction, by Hamilton W. Mabie, is a fine tribute to the Christmas spirit. It glows with an ardent love of the Great Festival, and is a defense of the more refined and sentimental viewpoint, as against the stolid, sophisticated attitude of our own day. It glories in the old-fashioned "Sketch Book" essays, and dwells upon the sweetness and charm of the good Christmas story. Mr. Mabie vigorously stirs up the smouldering embers of Yule and sets them ablaze.

> "We must rekindle the old fires and join hands with the old companies of friends who have kept the day and made it merry in the long ago."

The Book of Christmas does just that. "God rest you merry, Gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay," for here are "tender hymns for the devout, and inspired songs for those who celebrate together old days and ancient friendship; there are quaint carols for those whose hearts long for the quiet and pleasant ways of olden times, and there are roaring catches for those whose gaiety rises to the flood; there are meditations for the solitary, and there are stories for the little groups about the fire."

The book is divided into twelve chapters,—Signs of the Season, Holiday Saints and Lords, Christmas Customs and Beliefs, Christmas Carols, Christmas Day, Christmas Hymns, Christmas Revels, When all the World is Kin, Christmas Stories, New Year, Twelfth Night,—and a concluding chapter entitled The Christmas Spirit. The honors are equally divided between prose and poetry, and all is rendered easily accessible by an analytical table of contents. A fine little book! And as pure as the driven show!

In 1907 Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco and New York, published "*Christmasse-Tyde,* Being a Collection of Seasonable Quotations Chosen and Arranged by Jennie Day Haines." The typography is by J. H. Nash, the decorations by Spencer Wright, and there is a colored frontispiece by Gordon Ross. The book is unusual in content and dress. It comprehends prose and verse, classified according to subject matter,—the Christmas Tree; the Holly and the Ivy; Waits and the Wassail Bowl; the Yule-Log, Christmas Giving and Christmas Customs; Bells, Carols and Lullabies; Christmas Eve, Christmas Feast, and Christmas Day; New Year's Eve, New Year's Day, and Twelfth Night. Good judgment has been exercised in the selection and arrangement of the material, and the format gives the book a fine holiday character.

Another anthology, entitled *The Christmas Treasury of Song and Verse,* a corpulent little volume, was compiled by Temple Scott and published by Baker & Taylor Company, New York, in 1910. The Introduction is an essay on Christmas, and the material is classified into Christmas of the Home, Christmas of the Soul, Christmas of the Wanderer, Christmas of Religion, and Christmas Carols and Hymns.

Christmas, Its Origin, Celebration and Significance as related in Prose and Verse, edited by Robert H. Schauffler, was published by Moffat, Yard & Company, New York, in 1916. Much is to be said in favor of this work. It contains a brief history of the Christmas holiday. The material has been well chosen and arranged, and includes a number of good Christmas stories, such as *The Fir Tree,* by Hans Christian Andersen; *Santa Claus at Simpson's Bar,* by Bret Harte; *Little Roger's Night in the Church,* by Susan Coolidge; and *Mr. Bluff's Experiences on Holidays,* by Oliver B. Bunce. And here we also find good essays: *Is There a Santa Claus?* by Frank P. Church; *Colonial Christmases,* by Alice M. Earle; *Christmas Eve,* by Hamilton W. Mabie; *Inexhaustibility of the Subject of Christmas,* by Leigh Hunt; *The Festival of St. Nicholas,* by Mary M. Dodd; *On Good Wishes at Christmas,* by Friswell; *A Christmas Selection* from "Dreamthorp," by Alexander Smith; and *Keeping Christmas* by Henry van Dyke. Much space is also given to carols, hymns, and poems, ancient and modern, and suitable for young and old.

In 1925 The Macmillan Company published *Yule Fire,* by Marguerite Wilkinson. As the author explains, "The Yule Fire of which I write was never kindled in any resinous log from a forest of stalwart trees. It is warmer than flames leaping red and golden on any hearth. It is brighter than the 'red flower' that grew in the dark jungle of Mowgli and frightened the beasts. It is dearer even than the finest fire that Prometheus was ever able to snatch out of the heavens. The Yule Fire was born into this world in Bethlehem years ago, and burns forever in Jesus Christ." Such is the spiritual keynote of the work. The lengthy Introduction is an excellent Christmas sermon. The remaining pages are devoted to Christmas verse, beginning with "The Burning Babe" of Robert Southwell, and ending with "The House of Christmas" of G. K. Chesterton. The work has a decidedly modern aspect, and as we scan the index we note many contemporary names.

Anthologies of prose are rather few. Years ago it was recognized that such collections are seldom a success. The consequence is that many good Christmas stories of the briefer type have passed into the limbo of forgotten things. *Christmas in Modern Story,* by Maud Van Buren and Katharine I. Bemis, published by The Century Company, New York, in 1927, therefore fills a long felt need. It is "an anthology for adults," containing twenty carefully selected Christmas stories: *The Candle in the Forest* by Temple Bailey; *Christmas on the Singing River,* by Jefferson Lee Harbour; *The Shepherd who Watched by Night,* by Thomas Nelson Page; *Christmas at the Trimbles',* by Ruth McEnery Stuart; *The Gift of the Manger,* by Edith B. Delano; *God rest you, Merry Christians,* by George M. Martin; *To Springvale for Christmas,* by Zona Gale; *Emmy Jane's Christmas,* by Julia B. Tenney; *David's Star of Bethlehem,* by Christine W. Parmenter; *A God in Israel,* by Norman Duncan; *Van Valkenberg's Christmas Gift,* by Elizabeth G. Jordan; *A Beggar's Christmas,* by Edith Wyatt; *A Christmas Mystery,* by William J. Locke; *A Christmas Confession,* by Agnes M. Daulton; *The Day of Days,* by Elsie Singmaster; *Holly at the Door,* by Agnes S. Turnbull; *Teacher Jensen,* by Karin Michaelis; *Honorable Tommy,* by Mary E. W. Freeman; *The Sad Shep-*

herd, by Henry van Dyke; and *Christmas Bread,* by Kathleen Norris.

An Old Fashioned Christmas, published in 1927, by Doubleday Page & Co., New York, is a collection of thirteen stories of Christmas time taken from the magazine "Country Life." There is a brief Foreword by Reginald T. Townsend. Some of the stories are gay, others grave; but the spirit of Christmas runs through all of them, as may be noted by their titles: *The Tree That Didn't Get Trimmed,* by Christopher Morley; *'Round Robin's Red Barn, Bill Wickey's Christmas Turkey,* and *What Mrs. Allen Didn't Know,* by Sarah M. Lockwood; *A White Christmas,* by Walter P. Eaton; *Nancy's Christmas House Party,* by Eleanor H. Brainerd; *The Donkey That Wouldn't Budge,* by Walter A. Dyer; *The Man Who Could not Find A Christmas Guest,* by Selma Lagerlof; *Christmas in Our Town,* by Alice Van Leer Carrick; *A Plantation Christmas,* by Archibald Rutledge; *A Christmas Vigil,* by Lena R. Smith and Eleanor H. Brainerd; *Just Before "Chris'mus",* by Edwin L. Sabin; and *The Golden Wassail,* by Ida M. H. Starr.

An Anthology of Christmas Prose and Verse, collected by D. L. Kelleher, was published by the Cresset Press in 1928. There is no preface. By way of prologue the book opens with Southwell's *New Prince, New Pompe,* and Old Nicholas Breton's *Christmas Day,* taken from *Fantastickes,* a work dating back to 1526. From this remote time we leap over three centuries, overtaking Irving's "Stage Coach." We ramble along pleasantly and at the end of our journey find a packet of Christmas letters from Swift, Walpole, Lamb, Keats, Byron, and Coleridge; and we peep into the diaries of Macaulay, Pepys, and Queen Victoria.

From hence we pass to the realm of conjuring, where "The Whole Art of Legerdemain in Perfection" is laid open before us, and the seventeenth century entertains us with its quaint formulae and sleight-of-hand,—how to make playing cards perform contrary to natural law; how to walk on a hot bar without being burned; how to eat pitch, tar, sealing wax, brimstone and burning coals; how to light a candle by means of a glass of water; how to make a tobacco pipe leap out of a pot of drink; how to make an egg mount into the air, etc. etc. All this is supplemented by "Conjurations for Fairies;" and here we learn how to render ourselves invisible. Such feats may seem out of place in a Christmas anthology, but they do furnish general entertainment for a gladsome occasion.

More to the point, however, are the receipes which follow,—a Christmas Pastry, concocted in 1394,—a Christmas Cake baked in 1709,—a Venetian Christmas Dish of uncertain age,—and a Christmas Menu of Gargantuan proportions from Markham's "English Housewife," 1653.

We detour to "Froissart's Christmas with the Count de Foix," 1388; then skip across the Channel for "Christmas at Christ's Hospital," London; we do a little "Hodening in Kent," and take to sea for "Christmas on a Battleship." But soon England recalls us to attend "The Christmas Play of St. George and the Dragon," in which Old Father Christmas has an important part.

A week drops out of the calendar and we find ourselves at "The New Year's Feast on His Coming of Age," with Charles Lamb. It is a poem of forty-six stanzas, liberally and quaintly illustrated, and which first appeared in the *London Magazine* for January 1823. A prose version is included in the *Last Essays of Elia,* but the poem, copies of which are very rare, escaped the bibliographers, and Mr. Kelleher here presents it for the first time since its initial appearance.

We abruptly leave the festal board for "Handley Cross," and then take a hurried peep into "Jarrock's Journal." Tomorrow the Townley Plays will be here and we are due to attend a full performance of "Secunda Pastorum" in old English. Fortunately our libretto is supplemented with a glossary. We find the play a formidable piece of bucolic literature that rambles on for some time. The performance is ended, and from thence our course becomes smoother and more direct; for we find ourselves in a pleasant field of poems, hymns, ballads, and carols drawn from many distinguished sources. And so ends Part One. Part Two consists of a few short poems and prose selections which have apparently been set apart because of their modern tendencies.

A Christmas Book, An Anthology for Moderns, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis and G. C. Heseltine, was published by Dent & Sons, London, in 1928. According to the rather facetious and rebellious Preface, "the following essentials of any Christmas Anthology will be found nowhere in this Anthology: extracts from Dickens, Pepys (with one exception), and (with one exception) Washington Irving, and reference (with one exception) to Father Christmas; also fake-Gothic carols (including Good King Wenceslas), robins, property Yule-logs, synthetic snow, red-faced jovial Squires, wigs by Clarkson, Ye Olde Englysshe Yuletyde Cheere (18 ..), and all manifestations of the coloured Christmas Supplement."

Although an "Anthology for Moderns," the editors regard the Medievals, rather than Dickens and his successors, as the Supreme Court of Christmas Appeal. Their gleanings range from Martial's raillery against the inadequacy of gifts during the Roman Saturnalia to the "more ladylike revellings of post-war London." Along the way we come upon material, new and strange, put into print for the first time. News! A burglary on Christmas Eve! More news! A regicide on the eve of Twelfth Day! On the plea that Christmas joy is in some measure gastric, the "Discourse of the Drinkers" from Gargantua, and other bits in a similar strain are served up.

But let us take a closer view. The initial offering is a hymn attributed to St. Hilary of Poitiers (d. 368), which, according to Remy de Gourmont, is probably the most ancient Latin carol. There is no classification of the material which follows, and we fall back upon the Table of Contents for chronological order and upon the Index to Authors and Sources, if we have any preferences in the reading. There is no alphabetical index. All is confessedly a huge pudding of ballads, chronicles, songs, stories, poems, letters, carols, journals, diaries, recipes, and ancedotes.

This collection may be taken up again and again with renewed interest. We hark back to Virgil, who pronounces the invocation, and to Horace and Martial; to Saint Augustine, Saint Francis, and Gregory of Tours. We snatch bits from the Venerable Bede, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and numerous hoary manuscripts. Chaucer, Stow, and Froissart step out of their weather-beaten frames. The letters of Paston, Walpole, and Lamb flutter about in a strong wind. The diaries of Pepys, Evelyn, Hutchinson, and Bentley, and the journals of Swift are ransacked and their privacy invaded. Old and curious cookery books bring forth their indigestible stews and powerful decoctions. Ere we reach the "End of the Feast," we have renewed acquaintance with many literary celebrities; and, with Herrick, we

> "End now the white loaf and the pie,
> And let all sports with Christmas die."

In 1929 Coward-McCann, New York, published *Come Christmas,* an anthology edited by Lesley Frost. The material is classified under these heads: Merry Christmas, Longer Poems and a Little Prose, Plays, Children's Verse, Carols (with and without music), and Poems of Christianity. It is to be regretted that there is no preface or introduction. The illustrations are from fourteenth and fifteenth century engravings and give quaintness and charm to the book. Sources are diverse and numerous, and good judgment has been used in making the selections.

Christmas Everywhere, an anthology, edited by Elizabeth Hough Sechrist, illustrated in color by Guy Fry, and published by Roland Swain, Philadelphia 1931, is arranged according to countries. Miss Sechrist was on the staff of the Carnegie Library, Pittsburg, for a number of years, and was later made head of the Children's Department of Bethlehem Public Library. She has made a thorough study of child literature and is well qualified to edit this book. Four of the articles are her own contributions.

Welcome Christmas, by Eleanor Graham, is an interesting collection of stories, legends, games, etc., and was published by E. P. Dutton, New York, in 1932. The book is illustrated in black and white by Priscilla M. Ellingford, and is a good work for boys and girls. It is a complete embodiment of the Christmas Spirit of Old Merrie England. Here are a number of delightful stories and carols, opening with "As Joseph was A 'Walking," and concluding with "Candlemas Eve." Miss Graham acquired her knowledge of Christmas literature through many years of experience while in charge of the Children's Department of one of the best known bookshops in London.

Anthologies serve a good purpose, giving impulse and direction leading to "fresh woods and pastures new." Books of miscellaneous essays often achieve the same result. Witness Frederic W. Macdonald, author of *In a Nook with a Book,* to whom the whole field of literature was opened by Macaulay's Essays:

> "This was good service done to me, and I recall it with gratitude and pleasure."

XXVIII. The Christmas Omnibus.

> It is, indeed, in the nature of an omnibus-passenger to digress: the nature of an omnibus itself is to move him in sundry places, what more natural therefore than that while it is carrying him in one direction his fancy should start off in another? . . . But is *di*gression a *trans*gression when it is the result of throwing the reins on the neck of one's pen and letting it amble on at its own sweet will into by-paths which attract it from the direct road it is pursuing, especially if its divagations never lead it from subjects interesting to our common humanity?
>
> —*De Omnibus Rebus.*

OMNIBUS, in its more limited sense, signifies a wheeled vehicle for the conveyance of passengers, having seats on either one or two floors, the upper deck being reached by stairs. When first put into use it was horse-drawn, and the entrance was in the rear. Since it has been made to run by its own power it has become a motor-bus.

The omnibus is not an innovation of our own time. It was born in the imagination of one Pascal, a Parisian, about 1672. Six years was the limit of its first advent, and various attempts to revive it proved ineffectual. No doubt the limitations of devious and crooked narrow streets had an influence. Although the fare was only five sous, the conveyance itself was costly in construction and pretentious in decoration. Omnibuses started at certain hours and were exclusive, refusing to carry plebeian passengers, such as pages, lackeys, mechanics, and soldiers.

This mode of conveyance was tried out in London about the year 1800, taking on the form of a six-wheeled vehicle drawn by four horses; but the public did not take to it. It was revived in France in 1826, at which time one M. Baudry established hot baths in a suburb of Nantes. Finding that his customers were not coming in sufficient numbers, he resolved to attract them by sending a long car to the center of the town at fixed hours. This car was known as *Voiture des bains de Richebourg;* but a friend suggested the shorter and more convenient name *omnibus,* which already had a certain vogue because a grocer of the town, named Omnes, had painted over his shop entrance the words "Omnes Omnibus." Soon thereafter Baudry established lines of buses at Bordeaux and Paris. It is said that the rigorous winter of 1829, which rendered the streets very difficult and forage very dear, caused Baudry to die of grief, although the omnibus survived the bad weather and its founder. And this time the omnibus came to stay. It passed into a necessity, and fresh lines were established in many directions. In 1855 a general company was formed fusing the different lines, to the great comfort and delight of the Parisians.

On July 4, 1829, a coach proprietor named Shillibeer started the first pair of omnibuses in London. They operated from Paddington to the Bank of England and are mentioned by Henry Vizetelly in his "Glances Back Through Seventy Years." They were clumsy in construction and of ponderous size, carrying twenty-two inside passengers, and being drawn by three horses harnessed abreast. The one-way fare of a shilling included the news of the day, for passengers were provided with copies of the daily papers to while away the tedium of the journey.

Shillibeer also provided a conductor or guard for each vehicle, an innovation over the old system. The earlier omnibuses were called "Shillibeers," the name being printed on their sides in large letters. They became as popular in London as in Paris. The London General Omnibus Company was organized in 1859, and it proved a great success.

Although we do not associate this prosaic and lumbering vehicle with the Christmas season, we love to think of its prototype, the picturesque old stagecoach so fondly described in English literature and so closely associated with holiday home-comings.

At Christmas time in the year 1924, Perry-Estabrook Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, printed for distribution to its friends, in a limited edition of five hundred copies, a brochure, entitled *Wheels and Holly,* written and illustrated by Roy Griffith. The work is dedicated "to an age in which the motor bus, replacing steam and electric transportation, brings back in some degree the flavor of an age gone by."

We are about to make an exciting cross-country dash for home and Christmas! All the passengers are finally aboard, coachman and guard at their posts, and before dawn we are off with a flying start. Early morning lights gleam from the passing windows, and low curling smoke from home fires hangs across the highway, telling of life re-awakened to the approach of another day. The long miles begin to slip back under the clatter of sixteen flying hoofs. On and on we go through the frosty air. The fog lifts as the sun rises, and our coach thunders along the rutted road. And now we are near the end of its night run.

Here comes the mail, its lamps still lit, its three outside passengers heavily asleep and chilled blue, inertly lunging together like three bags of meal, as the mail rocks. Its coachman salutes us with his whip, while its guard greets us with a twanging on his "yard of tin," to which ours responds in kind on his bugle.

For the first time we pause in our long flight,—but only for meals and a change of horses. Teams must be changed every six or eight miles, and this is done with speed, as the coach proprietor forfeits eight pence of his fare for every minute that the coach is late. Four lathered horses are removed and four fresh ones with tossing manes and champing bits are popped into their places. The whip cracks and we are off again! A brisk run of two hours and a half brings us to an inn, where we have just sufficient time to bolt some steaming hot coffee and to snatch a bun for breakfast.

As we renew our journey, towns become villages, villages hamlets, hamlets isolated farms. It is bitterly cold, and our breath comes in white clouds. The guard points out landmarks, and chats merrily of murderers and highwaymen who impeded progress in the past. We listen to many anecdotes and legends of the road.

Now a toll-gate, one of many, at which the stage must pay, though the mail goes through without charge. Coach-crews hate nothing worse than these turnpikes. A barred gate is an affront, for coaches are made to go, and nothing else matters much.

We are now on good galloping ground, and our time here is eleven miles per hour, the fastest coaching in England. The wind is growing colder as the sun hugs the horizon. We stamp our feet and draw our cloaks closely about us. Our fingers are numb, our noses icy, and we slap our tingling ears. But on and on we go, as we shiver, and yawn, and stretch, passing old cathedrals, stately manors, frowning castles,—through town after town and across frozen moors. The sharp air sets the appetite. We arrive at a populous town and come to a standstill in the yard of an inn. Twenty minutes to scramble out and eat what we can! There is an abundance of food, but the difficulty lies in getting the attention of the scurrying waiters. The coach to London arrived just ahead of ours, and now the room is full of ravenous humanity.

Time is up! We tumble into the coach again, our mouths full of pastry. Crack goes the whip, and we are whirling down the road once more. With the approach of a steep hill we are asked to climb out and walk. We are glad to quit the old coach, but gladder to get on again. And now the stage makes a dangerous descent down the other side of the hill, rattling and bouncing in the frozen furroughs. We go around a corner on two wheels,—a close shave! It is dusk, the sky is leaden. Snow is falling, and the wind is growing boisterous. Suddenly a town leaps out of the night, and we clatter on the pavement between the flickering street lamps. We are at another inn,—our last! Mine host is agrin at the door, and we see waiters, chambermaids, lanterns, wreaths at the windows, crowds of idlers, waiting friends and revellers. Home at last,—and so, *A Merry Christmas!*

The term *omnibus* has been applied figuratively in various ways, being a word of general significance and derivation. Its root is the word *Omnis,* Latin for *all.* In 1850 the name was applied to a bill introduced in Congress by Henry Clay, comprehending a number of objects.

The term has also been applied to a hotel waiter's assistant, whom, for short, we call a *bus boy*. As signifying a catchall, the word also has a literary application, as in the case of *Cruikshank's Omnibus;* and at the present time one firm of publishers is carrying the idea to unusual lengths by running up a whole fleet of these vehicles,—a *Frontier Omnibus*, a *Northern Trail Omnibus*, an *Outdoor Omnibus*, a *Lone Star Omnibus*, a *Golden West Omnibus*, an *Oppenheim Omnibus*, etc. etc. Here the name is applied to books containing three or four stories. But it does not seem proper to call a vehicle with only three or four passengers an *omnibus,* no matter how stout the passengers.

Nevertheless, the word has a place in bibliographical nomenclature. There is justification for the name *Christmas Omnibus*, which I am taking the liberty of inventing. The word *anthology* is not sufficiently comprehensive to designate the type of book which we are about to consider. On the other hand, the word *omnibus* involves the idea of many passengers,—a heterogeneous cargo. When used in a figurative or literary sense the word may include any menu from soup to nuts.

Of late certain books have been written for the Christmas season which fall into this class. Such is *Uncle Toby's Christmas Book,*—a fat, gay, jolly octavo, full of the spirit of Christmas, and intended "for all the family." It was published by Harper & Brothers in 1936, and is illustrated by the vigorous and unusual drawings of Julian Brazelton. The typography and format are also novel, and the bright red binding, lettered and decorated in gold, gives a cheerful holiday complexion to the book. Why it should be classed as a Christmas Omnibus becomes apparent from its contents. The subject matter is laid out in twelve divisions: (1) A Collection of Yuletide Excerpts, grave and gay, chosen from many books and many lands; (2) A Group of Christmas Poems; (3) Short Yuletide Stories; (4) Words and Music for Christmas Carols; (5) Plans for an Olde Fashioned Christmas, including the use of greens, creches, games, etc.; (6) Preparation of the Christmas Dinner; (7) Appetizing Beverages; (8) Christmas Tales for Girls and Boys; (9) Nursery Favorites; (10) Christmas Plays for Children; (11) Distinguished Sermons; (12) The Gospel Story of the Nativity; and in conclusion, A Simple Family Christmas Service.

What a miscellaneous cargo! It reminds us of the conveyance described by Washington Irving.

> "The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relatives or friends to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box—presents from distant friends for the impending feast."

And so, here we see Uncle Toby on the driver's seat, his coach crowded with hymns and carols, sermons and stories, prayers and plays, gospels and nursery rhymes, holly and ivy, Christmas fare and Christmas potations, etc., etc. What a responsibility! He reminds us of the coachman of the good old days, who, though wearing his hat a little on one side, and a large bunch of Christmas greens in the button-hole of his great-coat, was always a person full of mighty care and business, particularly during the Christmas season, having many commissions to execute.

Another Christmas omnibus arrived in 1937, operating under the name *1001 Christmas Facts and Fancies.* It is the handiwork of Alfred Carl Hottes, and was put into commission by the A. T. De La Mare Company of New York. The illustrations are by Lindsay Lockerby Field. The book contains a wealth of material gathered from many lands and over a period of years. It treats of Christmas and the associated holidays, and of customs and superstitions in general. However, as we proceed, the objectives become more specific.

The personages who take the stage at Christmastide are given special consideration. We meet the *Three Wise Men,* and learn who and what they were, the nature of the gifts they brought and their symbolic meaning, and how these wise men came to be known as the "Three Kings of Cologne." And now comes *La Befana,* the belated old lady who followed the wise men and the shepherds to Bethlehem to make offerings to the Christ Child, but lost her way and on Twelfth Night still wanders from house to house looking into the faces of babes and bringing them gifts in the hope that at last she may present them to the right child, thus becoming the principal gift-bringer and good fairy of the children of Italy. Closely behind her follows *Baboushka,* her Russian prototype. *St. Nicholas* approaches, and we learn something of his legendary life; how by the gift of three bags of gold he became the benefactor of three dowerless maidens whose poor parents were about to sell them into slavery; how these three bulging bags of gold were later metamorphosed into three golden balls, insignia of the pawnbrokers; how he became the patron saint of Russia, Greece, Naples, and many other places, and of sea-faring men; how this gaunt and holy man became the ruddy and rotund Santa Claus of the Dutch, and traded his old white horse for a team of raindeer and a sleigh. And now comes *Tante Aria,* the Air or Wind Mother, riding on an ass, and bestowing Christmas gifts that overflow from the children's shoes and stockings. We see *Saint Christopher* wading across a stream, the Infant Jesus on his shoulder. It is he who once upon a time was Pharaoh's strong man, and who expatriated himself from the realm of the Devil to follow the Christ Child.

We next come upon the symbols of Christmas: The *Star of Bethlehem,* which the author interprets through the eyes of the supernaturalist, the rationalist, the historian and the astronomer; the *Christmas Crib,* or *creche* (as the French call it), which is to the South of Europe what the tree is to the North; and we learn how it came into use, its construction, how from time to time it changed its form, until it finally became a highly ornate pageant; the *Christmas Candles,*—how they were anciently used to measure time, and what they symbolize at this season of the year; how to make bayberry candles, and their use in Colonial days; the *Christmas fire,*—its origin and early uses, the traditions of keeping it up, and the fireplace as a great inspiration of reminiscences. As the embers crackle, we hear the old story of Hertha, the goddess of the hearth, and note its relation to the legend that Santa Claus comes down the chimney. And so to the *Yule Log,*—its use by the Druids, its rekindling from year to year, its mysteries and superstitions, its decoration and consecration, and the use made of its ashes. We hear the pealing of the *Bells,*—and are reminded of the old customs involving their baptism and dedication, their evolution and their legends. And here are *Christmas Gifts,* symbolical of good will, for the rich and the poor,—the *strenae* of the Romans, the Christmas boxes of the English apprentices, and the first pair of silk stockings to tickle the vanity of Queen Elizabeth.

Succeeding chapters treat of the *Christmas Tree,* the sentiments attached to the old ornaments; the origin of greens as a means of decoration, the idea of bringing nature indoors; the old Roman practice of hanging masks of Bacchus on trees; the *oscilla* of Virgil; early prejudices against Christmas greens; Luther and the Christmas tree; the first appearance of this tree in literature, and its introduction into England and America; the various kinds of trees used for this purpose,—spruce, fir, hemlock, and pine; the kind of living Christmas tree to plant; unique Christmas tree ornaments, and how they may be prepared; methods of lighting; famous Christmas trees; what greens to use for wreaths; and the use of cones, fruits, berries and flowers in decoration.

And now for "The Mediaeval Dinner!" We peep into the old kitchen and note the preparations. In the great hall we see the wassail bowl raised on high and passed from hand to hand as a loving cup. The yule log is lighted with last year's brand. A long procession enters with the boar's head, and Lady Beatrice brings in the peacock. Sir Loin is knighted, and the Lord of Misrule holds forth in his tyrannical sway.

Among these *1001 Christmas Facts and Fancies,* carols and hymns are given special consideration. We learn how the God of Song descended on the sacred wood of Domberg, and all the birds sang in chorus; how the first carol came about when the angels sang the "Gloria in Excelsis" to the shepherds; the role of Saint Francis as a carol singer; Puritan opposition to carols; how carols were preserved by tradition. We meet groups of waits and strolling bands of minstrels, and learn the story of a number of famous hymns and songs.

Under "Plant Legends" are related the stories of the Christmas Rose, the Glastonbury Thorn, the holly, mistletoe, and poinsettia; and a whole chapter is devoted to "Christmas Tree Legends."

Of particular interest in our times are the sections on the Christmas card and Christmas seal, their history and uses, and the chapter treating of the foods served up at the Christmas season in many lands. Valuable recipes are given for Christmas cakes, plum pudding, mincemeat, sauces, and whole menus for the Christmas dinner. And if you would know the story of the pretzel, here is where you must look.

In a department entitled "Old Wives' Tales" are assembled a host of superstitions, divinations and omens; and here we learn the advantages and disadvantages of being born on Christmas Day. Do you know that a baby born in Silesia on that day will become either a lawyer or a thief?

The last hundred pages are devoted to a world tour at Christmas time, including almost all the countries of Europe, the British Isles, the United States, Mexico, and South America.

And what a journey this has been! In a cheerful and pleasing manner our guide has revealed to us every nook and cranny in the great universal realm of Christmas. There has been no monotony,—something new at every turn. All has been explained and vouched for on good authority. We have traveled much; we have attended medieval dinners, and have had our appetites whetted by the most alluring holiday fare; but not having gotten beyond the recipes, we have suffered no gastronomic regrets. We have heard good music,—songs, hymns, and carols,—and the tintinnabulation of the bells still rings in our ears. And as we alight and examine the comprehensive Index, or log of our journey, we marvel at the diversity of men, manners and things that have become concomitants of the season. Our conveyance has stood up very well under its great load of good cheer, and we owe much to the skill and experienced driving of Alfred Carl Hottes and to his familiarity with the roads.

> "Whither indeed have we not wandered during that brief space of time, and with how many persons, living and dead, have we not conversed—with how many, whether *in esse* or *in posse,* have we not been in company! Like the bee or the butterfly that flutters through a garden, now hovering over one flower, now settling for an instant on another, now skimming a third, we have semi-consciously touched, tasted, scented, heard, and handled things good and evil, things sacred and profane, things sublimely poetical, and things contemptibly prosaic; some probably suggested by an association to which we should hardly be able to trace them back by the time they have carried us away to their remoter ramifications."

EPILOGUE

The task which I set myself out of pure love of Christmas and its associations is now completed. By reason of these labors the Spirit of Christmas has been with me throughout the year, resulting in a Holiday Season which has far outdone even the full and sumptuous celebrations of yesteryear, which began on Christmas Eve and lasted until Twelfth Night.

Wandering far and wide I have picked a flower here and there,—not every posy of the garden and the field, it is true, for after all, my purpose, as I have already said, was to gather a mere handful, sufficient in variety of color, pattern, and scent, to make up a pleasing bouquet.

This is my tribute to the Great Spirit of Christmas. May it afford entertainment and pleasure to all the subjects of his realm.

The curtain drops:

"My song, save this, is little worth;
    I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health and love and mirth,
    As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
    Be this, good friends, our carol still:
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
    To men of gentle will."

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